



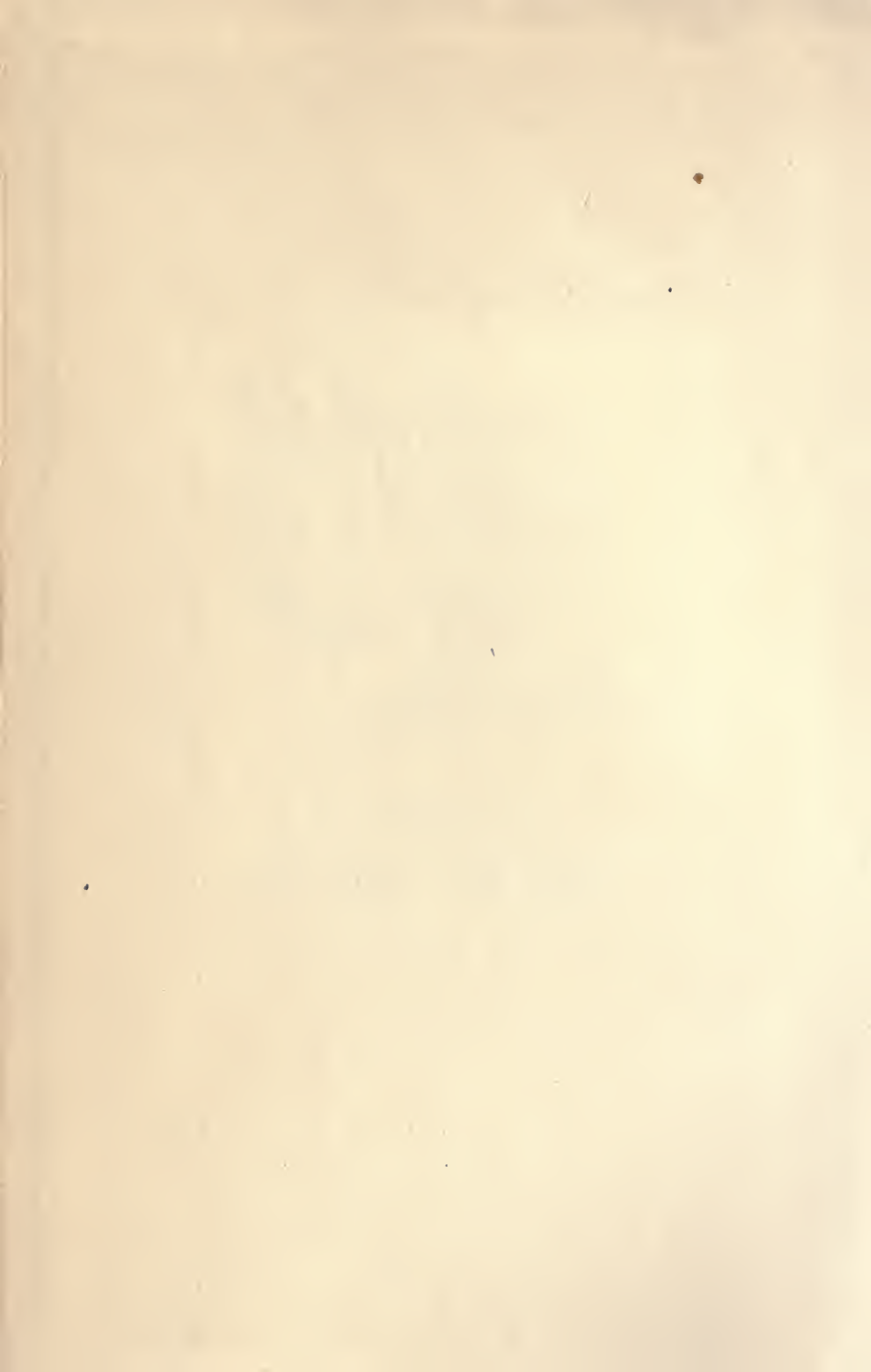


COLLEGE
OF THE PACIFIC

From the collection of the



San Francisco, California
2006



THE FAR COUNTRY

By the same author



THE NIGHT IS COMING

A SERPENT'S TOOTH

THE FAR COUNTRY

by

MARTHE DITH FURNAS



Harper & Brothers Publishers

New York and London

10-7

THE FAR COUNTRY

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*Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage;
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage!
Blood must be my body's balmer;
No other balm will there be given,
Whilst my soul, like a quiet palmer,
Travelleth toward the land of heaven,
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains.*

*There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss;
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill
My soul will be a-dry before;
But, after, it will thirst no more.
Then by that happy blissful day
More peaceful pilgrims shall I see,
That have cast off their rags of clay,
And walk apparelled fresh like me.*

*I'll take them first
To quench their thirst
And taste of nectar's suckets.
At those clear wells
Where sweetness dwells,
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.
And when our bottles and all we
Are filled with immortality,
Then by the blest paths we'll travel,
Strewed with rubies thick as gravel;
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.
—Sir Walter Raleigh, a great traveler*

A Note on the Language in which this Book Is Written:

All over the Mississippi River basin, before most of its inhabitants went to good schools, the same thing was beginning to happen that happened in Spain and Italy and France when Latin was turned by the common people into Spanish and Italian and French. This vulgate was not merely a matter of bad grammar. It was High American. You may remember it with a shamefaced fondness, as you may remember that your grandfather poured his coffee into his saucer and blew on it. If so, I hope to relieve you of the shame and let you keep the fondness. If not, let me say that I have retained it here, with a few modifications, partly because it is correct for the time and the people involved, but mainly because it had a vigor and a poetry no other native idiom of ours has ever equaled.

The use of double negatives, for instance, among millions of people from generation to generation was not a caprice or an accident nor wholly due to imitation. Neither was it as much of a blunder as you might think. There must be many reasons for the preservation of any changes in speech, but I am sure one reason must be their assonance and rhythm. The human tongue dislikes to stumble. Human breathing imposes a loose but recognizable meter. The alliteration of not's, no's, nothing's, never's, and none's can put music and emotion into otherwise commonplace sentences, and their placement can emphasize the factual content. The idiom that goes with all such happy errors fits rhythmically around them. To improve the grammar in an idiomatic construction is usually to empty it, as if you had pulled out a plug.

During the same period a genteel nasty-nice written English had developed, doted on by the semiliterate. Thus Unwin writes, "The birds was chanting their matin hymns, rendering the grove musical with their melodies." These verbal mincings are scattered through his native vulgate partly because in his case they, too, are correct, but mainly because the contrast is comical.

The phonetic misspelling of words, however, has been left out almost entirely. *Uncle Remus*, to my mind, is hard to read because it is solidly misspelled. *Huckleberry Finn*, to my mind, is easier to read because it is less so. And this book is still easier. You may know that Unwin would have said "agin" where he writes "again" and "had 'a' been" where he writes "had been." But it is not important anyway.

M. F.

May



May 2, 1846—I laid out to commence this journal whilst we was on the steam boat *Henry Clay*, but her high pressure engines imparted such a jiggling to my pen that my chirography was mere hen tracks. Neither was matters mended much on the *Star of The West* which fetched us from St. Louis here, so was obliged to abandon the attempt till I could set down before a table which did not have the St. Vitus Dance.

Such being the present case, will now state that I, Unwin Shaw, my sister Maria, (Mrs. Basil Prettyman), her husband Mr. Basil Prettyman, and their child Humphrey, aged eight months, having left our home in the vicinity of Winchester, Ky., have arrived at Independence, Mo., the starting point of our journey over the Rocky Mts. to California; also that having more time at my disposal now than I shall have once we are on the march, I will relate the history of our Past before taking up the Present; and am in hopes that if these unworthy lines ever sees the light of day in printed form, my readers will kindly keep in mind I wrote them in a hurry.

First off, I will essay some explanation of what kind of people we may be and how it comes that we have undertook such a long and perilous journey. As it is my aim to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" in these and following pages, I will not let on that Maria and myself can lay no claim to *aristocratic* forebears, but am proud to write, we come of plain stock. As I have heard my father say, his father was a private soldier throughout the Revolutionary War, and seen the surrender at Yorktown. He married a young widow woman, Susannah Dent, who had inherited a small farm near Red Hill, Va., from her first husband which had been killed in the war. At Red Hill my grandfather Shaw beat the sword into the plough share and adopted

the occupation of a farmer; but as he soon found out that a free man could not hope to advance himself in competition with Negro Slavery, he moved across the mountains to Roaring Creek, Va., and from there to "Kaintuck" of which there was then much talk, it being represented by returning travellers as one single broad and beautiful meadow and a country flowing with milk and honey. It's north east portion was settled pretty thick, and my grandfather made for the settlements, over the old Wilderness Trace, having it in mind to open up a store as soon as he could make money enough to do so; and by putting himself and family on short commons and scrimping and scraping and hiring his boys out to the neighbors, he finally realized that ambition.

My father, Abram Shaw, married Judith Kendricks whose mother was an Unwin, a circumstance accounting for my name. The Unwins and the Kendrickses was hunters and trappers and Indian fighters from away back. They come to Kentucky when elk and buffalos was plentiful as blackberries and the Indians was so pestiferous that the women in the "stations," as the forts was called, durst not milk the cows without their men folks stood guard with rifles over them. I myself have heard my grandmother Kendricks relate, that when she was a girl 'twas so uncommon for a man to die a natural death, (most of the men meeting death by scalping or tommyhawking), that when a young fellow died of inflammation of the lungs she and the other women in the block house set up all night, gazing upon him as an object of beauty. She also told me once, that after a foray again the Indians she had seen every house in Lexington with long haired Indian scalps a-drying on the roofs. In them days Kentucky sure enough was "dark and bloody ground."

That must have been the way them old leather necks would rather have it, though, seeing how, as things begun to quiet down, the Unwins and the Kendrickses and the like of them drifted off to wilder parts again. Some followed Daniel Boone to the Femme Osage Valley, some went to Tennessee; and a cousin of my mother's, Samuel Unwin, fought under Old Hickory when we whipped

the British at New Orleans. Only one branch of my mother's family, my grandfather Timothy Kendricks and his folks, stuck where they was and settled down to farming. My great-uncle Halford Kendricks was the school master in Lexington and they tell the following tale on him:

I never heard nothing again him except he was some lacking in the rude courage which was deemed the *sine qua non* in them days. Of a summer the Indians was bad and 'twas nothing unusual for all the men in Lexington big enough to tote a gun to be called out to track down Indians on the rampage. So as a boy, my great-uncle Halford went along, but on one occasion he was so nervous he shot a man through the calf of the leg, so after that was generally left at home. By the time he got to be school master 'twas judged best to let the cobbler stick to his last, as the saying is, and not expect no Indian fighting out of him.

I reckon, that would have suited him first rate if it had not been that he was sweet on a young lady, and she was sweet on another fellow which I do not recollect the name of, but which must have been a regular young Goliath because he wrestled a Wyandotte, one time, and strangled him bare handed. So my great-uncle Halford did not stand much of a chance with this young lady. But by and by the other fellow's brashness had the result you might expect, and he was took prisoner by some Indians and drove at the end of a buffalo tug to the Miami villages where, in the ordinary run of things, he would have got burnt at the stake.

Time went on, and nothing seen nor heard of him, and every one presumed that he was dead. So my great-uncle thought, now was his chance to get in his licks with the young lady. He was coming along with his courting pretty good and aiming to pop the question any day when something happened which put a spoke in his wheel for fair. 'Twas one afternoon, and school had let out, and Great-uncle Halford was a-setting at his desk, engaged in writing, when he heard a slight noise at the door and there was a monstrous big cat with her fore paws on the door step, her bushy tail curled over her back, and bristles all on end, a-peeking and

a-peering about the room like she was looking for a mouse. He just had time to snatch up an iron ruler when she made one jump, buried her teeth in his side, and rended and tore with her claws like a Fury.

He was too much astonished at the first go to use his ruler to much effect, and when he did begin to baste her ribs it only seemed to stir her up like. Seeing his blood flow very free, and not rightly knowing what else to do, he threwed himself upon the cat and pressed her up again the corner of the desk with all the force that he could muster. She now begun to utter the wildest yowls, and Great-uncle Halford at the same time hollering for help, the two of them together hit the high notes in a way to raise the dead.

Some neighbor women come a-running, but so unearthly was the do-cee-do's inside the school house that they waited quite a spell before they plucked up courage to go in. Then, seeing my great-uncle bent over a corner of his desk, writhing his body like he was in pain, they thought he had been took with a fit of the colic. But one woman, perceiving the cat which was now in the agonies of death, screamed out, "Why, good Heaven, Mr. Kendricks! What is the matter?"

"I have caught a cat, Madam!" says he very gravely, whilst the sweat poured down his face.

More of the neighbors now arrived and done their level best to disengage the dead cat from my great-uncle. But so firmly was her tushes locked under his ribs they thought they never would pry her loose. In the midst of his sufferings he happened to glance over towards one corner of the room, and there was the young lady he had counted on being his bride, leaning back again the wall, holding herself, and laughing fit to kill. Some of the others seen her, too, about that time, and seemed to catch the giggles, and then it spread like wild fire till every body was a-leaning on each other, laughing till they cried, and weakly fanning the air, and some had to go outadoors to laugh.

Well, all you could hear around there for quite some time was

how my great-uncle Halford done battle with a cat, and it had licked him in a fair fight. He was laid up in bed a week or more, and all the sympathy he got was precious little. Then, whilst he was on the sick list, as luck would have it, the other young fellow showed up. He had escaped from the Indians and walked all the way from the Miami villages. He had not had a bite to eat the whole enduring time except some roots and one raw crawdad. It being in the time of the fall rains, he had swum the Ohio at high water, and there he was, half naked and so emeshiated you could pretty near see through him, but seemingly none the worse for wear.

Him and the young lady was married right away, and my great-uncle Halford never did marry no body else, though 'twas not for lack of asking. My mother used to tell me this tale and say, it come to the point where there was not a female in miles around, young or old, bald headed, snaggle toothed, or club footed, but what had been asked in wedlock at least once in her life by my great-uncle, and not a one of them would have him. He come to be the laughing stock of the community, and died a school master and an old bachelor.

I repeat this story here because it is Great-uncle Halford I am supposed to take after. I never was inclined to the rough and tumble sports and fisticuffs of other boys. I might as well own up: even boys younger and smaller than I was could lick me as often as they was a mind to. Basil Prettyman who, like I said before, is now my brother-in-law, and two years younger than me, used to lay for me as I was walking home from school and give me a trouncing for pure pleasure.

When I would come home, shedding the bitterest tears I reckon ever was shed, it would hurt my mother's pride, and she would say, "Now, Uncle Halford, why don't you take up for yourself?" Or else she would say, "You had better watch a little out, my young man, or you'll turn out just like your great-uncle Halford." But all her strivings never done no good. Just let some bully double up his fists, and it would take the starch right out of me. I never had

no more spunk than a rabbit; and I guess a body never seen no more pitiful a little fellow than I was—getting licked regular, then like to die of shame for *being* licked.

But the way I look at it now, there is other kinds of strength than physical, and other kinds of courage than the animal kind. As for Great-uncle Halford, it come out later that that was not no ordinary cat which tackled him, but a scarce breed of wild cat strayed in from the woods, and while they was not as big as bob cats, they was genuine wild cats just the same. According to my views, my great-uncle was right brave to answer up so calm and courteous: "I have catched a cat, Madam!" with a wild cat going for him tooth and claw.

May 3—I was born Feb. 12, 1820, in Clark County, in the hamlet of B——, which is located on the head waters of Two Mile Creek about four miles from Winchester and a good eighteen miles from Lexington. My father kept the store in B—— like his father before him. I was the third boy amongst six head of children, the balance being girls, and Maria next to the youngest. I shall not be telling no tales out of school if I say, that she will be twenty years old somewheres betwixt here and California.

Us children was raised plain but Godly. My father had been raised a Presbyterian, and a Presbyterian was what he staid, which used to grieve my mother who was converted to the Methodist persuasion as a girl. My father never ceased to praise the Lord and say, "His will be done"; but he only "got" religion once, and that was at the same camp meeting where he met my mother, and as by the next summer he had married her, he was a back slider ever afterwards. He never had no use for "whooping and holler-ing" as he called it, and used to aggravate my mother by saying, it made him blush clean through to see a big brave Kentuckian sink down in deep remorse, moan and groan and go on till he was black in the face, obtain deliverance, and raise up meek as a lamb,

with all teeth drawn and all claws cut. My father contended, that some is born to be damned and some is born to be saved.

In most matters I was always inclined to side with my mother again my father, and the matter of religion was no exception, especially as the camp meetings, which I attended from babyhood on up, made a deep impression on my tender faculties. Every summer over at Dry Forks the people would roll in from miles around. My mother and us children would have been broken hearted if we had not gone, so my father always took us. And even yet I do not know of any grander or more splendid scene than a camp meeting at night: the clearing with the tents around it, the big trees towering up amongst the tents, and the rows of faces hungry for righteousness lit up by the myriads of candles fastened to the tree trunks. Then, when four or five hundred people gets to going on some rousing hymn like "Come, Thou Fount Of Every Blessing," gathering power as they go along, it is enough to make the hair stand up on the back of any body's neck. It is enough to lift the heart and soul right out of him.

Well, to make a long story short, I was converted at the age of twelve, and religion took so hard with me that I was pretty near sick with it all the rest of the summer, the more so as my father made no bones about telling me the different kinds of a fool I was, and blaming my mother for my peaked looks. But I thought then and I think now, that Methodism is a more *hopeful* kind of a religion than Presbyterianism, and a body can not take no pleasure in his life if he believes that no matter how sorry he may be for all his meannesses and failings, he may be predestined to Perdition. Also, Methodism is more *democratic*. It holds, and I agree, that the awnriest and low downdest has got the right to hope, and all of us is sinners and equal before the Lord. I know I could not live, much less come to die, without believing what I come to believe as a child: Repentance and salvation by grace is all that is needful.

This was the thought which helped me to bear up a year later when my mother and father and little Hannah, who was the youngest of our family, and only four years old, died in the cholery

epidemic of that year; because I knowed that all of us would meet again in Heaven. In that time of sorrow we could not get no doctor. The doctor in Winchester was dead himself, and anyways could not have done no good. They all three passed away within twenty-four hours of taking sick, one after the other. We did not have no preacher to turn to. Preaching service at the Methodist church up the road was only once a month, and at other times the preacher was in other parts of the country. So my two elder brothers made the coffins, and we hauled them out to the burying ground, and laid them in the earth. Somehow it is a hard thing to forgive, although I reckon it had not ought to be, that all the Prettymans went off to Olympian Springs at the first alarm. Not a one of them was taken sick. But we heared, that over in Lexington people was fighting for places in the stage, and stacks of coffins eight and ten high was standing in the grave yards till some body could take the time to bury them.

I do not rightly know just how to say it, but first to be converted and then to have your parents and your baby sister die of anything as terrible and unexpected as the Asiatic cholery, and all inside a little more than a year, was being "born again" for sure. And I do not mean only regarding religion, although I guess, come to think of it, there is not a thing in this world which religion properly considered don't apply to. But what I mean, things had been a-going along the same old sixes and sevens as regular as clock work, up to that time; and someway I presumed they always would. Then first one thing and then another takes the props right out from under me. Noah must have felt the same way after the Flood. He had to commence to live all over again.

As I write these words the thought comes over me, I might not be on my way to California now if I had not been shoved out of the nest at such an early age, and thence fowards accustomed to the notion that the biggest changes can take place and the unlikeliest things can happen. If this had not been so, I probably would have thought, 'twas not within the realm of possibility to pick up and strike out for such a far off country. But another thought

comes over me, too: On both sides I come of stock which has been a-picking up and striking out these hundred years and more—forever, I reckon, when it comes to that.

May 4—After our parents died, seemed like us children had nothing to hold us together no more. First my brothers, which always had a roving foot, went off to Lexington where they was employed at Brown's stock stand a while, but after that I never knowed just what become of them. Maybe I had ought to have been sorrier to see them go. But Bill and Cale always thought it was good sport to just about torment the life out of me. They thought I was a cry baby and a tattle tale. I thought they was a couple of mean overgrown numb skulls, and that was the way it went. Then, two years later, Samantha, my eldest sister, found work at a milliner's in Lexington, thus leaving Maria and me to shift for ourselves. I done my best to run the store, and Maria learnt fast for a child her age. When she was ten years old she could get up a pretty fair meal; and with help from our old negro, Uncle Ham, we got along. But it was hard sledding, I tell you.

Every spring, when the wagons commenced to come through from Cincinnati, I drove over to Lexington, the way my father always done; and the nankins and dimities and muslins and Berthy laces and the Paisley shawls was something to see. But my needs was soon satisfied, as calico and chambray was about all we ever sold. But, as I was going to relate, on one of them trips was when I seen the University.

I was wandering around town that evening, having some time on my hands, as I did not intend to drive home till next day, and admiring all the fine ladies and pretty little girls riding by in their carriages; and even now that I have been to Louisville and St. Louis, I think, that Lexington is as neat and lively a town as you will see. So afterwhile I come to a handsome brick building standing back amongst some trees, and it looked so quiet I presumed it was a church, and yet it did not look like a church neither.

So I asked an elderly gentleman I met, "What was that building there?" and he replied, "That is the *University*, bub." Now I had heard of it, and had got a foggy notion in my head that that was where a person went to learn about the Universe; and from that day fowards my heart was set on going there when I was older. Alas! I am older now, and have never been enrolled at Transylvania University. To me that place was as the Groves of Academe, and I shall always regret my feet has never passed it's sacred threshold.

I might as well admit, first as last, that all the schooling I ever had was at Winchester where I learnt my three R's in the winter time, ploughing through the mud or snow the four miles there and four miles back, doing my chores before and after. I was a good scholar, *too* good; and though 'twas Basil Prettyman begun that business of calling me "Professor Onion" on account of my first name being Unwin, till all the scholars took it up and made my life a misery, 'tis my experience that young folks never has no use for the poor unfortunate that loves his book. They act like brains is catching, and they would rather catch the leprosy than brains, and I had a bad case of brains. Give me a book, and the house could fall down and I would never know it. The very smell of the pages in a book which I had never read was to me like cat nip to a cat.

Our library at home consisted of the Holy Bible, King Lear by Shakespeare, The Rights Of Man by Thomas Paine, and the History Of The World From The Creation To The Battle Of Waterloo, for which last my mother paid a Yankee pedlar two dollars. She said, she knowed at the time she was plumb crazy to do it, but just could not seem to help herself. She would have been a great one for books if she had had the opportunity. I reckon, the History Of The World was not worth that much money, but was very instructive, and the pictures fine, colored in by hand.

King Lear was printed very black, with all the S's like F's. So

even when I read it to myself 'twas like trying to talk through a mouth full of mush:

Through tattered clothe fmall vicef do appear;
Robef and furr'd gownf hide all. Plate fin with gold,
And the ftrong lance of juftice hurtleff breakf;
Arm it in ragf, a pigmy'f ftraw doef pierce it.

So I was never much for Shakespeare, though some of the moral reflections was right elevating once a body untangled them from the way they was printed.

When it come to the Bible, I never had no call to read that till after my father died. He always read it to us at family prayers. But since then I have read my chapter every night. Outside the Scriptures, The Rights Of Man was the book I set the most store by as I growed older. For one thing, I always thought of it as *my* book, having found it up in the loft, wedged in between a rafter and the shingles, and my father said, he did not know how it come to be there, and I could claim it.

I always supposed it had belonged to my grandfather Shaw. Anyways it was not much to look at, the old brown covers being two thirds chawed away by the rats and mice, and some of the outer pages nibbled, too, and all the pages brown and brittle as a dead leaf. Also, I reckon Thomas Paine would not be regarded as much of a writer by them that knows what is what. It is my guess, that he was just a plain common ordinary every day man, and maybe not very well educated. But he could think straighter on paper than any other writer I ever read after; and there was something in what he wrote that worked on me like the singing at a camp meeting. It would fair give me goose meat, it made me feel so solemn, sad, *and* happy. The following is a sample of what I mean: "The graceful pride of truth knows no extremes, but preserves in every latitude of life the right angled character of man." The right angled character of man—if that is not a mark to aim at, then I give up.

I keep on writing "was," yet have all four of these books in my

trunk here with me now; also three dictionaries, a Latin, a Classical, and Dr. Webster's American; also, second hand, a Jacob's Latin Reader, Dr. Barber's Grammar Of Elocution, and Watts On The Mind; also Lewis and Clarke's Journal in which I have very near read the print right off the paper. I purchased these works on various occasions in Lexington, though I could but ill afford to spare the money. 'Tis my fondest hope that these few volumes will form the core of a larger and far handsomer collection on the shores of the Pacific.

There was, besides, some books which I enjoyed but did not own. After Maria married Basil, and was living with the Prettymans, she sneaked me Paul and Virginia, which had belonged to the young ladies, and several Tokens and Keepsakes belonging to Old Miss; and if elegant and genteel English is what is wanted, then I do not know where any one could find the equal of these last. 'Twas just lovely to turn the language over in my mind, and the poetry was little gems of sense and sentiment. If there be aught of taste or polish in these poor lines, let credit be given where credit is due: The Token and the Keepsake.

Maria could never beg, borrow, nor steal me no other books. She said, the Prettymans must have had a hundred more, but these was kept under lock and key in a big mahogany secretary, and not a soul had ever read them.

May 5—'Tis now my task to do for Basil Prettyman what I have done for Maria and myself—to give some notion of his former circumstances and his family, at least in so far as an *humble* individual may be capable of that *glorious recital*.

For generations, I reckon, the Prettymans in Virginia has been landed proprietors. Anyways to own the land which others tilled was their means of livelihood when the Revolutionary War broke out. There is a rumor about the General's youth: that in Virginia at the commencement of hostilities he raised a company of his own amongst the young men of the county *which was not all of good family*. However that may be, 'tis certain that the highest

rank he ever attained was that he started with, the rank of Captain, though in our neighborhood he was knowed as "General" for upwards of thirty years. He looked and acted so much the way a General had ought to look and act he would have soon become one had he been mustered out a mere drummer boy.

In place of pay for his distinguished services, the government bestowed upon him a grant of land laying in Kentucky. But as Kentucky was then still over-run with Indians and British agents worse than Indians, secretly urging on the latter to all manner of depredation and outrage, 'twas a good deal safer to go on being a landed proprietor in Virginia, and the Gen. did not move to Kentucky at that time.

Then it so happened, when Jefferson was running for President, that a political speaker put in an appearance, stumping the Tidewater for the Jefferson party. Small farmers was numerous in the western parts of Virginia, and they was backing Jefferson and the Republic; and the big slave owners of the Tidewater was backing Adams and Federalism, and feeling run high. The issue had boiled down to *poor whites* or *aristocrats*? So one evening Gen. Prettyman meets up with the Republican campaigner in the tavern of the little burg near by, and both fill up on liquor, and get into a pretty strong argument, during the course of which the Gen. pulls out a pistol and shoots the campaigner down in cold blood.

So he left Virginia between day lights. The best thing for him to do was to go and take a gander at that land of hisn in Kentucky, and not let no grass grow under his feet. But when he got there, instead of it being all woods and Indians, a good share of it was under cultivation; and there never was a prettier piece of farm land than half of what his land grant called for. That was what my mother's people always thought; and they was the ones which had fought the Indians, and cleared off the trees and varmints, and planted hemp and tobacco. They did not have no legal title to the land, but thought, one generation of scalplings and another of hard work was title enough.

As I understand it, the Gen. hired a lawyer in Lexington, and

this lawyer come to my grandfather Kendricks with a proposition. It seems that along about then the public lands across the Ohio was selling at \$2 an acre. So, although the land around the Bluegrass was selling at from \$10 to \$12, and my grandfather had no wish to sell at all, the lawyer says to him, that the Gen. would give him \$2 an acre in consideration of the improvements him and his sons had made on the property, and in view of the fact that as far as they knowed it had been public land when they took it up; but that if he would not agree to that, then the Gen. would go to court and maybe turn him off without a penny. So what could my grandfather do but pack up his traps? He did not have the money to fight it out in court.

A few years later, when Old Miss, the Gen.'s second wife, come over the Wilderness Trace it was the *Wilderness Road*, and she come in her carriage, though I have heard her say, the stumps was pretty high and more than once the pack trains crowded her off into the ditch. She travelled like a regiment on the move: her black nurse and the eldest little girl and Mr. Charlie, who was a baby then, inside the carriage with her, and two wagon loads of negroes coming behind, and then two wagon loads of mahogany furniture, and her brother, which had come to see her safely through, herding the procession along on a big bay blooded gelding.

Her and the Gen. built a brick house on a knoll half a mile back from the road, and planted cedar trees on either side of the lane leading up to it; and from the road to the house was just one beautiful green expanse of grass, with a few sheep grazing over it like they had been painted there, and a fancy white washed fence going all around it. No body in them parts ever seen the like. The general resentment was such that the only friend the Prettymans had that side of Lexington was old Judge Cox—not that with their ideas they ever thought of being friends with no body else.

My mother's people, the Kendrickses, went to living over on the Ridge after they was cheated of their property by the Pretty-

mans, as I used to be ashamed to think. Decent folks always considered any body from the Ridge about as low and awnry as they come; and no doubt about it, you could not find no awnrier than some of that fiddle playing white-liquor drinking trash. But the Ridge was the only place my mother's family had to go, and my mother was never one to hold a grudge. She was a quick tempered woman, and wore to skin and bone by work and worry, but once a thing was over and done with, she was the kind to try and forge ahead; and her religion was a comfort to her. My father was the one which brooded over the wrong inflicted on her folks, and not only that, but all the wrongs of this world.

My father never accumulated no more in the way of worldly goods than our small one story house with the white wash scaling off it's gray boards, and eighty acres of land, and the store, all of which his father left him to begin with. So he tried to resign himself to the ways of God, and give God credit for fair dealing where he could. But his puzzlement and patience under his discouragements, and the way he put up with the high and mighty manners of the Prettymans, and then blamed discouragements and Prettymans on to God, made my blood boil. I'll be dogged if I could respect the Lord if I thought He was responsible for any such; although I reckon, if Pa could see these words, he would say I was soft minded, just the way he always said that Methodism was a soft religion.

It gouged me that the neighbors looked down on my mother, especially as, day in, day out, right under my nose, was the Prettymans with their airs and their graces, and their carriage, and their negroes, and the young ladies being drove once a week to Lexington to take their dancing lessons, and young Mr. Charlie a-going to the University of Virginia, not finding no nearer place of education good enough for him. So when I was keeping store and hoping again hope that I could scrape enough money together to go to Transylvania University just one year, my feelings may be conjectured when I heard, that Mr. Charlie Prettyman had drank and carried on so at the University of Virginia that he was

coming home expelled. I could not help but think, what would I not have give for a chance like that?

May 6—By the time I was twenty-three I could not see a thing ahead of me but living and dying in B—— and being snubbed by Prettymans. All I could do was mark the telling passages in my Rights of Man and inwardly revile my fate. But then who should walk in the store, one day, but this traveller I started out to tell about? It just goes to show it never does to give up hope.

His feet was wrapped in rags, and he had on the first buck skin frock and trowsers ever I seen, these being polished black with grease and dirt. Under his raggedy old felt broadbrim was just a bush of whiskers, and shining out of the underbrush was two of the bluest eyes. They almost made a body jump, they was so blue and piercing. He had a pack roped on his back, and a knife in his belt, and carried a rifle in the crook of his arm in a way that made it plain that that was it's natural resting place. When I seen him standing in the door way I could not have been no more surprised if old Dan'el Boone had dropped in for dinner.

He wanted to buy some meal and bacon. His name was Haines, he said and he was on his way back to Green County, Tenn., where he had a wife and family.

"On your way back?" says I. "Where from?"

"From California," says he.

"California!" says I.

"Yes," says he, and he was "just about dead beat."

"I should presume as much," says I, and asked him, had he walked all that way?

No, he had rode most of the way, but first his pack horse had give out, and then he had been obliged to sell his other horse in Westport, Mo., to get a little money.

Well, strangers from California was not exactly fighting for standing room in that part of the country, so I made him set down and started firing questions at him; and the upshot was, that he

staid all night at our house, and I kept him talking till past midnight. When he finally turned in I recollect he said, a feather bed made him feel like he could "waller" in it the rest of his life.

He told me, that he never had regarded farming as no sort of work for a man, especially in his native haunts which was all up hill and down dale. So he had drifted West one winter, and whilst he was in St. Louis had heard of a party of settlers which was taking off for California under a fellow by the name of Bidwell or Gridwell or some such name. He had joined up, being handy with a rifle, and thinking a trip of that kind would be a welcome change from hoeing corn rows on a slant. But he said, if he had knowed how far off California was, and what trials and tribulations was in store for him, he believed he never would have started. He never would forget how good, on one occasion, a little piece of broiled fat from the wind pipe of a kyote tasted. And when him and the rest come down in the Sam Hogan Valley they looked like so many corpses, and a little more and corpses was what they would have been.

But California, he said, was God's own country. There was no place like it except the Good Place maybe; and it was like the Great Beyond at that, because getting there was the hard part. He stayed there over a year, and then would not have been in a hurry to leave if it had not been that his wife might begin to worry about him. But he planned to sell his farm, if he could find any body fool enough to buy it, and take his family back to California.

In his opinion, 'twas only a matter of a few years till California would be admitted to the Union. He said, before he left, John C. Frémont had arrived, exploring for the U.S. Government, which I knowed to be a fact, having read about it in the paper. And he said, the coast was alive with Yankee traders, and the harbors full of Yankee vessels. And there was only a hand full of Mexican regulars scattered amongst the six "presidios," and they was a bunch of scare crows, and did not even know which side to present arms on; and there was none at all in the northern half of the country. He said, that when an American vessel fired a salute of

honor in a California port, the Mexican in charge had to borrow powder and shot from the visitor to return the compliment; and the Mexican "Navy" was one solitary ship so old and cranky the captain could not sail her against the wind.

You could ride for miles, he said, and never see a human being of no kind, but he had often seen a thousand head of cattle in one herd grazing over the natural pasture, and you would not believe how fat and slick the cattle was. Horses was so plenty that when a man wanted to travel, all he had to do was catch up the nearest horse, ride it till it was tired, and then catch up another one. In that country, he said, a fellow could live like a prince and never do a lick of work, or could, provided he got there soon enough, because unless he missed *his* guess, the extry land would soon be all took up, American settlers was arriving just that fast.

I asked him, "What about Indians?"

"Oh, them Spanish Indians," he replied. "They are the ones that does the work, like niggers here in some parts, only more so. They would not say, 'Boo' to a goose. They are poor faint hearted things, and most of them is as Christian as you or me."

So then I asked him, "What about the Mexicans?" How did they take to the American settlers coming in? But he said, they was a shiftless crew, and all they cared about was gambling and horse racing and cock fighting and such, and sporting their velvet clothes, and dancing the "fandango."

He said a heap more, but this is all I recollect, and it is a good deal at that, the conversation having took place three years ago. But I was all on fire with interest, a-setting on the edge of my chair the whole time, and what he said sunk in. And when our old clock on the mantel piece blammed out twelve strokes, I wondered where the time had went. Then I thought of what the Lord said unto Abram: "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee"; and of what He said unto Moses: "I am come to deliver them out of the land of the Egyptians, and to bring them up out of that land unto a good land and a large, unto a land flowing

with milk and honey." And when I looked at the stranger there across from me I could not help but think of what the Holy Scriptures says again: "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares," and maybe this was my angel unawares, a kind of a whiskery angel. But when he run me through with them blue eyes of hisn I had to believe every word he said.

He left in the morning, and I have never seen hide nor hair of him since. I do not know whether him and his wife and children ever got to *God's own country* or not. But from that day foward I commenced to study about California and to plan on emigrating there.

May 7—I take notice, that although the fore going pages purports to deal with Maria's past life as well as my own, I have mentioned my sister rather infrequently. Suffice it to say, that Maria was a-keeping house for me without much else happening to her till she was sixteen. By that time she was a well growed girl, big and tall for her age, and uncommonly handsome. A brother is not liable to remark his sister's appearance one way or the other unless she is out and out hump backed or cross eyed; but when Maria and Basil run away to get married and the ensuing commotion was a-going on, I asked myself, how such an untoward incident could have occurred? And then it struck me, that Maria's looks was probably to blame.

In Boston or Philadelphia, she would most likely be regarded as a *beauty*. Her hair is black as a crow, her complexion fair and white, though some inclined to freckle, and she has big yellow eyes like a bob cat's under straight thick black eye brows. Also, I could see that any man who was not her brother might find her kind of tantalizing. There is nothing of the *coquette* about Maria. But she never says much nor does much to relieve her feelings. When something happens to upset her she takes it out in work, flying around in a silent blaze which I remember as her typical

condition, as she is a bundle of puzzling female emotions. Another man might find it interesting just to try and make her out, which Basil no doubt done. And 'twas doubtless on account of him that, months before they run away, living with Maria was about as comfortable as being on a steam boat which is going full speed ahead with the safety valve tied down.

I felt all along that something was about to "bust"; and when it did, the wreckage amongst the Prettymans was terrible. Basil is the youngest child and only other son, and his parents was counting on him to be the family main stay, Mr. Charlie having disappointed them by his drinking and carousing and debauchery. Basil never went to college, not being supposed to have the brains of Mr. Charlie; and indeed when it comes to book learning, about all Basil can do is read the paper, write his name, and make change for a dollar. But when it come to managing the place, getting the work out of the niggers, and breeding stock and such, Basil was a pretty fair hand. He done a good share towards developing a strain of horses that, they tell me, fetches as high as \$200 a head in Charleston, S. C. I guess no body in the wide world rubs my fur the wrong way as much as Basil does; but I believe in giving the D——l his due, and with Basil away there is no question but what under Mr. Charlie that place is bound to go to rack and ruin, though here is one man which will not cry on that account.

Well, anyways, I got up one morning and went into the kitchen, and lo and behold, no breakfast and no Maria. I went into her chamber, and the bed had not been slept in, and her Sunday clothes was gone. It may well be imagined that I was as worried as any body. But about the time I opened up the store, here come Mr. Charlie like a cane brake a-fire on that big roan of hisn, and soon as he gets in ear shot he begins to yell, "Where are they?" just like I knowed; when it turned out later that he knowed enough more than I did because Basil had left a letter saying, that him and Maria intended to be married. But Mr. Charlie come a-storming up the steps, carrying a riding crop, and says, "You have had a hand in this."

"Oh, no," I says.

"Oh, yes, you have," he says, a-threatening me with the riding crop.

"If you so much as lay a finger on me, Mr. Prettyman, I will have the law on you," I says, putting the cracker barrel betwixt me and him; and I meant just what I said.

"The law!" he says. "Yes, sir, the law was made for sneaks like you. Come out!" he says.

But I staid right where I was, and after a little more he took out at a gallop in the direction of Winchester.

But this was not all. Pretty soon here comes a nigger, also on horse back, with a message from Old Miss that *she* wants to see me. He offered to let me ride the horse, but equitation has never been my favorite means of travel, and I would sooner use Shank's mares. So I started out to walk, but before I got there my boots was all coated with dust. So before I knocked at the front door, which was part way open, I stood first on one foot and then on the other, dusting off my boots with my bandanna. But I happened to glance up, and there stood a toney looking nigger man in a red vest and a cutaway coat, watching me like I was a shame and a disgrace. Of all the contemptible creatures on the face of the earth, a highfaluting nigger is the worst in my opinion. This one actually showed me up the stairs—just like he could not trust me out of his sight.

Old Miss, who had been an invalid for several years, was in a big bright chamber all painted white and chock full of mahogany furniture so shiney a fly would have broke it's neck on it. There was long elegant damask curtains at the windows, but they was yellowed and so riddled with slits that the light was shining in through every fold, and the flowered carpet was wore to threads in spots. Over the mantel piece was a picture so black that all I could see in it was a suspicion of a man's face and a big red nose, some relative, I presumed, which had hit the bottle like the Gen. and Mr. Charlie.

Old Miss was setting up in bed under a white ruffled teester,

with a white night cap tied under her chin, and as handsome a Paisley shawl around her shoulders as ever I seen. I had expected to find her fairly foaming at the mouth, and here she looked as cool, calm, and collected as a cucumber. But it had been so long since I had seen her, and her sickness had altered her so much, I hardly knowed her. She did not look hardly human, but more like an old yellow hog in a night cap, an impression which the bristles around her mouth done nothing to remove.

"Well, Shaw," she begun, "how much do you know about all this? How long have they been gone?"

I told her, that I did not know.

She smiled and says, as nice as you please, "Well, well, I did not suppose you would. But now just stop and think a minute. It may be to your advantage to remember. You can not seriously imagine that my son would marry your sister."

I had not done no imagining of the sort, not knowing what had become of Maria till I gethered which way the wind was blowing from Mr. Charlie's behavior. And the tone which Old Miss took fair made my blood boil.

"Speak up, young man!" she says. "Where did they go?"

I still maintained my dignified silence.

"Why, you fool," says Old Miss very pleasantly, "your sister is ruined by this time. The least we can do is to bring her back before this story gets around and her reputation is ruined to boot."

I had not heard then about the letter Basil left, so did not know Old Miss knowed all the time that her insinuations about Maria was bare faced lies; but being well acquainted with Maria, I felt certain they was not so. No man, be his name Prettyman or Tittyman, is a-going to take no liberties with her. I was satisfied that they was married, or about to be, although I did not say a word.

Old Miss reached under her pillows. "Well, Shaw," she says, "there is only one language a shop keeper understands. Basil took the shay, and Charles on horse back might overtake them yet."

She opened her purse and fished out two gold pieces, two twenty

dollar gold pieces, they looked to be, when shin plasters was all I had been seeing for years, and not many of *them*.

"Come now," she says. "Where did they go?"

But I thank God I was preserved from temptation because I honestly and sincerely did not know—as she concluded. For after studying me a while, she says, "I see. Well, good day to you, Shaw."

On my way home I reflected upon them unjust accusations, that I had connived at this elopement. It did not seem to occur to Mr. Charlie and Old Miss that I might feel just as insulted to have their precious Basil for a brother-in-law as they felt to have Maria for a sister-in-law and daughter-in-law. No, they both took it for granted that Basil was so desirable a catch that I was certain to have helped Maria land him. But the truth was, that I despised Basil Prettyman and pitied Maria from the bottom of my heart, and would have told Old Miss as much if I had been willing to give her the satisfaction of letting on the cat had scratched.

As I was bitterly pondering thus, old Joe Smiley from over Dry Forks would come along in his wagon and give me a lift.

"What brings you out in this direction?" says he.

"I have been to call upon the Prettymans," I responded. "Basil Prettyman and my sister Maria are going to be married to-day."

"'y Dak!" says he. "Is that a fact! Well, sir, I reckon now you will be buying yourself a bosom broach and strapped pants like your brother-in-law's," says he.

May 8—When Maria and Basil come back they was married, like I knowed they would be; and I must say, that Basil is a fine looking fellow, being dark and tall and as straight as a ram rod, and having aquiline features and a flashing eye. Him and Maria made a handsome pair. But from then on Maria led a dog's life, like I had knowed she would.

She told me, that when she first stepped foot inside the house, the old Gen. rared at her and cursed and carried on like the Old

Scratch. But afterwhile he got most *too* affectionate, and wanted to kiss and squeeze her which she could not stand to let him do. 'Twas all wrong to say, as Old Miss and the married daughters said when the Gen. died within the year, that Maria marrying Basil had been the cause of his taking-off. 'Twas no such thing, and the only wonder was, that the old toper had lived to reach the age of eighty-eight, and Maria would have been only too glad if he had not liked her near as much.

As for Mr. Charlie, Maria was scared to death of him, his unwelcome advances not being as open and above board as the Gen.'s. Old Miss also, bed ridden though she was the better part of the time, found ways and means of adding to Maria's trials. On the one hand, a person might have thought she was set on making a fine lady of Maria, as she was eternally and forever a-criticizing her manners and the way she stood and the way she talked and the way she eat and everything about her. But on the other hand, when the married daughters come to visit, Old Miss would never set in the same room with them where Maria was, and treated her like a total stranger. And the daughters would hint, they was surprised that Maria had not had a child three or four months after she was married.

In a respectable length of time she did have a child, a boy, and the Prettymans just completely took it over. She did not have a thing to say about it, but everything had to thus and so, according to Old Miss's and the daughters' notions. So then I said to Maria, why did she not come with me to California? I was able to see my way clear to going just about then. A great number of Irish had come into the country when the railway was being built, and when the railway turned out to be a fizzle they was left without employment. So an Irishman more enterprising than the rest, name of Madden, managed to get a little credit somewheres, and collecting some of his fellow countrymen together, fetched them to B—— where they built a saw mill on the creek. Them Irish was lower lived than any human beings of my experience, but spent their wages regular; and seeing that I had the only store anywheres

around, they spent their wages with me. After about two years the saw mill commenced to go down, all the timber having been cut that folks was willing to part with. But by that time I had put by a sufficiency to carry me to California, and then some.

So I said to Maria, there was no Prettymans in California. Her boy could grow up free and equal there. He would not be raised by snobs nor be looked down upon by snobs, but in constant communication with the natural grandeur of them regions, would develop into manhood uncontaminated by civilization, relying on his inner man rather than external distinctions of wealth or family. I had been reading Paul and Virginia, and some passages in that book had mightily appealed to me.

Maria made no rejoinder, only pushed out her under lip. But the outcome was, as I continued to persuade her, that one day she up and told the Prettymans, that she was going with me, a piece of intelligence which at first created no great stir. It may have been they did not take her serious. Or maybe they thought, this would be a way of getting shet of her; because it never entered their heads that she would take the baby or that Basil would go, too. Basil did not want to go, far from it. Only when Maria said, that "he could stay behind if he liked, but she would take the baby, and no body could not stop her," did he break down and say, he could not let her go with only *me* to protect the infant. So then Old Miss and Mr. Charlie and the daughters was informed, and the fat was in the fire.

But Maria is a resolute female, once she sets her head. When she could sneak away she would come and see me, and set on the counter, and swing her feet, there being no Prettymans to observe her, and tell me all about the ructions going on. 'Twas good to see how healthy and full of life she looked all of a sudden, having looked like she had been drawed through a knot hole for months before.

Not the least of them heated discussions at the Prettymans' was over the question of Basil's inheritance. He valued his fourth of the estate at \$5,000; but as in these hard times such an amount in

cash could not be raised no way it could be fixed, and as besides the Prettymans is not by no means as prosperous as they used to be, and as there is no banks in California, 'twas finally settled that he would take \$1,500 with him, and Old Miss was hard pressed to produce that much. Maria never repeated nothing to me of Basil's actual words, but I knowed his hectoring ways, and could very near have found it in me to feel sorry for Old Miss when I learnt how he had squeezed her dry. The balance of what he claims is to be set aside by Mr. Charlie to the amount of \$500 every year; so at the end of seven years Basil's full share will be a-waiting him in the bank at Lexington. By then California may be a State of the Union and credit established, or if not, Basil will have to return and collect his inheritance in person. But whether Mr. Charlie can or will set by that much, and whether Basil will ever return, is solemn and far reaching considerations.

Old Miss refused to let Maria and Basil have one stick of her mahogany furniture; but I said, "more valuable to us in our future mode of life than bureaus and French mirrors would be the churn and the loom," which articles was supplied from my own home. We also planned on taking most of our parents' plain and well wore furniture, and Maria sets great store by our mother's cherry bedstead which is not so plain, it having tall posts carved to resemble pine apples at the top. Then the problem was, who was to drive the furniture to Louisville? Basil would not give in. He would not drive the wagon nor even ride in it, nor would he let Maria and the child ride in it neither. So it become my humiliating duty to drive it myself, all *by* myself, leaving a day ahead of the others which was to follow by the Winchester stage.

I left B—— before sun up, on a Thursday morning, April 9. I eat my breakfast like the Israelites when they went out of Egypt—at night, with my loins girded, my shoes on my feet, and in haste. I had sold the house and store to Mr. Madden, the enterprising Irishman I spoke of, and he will need all the enterprise that he can muster up to make a go of it in B——. The house was dark and empty when I went out and shut the door behind me, and the

shutters of the store was closed when I drove past, and I felt like B—— was a lonely grave where I had buried twenty-six good years of my life.

I had four toll gates to pass before I got to Lexington, and by the time I had passed three I had paid out the sum of 81¢ which I had often done before. But that morning I was leaving the country; and I got to figuring how much toll I must have paid out in my life to grasping financiers when the roads had ought to be free to the public to come and go; and the more I figured, the more it griped me. So just before I come to Lexington and the fourth toll gate I seen a funeral procession going through, and let me say, that when a man is dead and beyond his worries over money matters is the only time that he is able to get through a Kentucky toll gate free. So I give Henry, our old horse, a smack with the lines, and joined on to the tail of the procession, and that was one time I beat the dogged toll. I seen old Maggie, the toll gate keeper, give me a suspicious look, but I had on my bell crown beaver, and my new great-coat with the capes, and my new fawn color strapped pantaloons, and my new bosom broach, and the furniture was covered with a tarpauling, so I set up straight and never batted an eye, and she let me through; and I had good precedent for despoiling the Egyptians.

In Lexington I went to say good-bye to my sister Samantha, and took dinner with her as I could not very well refuse, though I lost a full two hours by doing so. But all we had was salt pork and gravy and corn bread and molasses. I then pressed into her hand a draught for \$350 as that amount was one third of what I had received for the house and store and eighty acres, and I did not know what had become of my brothers; and when she understood what the paper was she broke down and cried. She is married to a workman in the foundry there; and when I left I looked back and seen her standing in the door way, with her apron wrapped around her arms, and her brood of white headed children clustered about her skirts.

The country beyond Lexington was all new to me. When I got

to Shelbyville I felt, that for a certainty I had left my old familiar stomping ground behind. There I looked up a Temperance Inn, passed a comfortable night, and in the morning was on my way again, bright and early. When I got to Louisville, first thing I done was to haul our furniture to the Dock where I had to pay to put it in a ware house. Then I sold the wagon and old Henry which it grieved me mightily to do. Henry, though a dumb brute, was a true hearted friend. After that I took in the sights; but as far as I could see, outside it's fine hotel, Louisville looks a good deal like Lexington, only some larger and a right smart dirtier.

Towards evening I hung around, waiting for the stage, and presently here it come, near an hour late, and the horses in a lather, and Maria pretty tired, and the baby peevish, though not near as peevish as Basil who had played Poker all the way and lost \$11 to a gentlemanly stranger from the Southern States. So altogether, thinks I to myself, I could have fared worse with old Henry and the wagon.

May 9—The steam boat *Henry Clay* on which we left Louisville was fitted up in magnificent style. We was cabin passengers like Basil insisted on we should be, though Maria and me would have been as well satisfied on the lower deck, and it would not have cost half as much. As it was, we paid \$18 apiece to go from Louisville to St. Louis. But the victuals was almost worth it. I never seen the like of creams, custards, puddens and pies as was set around my plate at dinner. It appeared to disgust Basil that I eat them all, but it woud have struck me as a shameful waste to let them go to the Irish in the boiler room like they otherwise would have done; and if it had not been for them elegant meals to cheer me up three times a day, my heart would have been mighty heavy.

Did you ever notice a kind of human atmosphere, almost a human smell you might say, that hangs about the clothes of a person that is dead? I recollect in particular a dress of my mother's which she took off and laid across a chair back the morning she

took sick, and never put on again. 'Twas that air about it, like she had warmed it up with wearing it, which made me think, if there was such a thing as ghosts it would be that dress her spirit would come back in; not because it was a handsome dress—it was just an old purple calico—but because her ghost would kind of nose it out for old times' sake. Well, as I looked back on all that I had left behind me, and looked ahead to the uncertainties before me, that was the way I felt about my home: Not that home was nothing to brag about, but just that I had left my tracks all over the place, and breathed the air of that locality, and it was kind of haunted by me.

"Farewell," I thought. I could see our little old burying ground up on the hill as plain as day. And at Cairo, where we made the big bend, I took my last look at the Ohio River through a mizzling rain, and thus apostrophized that noble stream: "Beautiful Ohio, farewell!"

In St. Louis, though, we was so busy I did not have no time to be low spirited. Owing to all the purchases we had to make I seen quite a bit of that fair city, the thriving offspring of the Father of Waters. From the river front it presents a panorama of steam boat funnels, then a row of lime stone ware houses backed by church spires and the pointed gable ends of houses, with "the Hill" in the back ground covered by the mansions of the wealthy. The Planters' Hotel is five stories high, towering above the general level of the roofs. The streets of the commercial section is a busy concourse of carriages, drays, and omnibuses. Commodities is all very dear. When I was laying in a stock of medicines I had to pay 87½¢ for a pair of pharmical scales about the size of a pair of lady's ear bobs; and our Conestogy wagon was purchased for the extortionate sum of \$120—to name the prices of only the smallest and the largest articles which we required.

Our departure on the *Star Of The West* was preceded by carousing and revelry on shore, and I do believe, that every tavern and dram shop along the water front was the scene of one of them farewell debauches. Several passengers was left behind in their

cups, but joined us at St. Charles, having travelled over land to do so. One of these tardy revelers was a Dr. Myron T. Hopper which we was to have dealings with later on.

As deck passengers on the *Henry Clay* our little party would have fared pretty well; but I had to admit, that that situation on the *Star Of The West* would have been well nigh intolerable amongst the emigrants, trappers, Indians, horses, mules, piles of saddles and harness, and even negroes. The Indians, of the Pawnee tribe, returning from a visit to St. Louis, was the best behaved of the lot. The emigrants, I am sorry to say, was far from prepossessing in behavior *or* appearance, some being the vilest looking ruffians imaginable. They kept a squeaky old fiddle a-going down there all night long and every night, and you could hear them stomping and shuffling their feet and yelling like Comanchees, and then a baby would commence to cry, and then it's daddy would curse the fiddler, and them that was dancing would curse back, and then another baby would commence, till I begun to think, I never would get no sleep whilst I was on that boat, and I hit it pretty close at that.

The Missouri River is even muddier than the Mississippi, if that is possible, and put me in mind of nothing so much as incredible volumes of brown gravy. A tumbler full of it would have an inch of mud on the bottom in a few minutes' time, and yet there was no other drinking water a-board. The river was high, the tawny flood standing amongst the trees on either shore, and wood yards in many places being washed away. So when we tied up at night, as we invariably done, two or three of the Irish "deckaneers," as they call the hands on a steam boat, would be sent a-shore with our *hunter* to chop enough wood to see us through the next day.

This hunter did not have a thing to do but spend the night shooting game for the table, scouring the country ahead of the boat, and hanging up what he had killed in prominent places along the river bank. About sun up, just when the jamboree on the lower deck had quieted down, and you would be getting in a little

snooze, you would hear our sentry a-hollering: "Deer on stabberd bow! Bear on stabberd bow! Bunch of ducks on stabberd bow!" So then you would conclude you might as well get up, and out on deck would see a skiff putting off to collect the deer or bear or ducks or whatever it was, and finally the hunter himself on a bluff ahead, and he would be fetched a-board. At meals I done full justice to them delicacies of the wild, as Basil of course did not fail to remark. To my eye, he done right well by them himself.

The *sounder* at our bow was equipped with a long pole, and had to sing out the depth every five seconds. Twice, the current being too strong for our engines, a heavy log or "dead man" was buried up stream, a line attached, the line wound in by the "cap stand," and a good half day put in, "warping" along to calmer water. But sometimes, when we could, we would get up steam, and the sparks would fly, and the smoke would come a-rolling out, and we would think we was getting somewheres at last until we seen how fast the muddy current went a-boiling by again us, and how slow the shore was passing.

When we was smoking and a-shaking like a kettle on the stove, I could not help but think of the *Ben Sherrod* and *Moselle* disasters, and said as much to Basil.

"Aft of the wheel is the safest place to be on a Mississippi side wheeler," says Basil with a knowing air.

"But this here is a stern wheeler," I says. "There ain't no aft of the wheel on this boat except the river."

"The only safe place to be when any steam boat blows up is fifty miles away," says Dr. Hopper who was standing near—him that joined us at St. Charles.

Then he give me a searching look, and Basil like to split himself with laughing.

Some of the passengers worked off their fractiousness at the delays by shooting from the "foksul" at the geese and ducks on the river, or by going a-shore and *walking* across the bends to meet the boat. But candor compells me to admit, that drinking and gambling was the commonest pastimes. Nor will I conceal the

fact that Basil had a full share in both them forms of depravity, being led on by Dr. Hopper. The Dr. has a voice like the finest kind of preacher, and understands the laying on of hands, and looks seedy but impressive. In fact, you might think he was the D. D. kind of Dr. and a servant of the Lord until you seen the mint julaps, gin slings, gum ticklers, brandy smashes, cock tails, phlegm cutters, whiskey neats, and timber doodles he could put away, and seduce Basil to put away, with Basil always paying for them both.

In the ladies' cabin Maria had the baby to tend, and also Basil is touchy and peculiar when it comes to her. He has considerable of the Grand Turk in his make up, and just can not bear to have another man look sideways at Maria, which they generally do, and then some, as Maria stands out where ever she is. So I did not hardly know I had a sister except at meal times, and then I tried to see by her face how she was taking Basil's drinking and throwing his money away. But I could not make out because she eat and said nothing, and did not lift her eyes from her plate, like any lady would have done in mixed company and amongst strangers. Just the same I reckon, she has often and often rued the day that she run off with Basil Prettyman.

I would not go so far as to say, that Dr. Hopper is a downright card sharper, but he is a wonderful slick hand at Faro and Vantune and them gambling games. In spite of all I could say, Basil would not hear nothing again him, but said, he was a "good fellow" and for me to mind my own business. Basil is not naturally a rake. He only has a callow wish to pass for a man of the world—without deceiving no body but himself, but with pretty steep financial loss. Maria has took charge of most of the remainder of their \$1,500, but Basil was wearing \$200 in a money belt; and while I do not know just how much Dr. Hopper done him for, I know that Basil stepped a good deal lighter when he got off the boat than when he got on.

As we neared Independence we glimpsed the encampments of several emigrant families in the open glades along the river bank,

with their oxen unhitched from their Conestogy wagons, and their tents set up, and smokey little fires a-smoldering in the rain. For the weather continued wet the whole trip. I had caught a cold and was near perishing for a sound night's sleep, and was not sorry we was almost there. And sure enough, late one evening, with all lights shrouded so the pilot could see through the dark, and our engines slowed down to a single throb, and the bell from the "bridge" ring-ringing every other second, we sidled up to the landing at Independence; and in a burst of torch light and to the sound of our cheers, we was "warped" in.

May 10—Our first night at the tavern there in Independence, my cold was so bothersome that Maria begged a little goose grease for me from the land lady. Basil opined, there was not a thing in the world the matter with me which a *hot grog* would not remedy; but Maria, who respects my convictions on the subject of spirituous liquors, merely went on a-rubbing in the goose grease. In the morning she agreed with me it would be foolish to expose my person to the elements, as it was raining pitch forks; so Basil, saying, "Well, baby me if she liked," went off alone to the steam boat landing to see after our wagon, baggage, and supplies. But in truth his words did not decompose me in the least. With them burning deserts and icy mountains ahead of me, I was satisfied that it was wiser to conserve my strength.

Thus I was enabled to commence this journal that morning, not without considerable misgivings and sundry applications to the Muse. But I hoped and trusted, that the plain facts regarding an over land journey to California might be of sufficient interest to reward my readers, if such there shall ever be, and after a manner of speaking the meat might make up for the pot which it was cooked in. So I worked steady and had just polished off that tale about Great-uncle Halford when Basil come bursting into my chamber, as wet as sop and splattered with mud. He give me a clap on the back, causing my pen to make a great jagged blot,

asking how the *literary labors* was progressing? He was all for hustling me outadoors to look at some oxen which was being auctioned off on the Square.

"You can safely leave the Indians and the grisly bears to me," he says. "But when it comes to driving a bargain, I will wager, that you are a better man than I am. Come now, confess," he says, "ain't there a little Yankee blood in you?"

An insult like that does not call for no reasonable reply, nor did I vouchsafe him none, but merely said, in reference to the auction, "Wait till after dinner"; as I hoped to put him off entirely. And then he said, I had an appetite like a Parson.

After dinner the rain had thinned to a drizzle, and Basil would not take "No" for an answer; so I put on my new gray blanket coat and sallied forth with him. The auction was over, but as the streets was full of farmers and their oxen for sale, there was no dearth of animals to inspect. But I kept a-getting my attention called off by all the sights there was to see.

Long wagon trains passed us by, belonging to some Santa Fé trading expedition, according to Basil. The oxen, as many as ten or fifteen yoke all strung together, was straining and slipping knee deep in the mud. The drivers was wallowing through the mud, hollering, and popping their long whips over the oxen's backs. I seen a number of New Mexicans, (Basil said they was), dark complected, ragged and filthy beyond belief, and mounted on horses that looked, as the saying is, like they would have to lean up again a fence to whicker, they was so poor and boney. Also, strolling along the foot path across from us, was two of the most outrageous samples of *Genus Homo* ever I seen in all my born days—tall and gloomy looking and wrapped in red blankets. Their hair was long, soaked in what to all appearances was bright red glue, and plastered on their temples. They had that snake eye glance of an Indian, yet was not Indians as you could tell. Basil said, they was "mountain men," wild trappers from the Rockies, part Indian and part French; and I thought, if that was so, give me the grisly bears.

According to Basil, the population of Independence is about 1,000 souls, and it seemed like the whole thousand of them, women as well as men, (the former with their petticoats hiked up in a way to make you blush), was out and abroad in the rain which soon come down again in sheets. But Basil said, in spite of the crowds and the bustle, the height of the season was about over, and we would be amongst the last of the emigrants to start West. On account of the heavy rains the grass on the prairies has been good for the last ten days. He said, I was lucky to have a chamber to myself at the tavern, as he had heard that only a few days before, the town was so full that the custom at the various hostelrys was to make a man *pay single and sleep double*, and this though most of the emigrants drives here in their wagons and sleeps in them.

I could not conceive how Basil had managed to pick up so much information during his trip to the boat landing. But I *thought* I smelled a rat—or speaking plainer, liquor on his breath. And sure enough, come to find out later, him and Dr. Hopper had been hobnobbing again, and the Dr. is a great one for facts. He is fuller of facts than a cow's tail is full of burrs.

That night, thanks to Basil, my cough and the tickling in my throat was worse. Maria went down to the kitchen, and cooked me up some onions and brown sugar, and then stood over me until I had reluctantly swallowed them. But next morning I had a fever. Basil seemed to think, that I was "sojering." He seemed to think, it should be him which remained by the fire and me which should be out rousting around in the rain. He flung out in a huff to go to the emporium of Messrs. Wilson & Clarke, a general furnishing store which I will recommend to any of my readers which may intend to take this journey, as they will find that in spite of all their purchases in St. Louis, there will be many small articles necessary for the trip and still to be procured.

So in the morning also I made some headway on this journal; and that was the way it went most of the time we was there—me keeping to my chamber, racked with fever and a tearing

cough, yet writing away, and Basil acting like I had caught a cold on purpose, and even like I was the One which was sending down the rain. He was in a hurry to be off. He said, the cattle of the parties on ahead would have picked the best of the grass along the trail before we started, and he said, we have to pass the mountains before the first snow falls, and kept on a-naming over all the things there was to do.

That day, when he come in, he had bought three yoke of oxen, the number judged sufficient for drawing the goods of a private family and the Conestogy wagon across the plains and mountains. I am the book keeper of our party, and upon entering the sum paid for our oxen in my pocket book, I figured the average price per yoke was \$21.67 which, Basil said, was very cheap. I took no little satisfaction in congratulating him, and telling him, "there must be more of the Yankee in him than he thought."

It appears like every other word I write is "rain." One afternoon it poured down solid, and every body in the tavern was "cribbed, cabined, and confined," as Dr. Hopper subsequently remarked. Him and two other gentlemen come to call on us; and the child being asleep in the adjoining room, which was not fit for visitors noways on account of strings of clothes hung up to dry. I welcomed our new acquaintances to my chamber. In addition to the Dr. our callers was Mr. Smead, a merchant from New York, who aims to spy out the over land route to California for commercial purposes, and Col. Whaley, a veteran of the War of 1812. Despite his advancing years, the Col. is a regular fire eater. He looks for hostilities in California, and hastens to the spot, hoping, as he said, "to die in the service of his country."

"Hostilities in Mexico is much more likely. You stand the chance of dying quicker there, Col.," Dr. Hopper unfeelingly remarked.

Dr. Hopper is bound for California, too, although I could not find out why. I asked him, and he said, that he had been a "Mississippi cat fish long enough, and was animated by the desire to see what lay beyond his river banks"; but he might as well not have

answered at all as made a fool reply like that. I have my suspicions about the Dr. He plays cards just a little too well.

In the course of the conversation Col. Whaley said, he heard the Mormons was on the move.

"Some of the Oregon and California emigrants have petitioned Col. Kearny to send a guard of dragoons with them from Ft. Leavenworth as far as the Platte River to protect them from these deluded fanatics," says the Dr., "but the request has been refused."

"That is correct, sir," says Col. Whaley. "And what in G—d's name Kearny can be thinking of, I do not know. These Mormons are as dangerous a set of rascals as ever trod shoe leather. If all reports be true, five thousand of them have crossed the Kansas River this week. They march with ten brass field pieces, and every man jack of them is armed with a rifle, a Bowie knife, and a brace of large revolving pistols. They are inveterately hostile to the emigrant parties, and propose to attack and murder them, and appropriate their belongings to themselves."

The Col. also said, that a party of five Englishmen, one by the name of Parkman, had started in advance of us, being instructed by their government to foment dissatisfaction amongst the Indian tribes and incite them to annihilate the emigrants; and that this seemed probable owing to the Oregon dispute; and that the Kansas Indians was already gathered on the trail.

"I beg you, gentlemen, spare my poor brother-in-law," Basil says unkindly. "Look at him. He is white as a ghost." And he laughed and slapped his leg.

But the Dr. says, "Bah!" and "Nonsense!" and that he give no credence to such wild reports, and neither, he was sure, did I; and that very day he had made the acquaintance of this Parkman who had rode over from Westport and was no more of an Englishman than he was himself, but come from Boston.

I then learnt, that unbeknownst to me, Basil had went ahead and made it up with Dr. Hopper, Mr. Smead, and Col. Whaley to travel together until we overtake a larger party; and the Col.

asked, how soon he planned on starting? Informed by Basil, "not for several days" on account of many matters still to be attended to, he frowned and said, that "that would never do, 'twas imperative to start at once, we was already amongst the last," &c. Mr. Smead and Dr. Hopper said, that was their opinion, too, or leastways Dr. Hopper said so and Mr. Smead nodded. I did not know whether to be relieved or disappointed, in view of the dangers of our route, when as our callers was leaving, and after numerous expressions of regret, all three announced, they could not wait for us, but would proceed next day.

Then, whilst we was standing talking in the corridor, Maria passed us by and smiled; and I must say, the brown wool dress she was wearing set off her black hair, white skin, and yellow eyes to good advantage.

The Dr., the old reprobate, says with a cough, "Ahem! A fine figure of a female! One of our number on the steam boat, if I am not mistaken."

I seen Basil getting hot under the collar right away. He says, very stiff, "My wife, sir."

"Indeed!" exclaims the Col., a-stroking his moustache.

And then the Dr. and the Col. both declared, that nothing could persuade them to part with our agreeable company, and they was resolved to wait for us, although they urged us to complete our business as speedily as might be so as not to leave no later than Thursday.

Only Mr. Smead did not express himself. To the best of my recollection, he never opened his head all afternoon. He seems to be the non-committal kind. He has about as much animation in his face as an egg. He has a way of watching and listening and drawing two fingers along his upper lip.

May 11—Next day, for a change, was clear as a bell, every whiff of cloud being swept from the azure sky. My fever still hung on, but I was glad to be out and stirring, which was a mercy

because there was errands galore to keep me on the run, seeing we was resolved to start on Thursday and that was Tuesday. Out in the sun shine the very bricks and clapboards had a cheerful look, and all over town you could hear folks whistling and the black smith shops a-hammering and clanging. My business took me to a black smith shop where our wagon had been supposingly getting some changes made in it for our journey; but I found the smith had not hardly touched it yet. "He was so pressed with work," was his excuse. And yet I noticed, that the busy throngs upon the streets was a good deal dwindled in the three four days since our arrival.

I purchased some duplicate axle trees, ox bows, &c.; then went with Basil to a stable behind which, in two big pens, horses and mules was respectively displayed. Most of the horses was shaggy little animals, with their last winter's coats hanging from them in tag locks, and Basil said, "they was too small." But the distance from their backs to the ground looked plenty far enough to me; and 'twas with some anxiety that I seen Basil go over to four or five much larger beasts, and press their legs and pry open their mouths. That is Basil for you: Go ahead and never consult no body's feelings but his own. He appeared to settle on two, a black and a dapple gray, and after watching the owner of the stable lead them back and forth a little, called for saddles, and says to me, that "we must try them."

Now I would not have let on to Basil for love nor money what my sentiments regarding horse back riding was: Give me a good sober reliable horse between a pair of shafts, and I will make out well as the next fellow. But I never could see what pleasure there was in getting your teeth knocked together, and your spine stove through your skull, and your posterial portions lambasted in a manner which, when not delivered by a horse, is regarded as a *punishment*. So, holding these views, I would have much preferred one of them milder looking ponies, if ride I must, or even one of the mules which seemed to look down their noses at me

in a shrewd way like they had sized up my predicament and sympathized.

But Basil was practically born a-straddle of a horse. So it can readily be understood that my preferences in horse flesh would not have cut no ice had I have uttered them, which I did not. Besides, 'twas too late then. Whilst the black turned circles around him, Basil threwed himself into the saddle. A nigger boy was hanging to the bridle of the dapple gray which kept jerking up it's head, laying back it's ears, and rolling it's wild and blood shot eyes. I would have sooner rode a tiger.

"I am a sick man, don't forget," said I to Basil.

"Sick or well, you had better try him out," says Basil, reining in his mount which pawed the air.

"There is no necessity of that," said I. "I rely upon your judgement."

At this juncture my nerves was all a-quiver. I do not offer no apologies neither, as my condition was easy to account for. Just because I was never one to complain was not no sign I was not sicker than I looked. But I looked miserable enough I do not doubt, for as I stood there Basil stared at me a second, and then throwed back his head and laughed like he was crazy. He haw-hawed till it was a wonder the mules did not join in.

Returning to the tavern, he says to me, "In my opinion, you had better ride the gray. The black is well enough, and fit to carry my weight, but has not half the *fire and spirit* of the gray. Ain't we lucky, though," he says to me, giving me a nudge in the ribs, "not to have to ride them pokey Indian ponies?"

I said, "Indeed we was"; but Basil gazed at me, and I thought for a minute he was a-going off in another one of them laughing spells. I know in my time, he is as obnoxious a boor as ever breathed the breath of life, and has not changed his bullyragging ways since when he used to jump on me and trounce me just to make me bawl, although he calls himself a *gentleman*.

As we approached the tavern we passed a man who, Basil said, was a prominent Mormon, Independence being the late head

quarters of that sect; and I was somewhat reassured by the Mormon's appearance. He looked just like any other decent elderly man to me.

After dinner a guide and driver, which was recommended to us by Messrs. Wilson & Clarke, showed up. As neither Basil nor myself has had experience in the management of oxen, and as we could not be sure what sort of emigrant party we might fall in with, whether well informed about our route or not, we was in need of a reliable man to act as *jehu* and *cicerone*. But it did not seem to make a mite of difference to this young fellow whether we hired him or whether we did not. He lounged again the door jamb of my chamber, carelessly striking his boot with a big whip which had it's lash wound around it's handle, and which he seemed to carry as a badge of office. His name was Jared, he replied to Basil's question. Yes, he had spent some little time amongst the Rocky Mts. Yes, he rather thought that he could drive a team of oxen. Was he a good shot? "Well," says he in an indifferent tone, he could "trim the whiskers off a cat at a hundred yards, and shoot between the legs of a humming bird at fifty." So it is my guess, that we have got a holt of something of a "character." But what pleased me was that he had been to California twice. I aim to get him to tell me more about them Western regions whither we are bound.

Next day I remained indoors and made considerable progress with my writing, and Basil and Maria strolled about the town in the fine weather, so Maria could see the sights and do some errands, leaving the boy with me as he was asleep. Maria made him a nest with a shawl on my bed, and covered him up, and he went right on sleeping as good as gold. Maria thinks, he favors Basil, but he is lighter complected than either of them. A body would have to go a long ways to see a prettier sight than him in that blue shawl, laying sprawled on his back, with both his little arms flung out. He could not have slept no harder if you had paid him, and had just turned red and begun to wrinkle up his face when Maria and Basil come back.

Basil said, that they had been to see the farewell ceremonies with which the Masons of the town took leave of some of their lodge brothers which was departing for Oregon. He said, in the address the Grand Master consigned the emigrants to the grave or perpetual exile, one; and a very effecting hymn wrote for the occasion was sung to the tune of "Old Rosin The Bow." He said, the lady Masons all broke down and cried, and he laughed and said, looking around at Maria, that she come very near doing the same; whereupon Maria bent over little Humphrey, snatched him up, and hurried out of the room.

She would not let on how she was feeling, but I could tell just by looking at her back. It did not take no more than Maria's back to say, that the speaker had told the truth, and on the following day we ourselves would be headed for the grave or exile sure enough. But, thinks I to myself, if it is the grave, well, we all of us have got to die some time. And if it is perpetual exile, then exile from what? From discouragements and injustices? You might say, the angels in Heaven is exiled from that.

May 12—In trying to bring this journal up to date, I am like a cat chasing it's own tail, and whether I shall ever catch up with myself I do not know, as it is likely that these entries will be a-getting shorter and shorter from now on. I am at present writing under *difficulties*, and I do not look for them to diminish.

However, to resume: On the night of Wednesday, May 6, we went early to our beds as the next day was the never to be forgotten day of our departure, and we was hoping to get a good start. But, alas! Our wagon, which the smith had promised me for eight o'clock that morning without fail, was not ready yet; and of course Basil laid the blame on me. He then flung off to the black smith shop, and stood over the smith till all was finished, not even coming back for dinner, nor giving the unfortunate smith no time for dinner neither.

After Maria and me had our dinner, Jared, our new guide and

driver which I made mention of, come driving up the wagon, but unhitched the oxen and picketed them in a small pasture lot which was catty corner to the tavern, then went away again directly, saying, he would "fetch the cow." By that time no body could not find Dr. Hopper high nor low, and Basil rode off to look for him amongst the grog shops, thus leaving all the work of loading the wagon to me. So picture me, dear readers, weak and feverish, toiling with might and main; and for your information, will try and give you some idea of all I toted or rolled from a shed behind the tavern.

First of all I fetched our furniture and stowed it in the wagon, as being that part of our belongings we would not be needing for some time to come. Then I fetched the following articles as being needed on the journey: 600 lbs. flour, 800 lbs. meal, 240 lbs. bacon, 120 lbs coffee, 120 lbs. sugar, 5 lbs. tea, (for Maria), a 5 gal. kag of whiskey, (for Basil), 30 lbs. rice, 50 lbs. crackers, a large sack of dried peaches and another of dried apples, a kag of lard, salt and pepper, a 25 lb. chunk of dried beef, a barrel of salt pork, 3 hams, 4 crocks of butter, (as we knowed, that more would spoil before we eat it anyways), 5 bu. dry beans, a cheese as big as a mill stone, and a kag of molasses, (these including Jared's rations, which we are bound to supply, and all of which has got to last us four months); also a kag of soft soap, also a big iron wash kettle, a tea kettle, and spoons, butcher knives, tin cups and plates, pots and pans, skillets, and a coffee mill; also a hand saw, auger, gimlet, chizzle, shaving knife, and other carpenter's tools for any repairs along the road; also our spare ox bows, ox shoes, and axle trees, and a kag of nails, and an axe, hammer, spade, and shovel, and some hatchets and a 10 gal. water kag; also a mortar and pestle and our medical supplies; also 10 lbs. powder and 20 lbs. lead. Goodness only knows what else. I lost track afterwhile. But these is the main items wrote down in my pocket book.

Maria set patiently in the parlor of the tavern, with the infant in her lap and her band boxes and her trunk and bundles beside

her on the floor. Once in a while she would part the curtains and look out to see how I was getting along, and I must have looked near fainting because she then come out and tried to make me let her help, which I did not want to do. But she insisted on unpacking some of the heaviest kags and boxes part way to make them easier to lift, and at that I was glad she did because when the land lord seen Maria dumping out nails and handing hams to me in over the tail gate of the wagon, he come out and proffered his assistance. The flour barrels was the worst. They was so confounded heavy I never could have lifted them. But he laid planks from the tail gate to the ground, and then betwixt the two of us we rolled them up. I looked for him to add his charges for these services to our bill, but he did not do so, for which kindness I suspicion Maria's yellow eyes. His aid come very timely, Basil having stated in no uncertain terms we was to leave that day, and I was not a-going to have it said, if I could help it, that I was the cause of more delays.

When all was shoved in and roped fast, Maria fetched the quilts and blankets and feather beds which was to form the pallets on either side of the load. (Sewed up in one of them quilts is the balance of her and Basil's \$1,500. Which quilt it is, however, she has not told even me). Then little Humphrey had got so dirty, rooting around in the tavern yard, being just the age to begin to crawl good, that Maria had to take him up stairs and wash and dress him all over again. As for me, I was so tuckered out and dizzy I set right down on the ground and leaned again the gate post and shut my eyes. It was nigh on to six o'clock, and the tavern yard, which up to a day or so before had been full of comings and goings, was quiet as a church on a week day. I took off my hat, and the breeze begun to cool the sweat on my forehead and dry my hair, and I knowed that I was taking more cold, but could not have budged if my life had depended on it.

Whilst I was setting there Maria come out with the child, and clumb up by the wagon wheel, and took her seat in front. She looked pretty as a picture up there in her pink calico dress and

brown shawl and pink sun bonnet, with little Humphrey in her arms and a pleased expression on her face, like as if to say, "Well, I am ready." Then Jared come up, leading our cow, and tied her on to the rear axle. When he walked over to me and asked, "where the rest was?" I thought, "Cow nothing," and had it took him upwards of five hours to fetch a cow? *He* had been a-drinking. If a body had touched a sulphur match to that breath of hisn, it would have flared up like a brandy pudden, although I must say, he looked and acted sober as a judge.

He has a mean face and the meanest light gray eyes, like he could cut the liver right out of you and never blink, but is as handsome a young fellow as you would wish to meet. His thin narrow face has a thin straight nose and a thin straight mouth and a small round prominent chin. His chestnut color hair curls up a little. His new white blanket coat become him mightily, and his deer skin trowsers was double fringed along the seams, and he had a Bowie knife and a hatchet stuck in his belt, and a bullet pouch and powder horn a-hanging at his side, and carried his whip in one hand and his rifle in the other. But it is not the knife, hatchet, &c. disposed about his person which says in so many words, "This is a dangerous man to fool with"; and just what it is that *does* say so I can not explain. He is not much above average heighth, not as tall as I am, and is built rather slight than otherwise. But the minute you lay eyes on him you think, "He will do his duty, keep his counsel, and be d——d to you."

He was a-fiddling around, waiting, when all of a sudden he snaked out that long whip, pulled up a flower with it which was growing beside the foot path, and fetched it back into the other hand, all in one motion. Then he put one foot on the wagon wheel, and handed up the posey to Maria, and touched his hat, and a dancing master could not have done it no politer.

"Wild pink verbena," he says, a-looking at her bonnet, and sure enough it was almost a dead match. Maria smiled and thanked him and turned pinker than her bonnet. I do not know but what it was the first time ever I seen Maria blush in my life.

So evening come, and still no sign of Basil and the others. You might have thought, we would have give up the notion of leaving then. But Basil had said, we was to leave that day, and even Jared appeared to have catched on to Basil's disposition. The attitude of all three of us was: "Well, we have followed orders." But then, along about dusk, Basil come prancing up on his black horse. He had had on his new travelling costume since he got up that morning. It consisted of Indian moccasins, deer skin trowsers with fringes at the seams, like Jared's, only Basil's was beaded, too, a red flannel shirt with the tail out, belted in around the waist like a frock, and a broad brim black felt hat slanted down at a rakish angle. Thus attired, he looked like the double extract of Vanity, like the mere sight of him was a privilege. So here he come, and vaulted out of the saddle, all steamed up—and liquored up as well, I suspicioned—and commenced a-looking around for something to find fault with. But when he seen the wagon loaded, and the cow tied on behind, and Maria on the seat, and Jared leading up the oxen, and me caved in again the gate post like I had been waiting there all day, it took the wind out of his sails considerable.

So he burst out in a temper: "I have been in every G—d d—n drinking den from here to yonder," he says; and I thought, that that was one time that he told the truth. "But we are a-going on to-night," he says. "Every body is resolved on that." And he looked around, hoping for objections to put his foot on. But as no body said a word, he then continued, "Well, what are you all a-standing there for? Let's get started. The Col. and Smead and the Dr. are waiting for us on the other side of town."

I wondered when, if ever, we was going to get our suppers. But it would not have done no good to argue. And that was what Jared thought, too, I reckon. When I come to look at him, hitching up the oxen with Basil giving him directions, he looked like every bone in his body was disapproving, even though it had took him five hours and a half to fetch the cow, and he smelt like a still. But he never said nothing, and no more did I. So just about

dark good, we picked up the others which was waiting with their cart and Mr. Smead's wagon load of trading goods, and rolled out of town.

I rode on the seat with Maria, and Jared walked along side, leading my gray horse. I was so wore out it never entered my head I was supposed to *ride* the horse, nor to wonder how it come no body said a word about me riding it. But I figured later, that Maria had fixed it up behind my back, knowing how sick I was and how hard I had worked that day.

May 13—'Twas black as Tophet that night, no moon nor stars showing, and there we was, not able to see our hand before our face, a-tossing and a-lumbering along through mud so deep that three days of fair weather had not been able to dry it. I could hear the Dr., who was riding on ahead and drunk as a lord, a-singing out, "We're off to California, boys!" It had a queer sound, carried back like that in the dark: "Off to California, boys!"

Pretty soon it begun to lighten in pinkish sheets, and I seen that sure enough we had left Independence behind and was out in the open country; so roused myself sufficiently to say, "Maria, I consider *Independence* a singularly auspicious name for the town at which we have commenced this journey."

No sooner had I uttered them words than, *wham!* I pitched head foremost out of the wagon. What I had lit in I did not know at first, but it turned out to be a stream of water which was so cold it burnt, and so deep that when I managed to stand up I could feel the current tickling my chin. I stood there choking and coughing, being well nigh drowned, and when I waded out my clothes was so full of water it felt like I was pulling the whole creek after me.

By the sheet lightning I glimpsed a scene of turmoil and confusion. Our oxen is young and only half broke, which may have been why Basil got them so cheap; and having run our right front wagon wheel off a log causeway where it joined the road, they

was now kicking and cavorting and plunging around, and it looked like they would step off in the water any minute and drag the wagon after them, the more so as the wagon was keeled over and lurching from side to side. Jared was knocking the oxen over the head with the butt of his whip, but I noticed he never let go of my gray horse, though I hoped and prayed he would let loose of it.

Then the dark blinded me, and the thunder rolled and grumbled far away. I heard Basil hollering, "We'll have to wait for day light, and then unload the wagon." And Jared hollered back and said, they would have to find some chunks to chock the wheels. I could tell from noises he was taking out the oxen and leading them and the horses back the road.

Maria was trying to quiet the infant, which was screaming, when I clumb up on the wagon seat again, just dreening water like a sieve. "Mercy!" says Maria, catching sight of me as she jounced the baby, for the lightning spread across the sky right then. And I seen that she, no more than the others, had not give a previous thought to me. My teeth was chattering and my knees was clapping together, and I could have drowned before she missed me. But she showed me where my carpet bag was put, and seen to it that I changed my clothes, and giving me the infant to hold, wrung out my wet things and spread them over the shafts.

Basil and Jared come back with some dead tree limbs and chocked the wheels so the wagon would not turn turtle. Then, deciding that some supper would taste good, they set about kindling a fire back the road a piece, and Basil ordered me to get out a skillet and some bacon and meal and lard and coffee and sugar and a few other little items. These was welcome words to me, despite the dictatorial tones that they was couched in. But then I recollected, I had put in the provisions near the bottom of the load, and the pots and pans on top of them, and I would have to take out ox bows, axle trees, chizzles and augurs, spades and hammers, powder and lead, and the dear Lord only knowed what all, to get at them. Worse and more of it, I had corded in everything so tight and snug that now I would have a thousand knots to

untie, and in the dark at that. And the bare notion of *unloading* all them articles after I had just loaded them in plumb paralyzed me.

I seen the fire begin to blaze, and Jared bending over it, and Basil coming up the road towards me. So in a kind of phrenzy I determined to put a bold face on the matter, and says, when Basil walked up, "You had ought to have better sense than to start out in the dark like this, but if you will have the skillet and the bacon and the meal and the coffee and the sugar—"

"Where are they?" says Basil. "I am hungry as a bear. I hain't had a bite to eat since six o'clock this morning."

"Then you can dig for them," I says.

"Dig for them?" says Basil.

"Yes, sir," I said, as bold as brass. "I loaded close on to 2,500 lbs. of plunder into that wagon this afternoon, without no help but Maria and the land lord, sick as I am, whilst you was off carousing with your friends; and now if you want it all unloaded again, you can do it yourself. I ain't hungry."

"All unloaded?" says Basil, catching on. "Can't you never do nothing right? Are you a-going to hender us with your fool blunders all the way to California? First you say, 'Oh, yes, the wagon will be here sure, at eight o'clock'; and I have to stand over the black smith the whole d—n morning, and go without my dinner, all on account of you. And now, it seems, I am a-going to have to go without my supper, too, and on account of you. Let me tell you here and now, I am a-getting sick and tired of you and your G—d d—n fevers, and your G—d d—n pen pushing, and your G—d d—n laziness, and your G—d d—n muddle head."

Well, that was not no way to talk to a fever patient which should have been home in bed, instead of which I had just been slung shot into an icy creek and all but drowned. And it come with singular ill grace from Basil, because whose fault was it that we was out there in the middle of nowheres at that time of night, with a thunder storm a-coming on? In short, my blood begun to boil. But unfortunately my teeth was chattering again so hard I could not say a word.

The upshot was that Jared saved the day and made a square good sized cup out of some sycamore leaves, pinning them together with the stems, very neat and nice; and he milked our cow, and we held the cup by turns, and made our suppers on milk, and a pretty slim supper it was.

The sheet lightning had changed to the zigzag kind, and was forking around, with the thunder crashing right on top of it.

"Where did you put your tent?" Jared yells at me. "Mine is up ahead on the cart. You and me will have to bunk in yourn to-night."

Well, by all that is holy, it struck me then that I had clean forgot my tent! I could not recollect loading it in the wagon. I must have left it. And I had paid out \$15 for it, too.

But Jared is a gentleman if ever I seen one, not according to Basil's notions I allow, but *my* idea of a gentleman, because he says, with never a feather ruffled, "We can make out under the wagon."

"Make out under the wagon" was what we done. 'Twas like bivouacking on a battle ground, like the mightiest cannons ever imagined was shooting fire at us, and banging and roaring and shaking the ground; and the rain come down in a deluge. Maria loaned Jared and me a couple of blankets, and we rolled up in them, but was soon laying in a puddle. By the lightning flashes I could see the water running down from the wagon's sides like curtains all around us, adding to the quagmire we was in. I do not think I slept a wink all night, and 'twas right aggravating to hear Jared snoring away beside me, as sound asleep as if he was a frog.

When day light come and we could take our bearings we figured, we had travelled just *two miles* on the first day of our journey. Wine is a mocker, strong drink a brawler.

May 14—In the morning 'twas still raining, not hard, but steady and business like. I was so cold and wet I thought, I might as well

have stayed in the creek all night, and this time I did not have no dry change of clothes. Jared was glum, being as wet as I was, and though Maria and Basil had kept dry in the wagon and was feeling chipper right at first, they soon wilted down as vexations multiplied.

We drank some more milk to tide us over till we could dig down to the raw materials of a real breakfast. We had to set everything out in the rain. Then we could not get the fire to burn, and when it did begin to smoke and flicker, first the coffee would not brown and then it burnt. You might know, I was the one that burnt it. Then, when Basil started in to grind it, the coffee mill laid down on the job; and after tinkering with it half an hour, he threwed it away in a passion. Finally Jared and Maria, between them, produced some biscuits and bacon, both half raw, and we washed them down with "Adam's ale," of which at least there was a plenty. Only little Humphrey, "Pudden," as Maria calls him, having had his customary breakfast from *Nature's founts*, looked full and satisfied. He set in the wagon, playing with a string of spools and talking to himself, as contented as if he had had the whole house full of Prettyman niggers to wait on him.

Then Jared said, we could not unload the wagon the rest of the way because the sacks of meal, dried apples, and such would all get wet and mold. Basil said, then what was we to do? Set there and suck our thumbs until the rain let up? And Jared said, that was about the size of it. Well, no body liked the prospect, but we could not get the wagon wheel back on the causeway till we finished unloading. So we was setting on kags in the wagon, looking out at the rain, when we heared a hail behind us and through the front flaps seen Col. Whaley riding up.

"You folks had a break down, hey?" says he, riding around where he could get a view of us.

"Have you?" says Basil, perking up a little. Because we all had thought, the Col. and the rest had went ahead and left us in the lurch.

"Have we," says the Col. "Smead's wagon is in over the hubs, and still a-settling. There's a mud hole up the road here that goes clean down to China. But we are near a cabin, and the farmer has a team of oxen. So maybe with our oxen, too, he can pull us out." So then we asked him, would he kindly send the farmer back to our assistance?

First thing the farmer done, when he arrived, was to take off the wheel that was hanging over the water. And then it struck us, that our own oxen could have done the trick if we had thought of a simple thing like that, and we could have saved the dollar the farmer charged us. However, we dried off everything metal and greased it with lard to keep it from rusting, and loaded it into the wagon again. Jared said, first stop we made when it was not raining, he would show us how a wagon should be loaded for a trip of this kind: from front to back instead of from the bottom up. I wished to goodness some body had had the sense to tell me that beforehand.

The wheel was put back on and the oxen was put in and I thought, we was about ready to go on our way rejoicing, when Basil says to me, "We had better saddle up the horses." Reader, I will pass over my sensations when I heard them words. Suffice it to say, the evil hour could be put off no longer. So I never turned a hair, but took the saddle and bridle Basil give me, and walked back the road with him.

The horses was picking grass, but raised up their necks when they seen us. Holding the saddle and bridle, I approached the gray. He commenced to pull at the picket rope and sidle backwards. And the more I went fowards, the more he went backwards. So both of us was a-going around and around in a circle the length of the picket rope.

Basil got his horse all saddled, and I seen him watching our performance. "Great day in the morning!" he says in exasperated tones. "What are you a-doing? Hain't you never saddled up a horse before? It is past eleven o'clock right now."

The incident which follows is one which I would gladly draw

the veil before. But I have pledged my word to tell the truth, and more than that, the whole truth, far as I know it, and not consult my preferences as to what to tell and what to leave out. And when it comes to that, things happens to the best of us which do not show us up for the *heroes* we would like to be. With which short preamble, I will now explain, that Basil obligingly saddled my horse, undone the picket rope, and held the animal for me to get on. But the minute I lit a-straddle, and before I could find the other stirrup, he let go; and he done it a-purpose, I am convinced.

The gray bolted foward like he had been fired from a gun, and throwed me on the pummel of the saddle. I flung my arms around his neck—"just like I loved him," Basil told me afterwards. But I did not need Basil to tell me how ridiculous I looked. I knowed it very well, and even at the time, especially as I had lost my hat in the creek the night before, and Maria had loaned me a shoulder shawl to tie over my ears. The gray was folding and unfolding his legs, and the mud was flying higher then my head. I can not say, whether my mental or my physical anguish was the more acute.

I went sky hooting past our wagon, and seen Jared and Maria look dumbfounded. Then I lost the other stirrup, and my legs was flouncing up behind. About that time I begun to learn what *pummel* means. Also, the horse's mane was whipping my face and very near putting my eyes out. Nevertheless, on ahead, I could make out the cabin, and the cart and wagon which was waiting for us, and the mud hole, and the Col. and Dr. Hopper on their horses. Then *ker-whoosh!* We hit the mud hole. The gray went down on his knees, and I turned a somerset right over his head, and landed on the other side, spread eagled on my back, and with a thump which knocked the breath clean out of me. That was the last I knowed for quite some time.

When I come to, I was laying on a pallet in the wagon which was jolting along. I had a pain in my breast bone where I had pounded on the pummel, and was so gaumed with mud I might

have been made of mud, and you would not have knowed me from Adam in dead earnest. But outside the pain of my injuries and the dirt of my appearance, I just could not make up my mind to show myself. I was satisfied to lay where I was. But finally the jolting got so bad I thought, I might feel better setting up, so crawled out on the front seat by Maria. She give me a pitying look, but laid her finger across her lips to warn me not to say nothing, as the infant was sleeping in her arms.

'Twas late afternoon, and the rain had stopped, and golden light fell over the landscape. Basil was riding along with the foward party. Jared was walking beside our wagon, leading that blame horse of mine, and whistling "In The Gloaming, Oh, My Darling" in very sweet and mournful tones.

Afterwhile we come to another cabin beside a grove of trees. The trees was bathed in the glory of the sun set, and the cabin looked right pretty there beneath them. But the cabin's inmates, which all run out to stare at us, had more the appearance of ferocious brutes than civilized human beings. They was half naked and so coated with dirt a body could not tell if they was white or what color. Three savage big dogs come bounding and barking out, but the man, the head of the house I reckon, kicked them off. We purchased some corn for our oxen, thinking they would soon enough commence their diet of grass and nothing else, and asked, "if we could camp in the grove for the night?"

"Who's to stop ye?" says our cordial host. So that was what we done.

We had expected we would find a stream in the grove, and there was not the sign of one. But Jared had forehandedly filled the water kag at the creek, and had retrieved the coffee mill which Basil throwed away, and now soon had it mended. So that meal we made out fairly well. Jared got his tent off of the cart, and asked me, did I want to sleep in it with him? But the night was clear, so I bivouacked under the wagon again. We made about eight miles that day.

May 15—Next morning the birds was chanting their matin hymns, rendering the grove musical with their melodies. I was stiff, and sore as a boil all over from my fall, and my breast bone still hurt me some. But I have noticed, that my spirits is like smoke: Give me a rainy day, and they will hang low to the ground. Give me a sunny day, and they will raise up out of sight. So I creeped forth from under the wagon, feeling rheumatic but cheerful. The mud had dried on me, and I was a sight to behold, and could not change my clothes because my other trowsers and my blanket coat was still damp. But I give Maria back her shoulder shawl, being determined to go it bare headed, come what might, rather than wear that fool head gear no longer.

After our breakfast of bacon, corn bread, and coffee, we all unloaded the wagon and loaded it again. Jared showed us how, and even the Col. and Dr. Hopper and Mr. Smead pitched in to expedite matters; so maybe that was the last time. I got up on the seat beside Maria, and Jared led my horse.

As we approached the Blue Prairie the road become dryer and smoother going. Then the prairie opened out before us under the immense blue dome of the sky. We had an uninterrupted view of it's verdant undulations and flowery slopes, stretching away and away into the distance. This was the place where we "jumped off," in the phraseology of these parts; and the commencement of the prairie is therefore knowed as *the jumping off place*.

The flowers, which growed in unbelievable abundance, pink and blue, was like gardens gone crazy. Jared walked along, snaking up flowers with his whip, one here and one there, till he had gethered quite a nosegay which he then presented to Maria. Basil was on ahead, and did not see him do so, which was a mercy, as I am a little juberous if he could stand to see another man give flowers to his wife, even a "bull whacker." He had ought to know, Maria can take care of herself, if any body does. Probably he would only rather take care of her. Anyways, to my notion, there was no harm in Jared giving Maria a bunch of flowers. Some was wild pink verbena, like before, and the blue ones was wild indigo and

wild larkspur, Jared said. It did seem strange, a mean looking young fellow like him knowing the names of flowers, and not ashamed to say so neither.

We stopped for our nooning on a hill-side and then went on again. About four o'clock P.M. a very black and threatening cloud, which we had seen a-coming a long ways off, spread over all the sky and opened up and poured down water in a flood. The black was laced with lightning, and let out rolling peals of thunder. The air was suddenly chill, and the prairie turned to purple. In that open country where you could see for miles around, and there was much more sky than earth, the scene was grand beyond my powers to describe. I watched it from the wagon seat, but Basil and the rest got soaked to the skin. Well, I thought, 'twas their turn now.

Over to the left of the trail, right out in the middle of the prairie, we seen another cabin, the logs for which must have been hauled a considerable distance. And as the members of our party which was wet desired to build a fire to dry their clothes at, and as we thought, that where there was a cabin there would be a well, and the water in the kag tasted more of warm pine planks than was to our liking, we determined to camp where we was for the night. Not having no tent to set up, I was despatched with two buckets to fetch the water.

The family at the cabin appeared right glad to see me, and clustered around, asking me all manner of questions like where I come from, where I was a-going to, Oregon or California, what my name was, &c. In return, I learnt that the father of the family was a Mr. James Canarsie from Carroll County, Va., and that him and his wife and children and their husbands and wives and children had resided there four years. Having suffered from the prevailing sickness of these regions, the fever and ager, they looked yellow and hollow eyed; and I took notice, that the cabin was merely two good sized rooms, though there was more than a dozen persons to be accommodated. But these Canarsies seemed to be tolerable well content with life. They was dressed rough but

decent, and everything in the cabin was disposed with wonderful neatness and compactness.

After supper I continued this journal like I have managed to do at some time every day since we set out. But that night I contrived a handier arrangement than any theretofore. Basil let drop a wooden box containing spoons, knives, &c., which broke apart; and one side of this box has furnished me with a suitable lap board ever since. Thus, seated on an over turned bucket, by the candle in our lantern, I am enabled to relate to you, O unseen and hypothetical readers, the adventure of our days.

Distance: seven miles.

May 16—Mr. James Canarsie had informed me, that there was an emigrant train just ahead of us. It had passed by on the trail that afternoon. So next morning we was up with the lark and hastily made our breakfast on cold corn bread and cold coffee left from supper. 'Twas drizzling rain again, and I was glad my other trowsers and warm blanket coat was finally dried. The day before we had been delayed by unloading and loading the wagon till after ten o'clock, but this time got an early start. We had not travelled no more than two miles when to our surprise and gratification we come in sight of about fifteen wagons camped in the narrow timbered bottom of a creek—Blue Creek, Jared said it was. He also said, that the water being high, owing to the recent rains, the party was no doubt waiting till it was low enough to ford.

I do not know as I shall ever get used to how far you can see out here on these rolling prairies. We descried the leader of the wagon train a-riding out to meet us near an hour, it seemed like, before he come up to us; and we was moving towards each other the whole time. He is a Mr. Joseph Kane, of Boone County, Ia.,* a fine looking man past middle life. His statuesque proportions, free and easy manner, and long gray beard gives him the presence

* Contemporaneous abbreviation for Indiana.

of a natural born commander. Also, he is seemingly a man of substance, as he told us, that four of the encamped wagons belongs to him. He said, that him and his party left Independence the morning of the same day we did, and was not the ones the Masons had took leave of. These was a good day's travel ahead of us, and Mr. Kane expressed himself as being anxious in his turn to catch up with them, as any time now we would be out in Indian country. He told us, that with him was his wife, his married son and wife and infant, and three of his younger children; and that all the others was "Boone County-ites" excepting a Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald, of Calloway County, Mo., and Mrs. Fitzgerald's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Purvis.

At the names of Calloway County and Fitzgerald I pricked up my ears. A sister of my grandfather Kendricks's, Aunt Mandy, that I had often heard my mother talk about, had married a Fitzgerald and gone to the Missouri country. So after we had halted by the other wagons and picketed our stock, the rain letting up, I went over to where Mrs. Fitzgerald and old Mrs. Purvis was setting knitting in front of their tents as homey as if they had been at their own fire side. And sure enough, come to find out, Mrs. Fitzgerald's husband is a son of the brother of Mason Fitzgerald, my great-aunt Mandy's husband, this brother having left Kentucky at the same time. So, in a manner of speaking, Mrs. Fitzgerald and me is cousins by marriage, and this is a small world.

She said, that my great-uncle-in-law Mason had died at the age of ninety. She said, my great-aunt Mandy had fourteen children, fifty-four grandchildren, and six or seven great-grandchildren before she, too, passed on. She said, her neck of the woods back in Calloway County had quite a few Fitzgeralds in it. She said, she did not have no children herself, having been married only eight months, but, she said, give her time.

This bold way of talking set me back on my heels a little, and there was indications that the "time" she mentioned could not be very long now. I was astonished that a young woman in the family way should have started out on a trip of this kind. Also, her lace

collar, gold broach, and crimped hair did not seem like they had come out of the *back woods* of Missouri no more than her manners; as you will find, that the back woods breeds modesty in women. Also, old Mrs. Purvis's hair was crimped just like her daughter's; and this was all the more peculiar as Mr. Purvis, when he come out of one of the tents, looked like a regular old moss back, a real hill billy if ever I seen one.

But when I asked him the first question every body asks out here: "Was he going to California or Oregon?" the conversation begun to shed some light on my puzzlement. He was a-going to California, he said, as in his opinion the Spanish would be easier to move in on than the British. And he said, bragging a little like old folks will, that it might seem "quair" to a youngster like me for him to be travelling so "fur" and leaving hearth and home at his time of life. But he said, he had the fever to keep moving, and always had, and always would. He did not "keer whur" he lived, long as he knowed his bones would not have to rot there, like he was under a life sentence in a jail; and he did not "keer whur" he was a-going, long as it was "some'rs" else.

"And that's the truth!" old Mrs. Purvis says to me. "He never said a truer word. Mr. Purvis has drug me over all creation. Since he come over the mountains and married me back in Warrenton, Va., I have been in the same fix as Noah's dove. I have found no rest for the sole of my foot. I thought, that Calloway County was bad enough, but I thought, that it would be the last, and now it is California. Still and all, it may be for the best. Davey, Annie's man, was set on going. And Annie, in her condition, could not have done without her ma."

"Yes, Mr. Fitzgerald is just the same," says Mrs. Fitzgerald. "Would he ever have married me if I had not let on that I was just aching to go to California? Not to save my life." And she laughed and patted the crimps in her hair.

Well, it did not seem like no joke to me that these two light mannered women should be "drug over all creation," like the old lady said, at the heels of a couple of rough and heedless men.

But at that I did not waste as much sympathy on them as I might have, because they both appeared to be too feather brained to take in the hardships and dangers of their situation. For instance, Mrs. Purvis told me, that she is happy if she has a rocking chair. So she has fetched along three rocking chairs, one for her, one for her daughter, and one for company. They are always packed on the outside of the load where they will be handy. So there we set in our rocking chairs.

I thought, "Well, I never!" There was something about going to California in a rocking chair, as you might say, which went again my grain. On the edge of Indian country, with who could tell how many toils and perils a-waiting us, all Mrs. Purvis cared about was her knitting and her rocking chair. What can you do with a woman which has not got no more imagination than that? I thought, "Give me old man Purvis every time, rough as he is." *He* was setting on a powder kag, shining up his rifle.

Whilst I set and rocked, the dark cloud masses cleared away, and the sun come out warm and bright. Folks commenced to hang out their wet clothes and to make up fires from the dead and fallen timber in the bottom; and soon the appetizing smells of frying bacon and browning coffee tantalized the nostrils. After dinner me and Basil went with Mr. Kane to sound the creek, but found the depth was still too great for fording. However, as we could not travel, I made good progress with this journal.

May 17—That night I went early to my bivouac beneath the wagon, but could not sleep, being much disturbed by Basil, Dr. Hopper, and the Col. which was playing Vantune on the Dr.'s hat box beside our camp fire. Basil had broached his five gal. kag, and they kept the tin cups a-going until late. Then they commenced on "Old Dan Tucker":

Old Dan Tucker he got drunk.

He jumped in the fire and he kicked up a chunk.

A coal of fire got *in* his shoe.

Lord G—d Almighty, how the ashes flew!

I could not help but consider it scandalous. The Dr. fancies his tenor voice, I should guess, and Basil come in on the bass, and the Col. made shift to carry the tune; and then they would all clap hands and applaud themselves. I declare, I never was so glad as when little Humphrey waked up and begun to cry, thus putting a stop to their blasphemous caterwaulings.

During the night the creek fell several feet, and in the morning was found to be fordable. We then entered upon another magnificent prairie. The going was good and we made all haste, being in a sweat to catch up with the foward party; only our particular outfit lagged behind, being delayed by our cow. When the oxen would trot she would brace all four feet again the pull of the wagon, turning her head in circles, with her eyes bulging and her tongue lolling out, till she was half choking herself from the rope around her neck. Finally she fell down in the road, and Jared was obliged to twist her tail to get her up again. Thus we proceeded, in sight of the rest, but quite a ways behind, with the cow a-laying down and Jared twisting her tail, and this was going on at intervals the whole day.

Amongst the flowers and plants along the trail, Jared pointed out to Maria the wild pink verbena and wild indigo in thicker patches than before, also the wild geranium and rosin weed. The stalk of the latter, on being broke, exudes a gum which smells like turpentine. The lupin was not in bloom, but in many places growed so dense it crowded out the grass. Jared picked a plant of the "prairie pea," and told Maria to taste the fruit. This was about the size of a walnut, and Maria said, it tasted like garden pease. Jared said, prairie pease was good for quenching thirst, and many was the time that he had eat them raw when he did not have no water.

That night we camped right out in the midst of the prairie. The moon and stars was shining in all their splendor. Underneath

them, this rolling empty country, gray under their light and marked with deep black shadows between the hills, stretching away as far as the eye could see, presented a scene of sublimity and solitude. We made thirteen miles that day.

Next day, which was May 12, we overtook the party we had been a-looking for, to our immense relief. There is twenty-seven wagons in it, which with our seventeen makes forty-four in all. So then we thought, "Mormons or Indians, let them come, and we shall be a match for them." When we joined on 'twas quite a sight to look ahead and see the white wagon tops, like so many white sun bonnets, single file, worming their way down the vallies and up over the hills.

I felt pleased as a child to think, that here I was in a real Conestogy wagon. Because I never expected to be when I was a boy, and used to see these identical kind of wagons travelling back the old Iron Works Road, through Winchester, and on their way to Paris and Mt. Sterling or maybe even Baltimore. They was drawn by horses, powerful animals, six of them to a wagon, with the driver riding the near wheel horse. Each horse, except for that one, had a crescent of brass bells above the hames, and tassels of ribbon hanging from it's head, and each was valued at upwards of a thousand dollars. These wagons, scoop wagons, as some called them, was the admiration of all beholders. Their bells made music in my ears; and I would not have asked for nothing better than just to ride a mile or two in one of them. And now here I was, a-riding along in one, and I owned it myself, or half of it anyways. Mine was drawn by oxen which did not have no bells nor tassels, for a fact. But the wagon was the same, with a white sway back top and a boat shape body curving up before and behind, and painted red above and blue below, and having bright red wheels.

Late that afternoon, when we halted, the numerous white tents and wagon covers, with the camp fires blazing up in front of them, had the appearance of a regular village. Round about upon the prairie the cattle was browsing on the green grass. The children

was playing "I Spy," and screaming and laughing; and as the dusk come down the calling of their little voices had a lost and lonesome sound, and took me back to my own childhood and summer evenings past and gone.

Distance: 12 mi.

May 18—Whilst we was making ready to start, Mr. Kane come over to us and said, that although most of our fellow travellers in this second party we had come up with was bound for Oregon, we shall be with them till we reach Fort Hall where the two trails branches off. So it had been proposed and, he said, he thought it was a good idea, that the whole "shebang" should be organized and officered by the free choice of them concerned; and the day for the elections had been set, if all was agreeable, for the next Saturday that day week.

We replied to Mr. Kane, that this proposal suited us first rate; and on my part I could not repress a glow of patriotic pride. We was Americans, and thus would carry our typical institutions with us. As an example of proper human pride and self respect, what could be more striking, I asked myself, than a little wandering democracy out here in the middle of the wilds?

Mr. Kane has a way of laughing in his beard; and as he turned to go he laughed and said, that "he was counting on us next week, and looked on us as members of his party." So his hat is evidently in the ring.

We then wended our way over a prairie without no trees or shrubbery of *no* kind, only waving grass and clouds. We stirred up three or four coveys of "prairie hens," and Basil took as many shots at them, without effect. Up ahead we could see the little puffs of white smoke where the others was shooting at them, too, and hear the crack of the guns. Our wagon was the last again, the *cow's tail* sure enough, as that refractory animal continued to give trouble, and Jared had to wind her up to keep her going.

About mid morning Dr. Hopper come riding back, and I seen

right away he had a bee in his bonnet. He was electioneering for Col. Whaley. He said, what we needed on this dangerous journey was a military man, one whose commands would be law and would be enforced as such. He said, our very lives might hang some day on swift decision and swift enforcement; and that at all times our safety and our progress laid in unanimous action. 'Twas the common good, he said, we had to keep in mind. No doubt more than once, before we got to California, it would be necessary for some individual member of the company to subordinate himself and even sacrifice himself for the general well fare.

"We might as well make up our minds to it," says he. "We have got to learn to take orders and carry them out. We must be soldiers," says he, "if we intend to reach our El Dorado. System is what we need. And this being so, who could be better suited as our leader, in whom could we more confidently repose our trust, than an old soldier, a distinguished soldier, a valiant officer in that brave, though ill-fated, charge upon the heighths of Bladensburgh?"

Well, the Dr. spoke real well, and all he needed was a stump. But as I recalled my Rights Of Man, he did not get very far with me. Was we Americans or vile slaves? Was we men or sheep? What was to become of our hard won institutions if all of us thought like Dr. Hopper done? Maybe it might be supposed, that such a small number of people out here in the howling wilderness did not signify, and that it did not matter what they thought or how they acted. But to my mind it mattered a heap, because I think, I matter a heap and every one of us matters a heap. And if you come to consider the practice of the Dr.'s preaching on a wide scale or a small scale, then you was bound to conclude, we might as well have went on bending the knee to old King George and licking the boots of royalty if this was all the good the Revolution done us.

But I did not say so to the Dr., judging it would be no use. Because I did not believe for a minute, that he was electioneering for the Col. just to hear himself talk, (although he is right fond

of that amusement, too). He was the Col.'s boon companion; and if the Col. was elected leader, then 'twas a foregone conclusion that when it come to "subordinating" and "sacrificing," Dr. Hopper would not have to do it. No, he would be the Col.'s right hand man, and too valuable for any "sacrificing." So all I said was, it did not seem to me that he would get many folks to see the thing his way. And that was not no lie. These back woods farmers from Indiana and Illinois, of which this company is mainly composed, is used to making their own decisions, and shouldering their own responsibilities, and abiding by the consequences.

"You think it over, my boy," says Dr. Hopper, reaching inside the wagon and laying his hand upon my back. "A young man of your intellectual attainments can consider a matter in a logical dispassionate way. You will not be swayed by the winds of prejudice. Of that I am certain."

Then he rode around to the other side of the wagon, and took off his hat, laying it upon his breast like he was taking oath to something. "And how are you to-day, ma'am?" he says to Maria. "In the bloom of health I can discern by looking at you. And how is that fine boy of yours? Ah, a mother's tender care is manifest upon his rosey physiognimy. Lucky, lucky little fellow! What substitute is there in this sad world for early memories of a mother's holy love and gentle admonitions? None. Believe me, Madam, there is none. To them we owe a heritage far greater, greater far, than all the wealth of Ormus and of Ind."

"Ptt!" said Maria when he had left.

Jared, who had not said a word as he walked beside our wagon, leading my horse, looked up at me and winked. And I seen then, that we was all three agreed upon the Dr.'s character. But Basil rode foward with the Dr., and I seen them put their heads together, deep in conversation. When Basil come riding back he was lighting a segar with his sun glass.

Distance: 16 mi.

May 19—About one o'clock of the day following we come to a small grove on the banks of a branch of Blue Creek. The weather was becoming hot. The hardier spirits was for going ahead, but the majority was in favor of resting in the shade. No body knows the luxury of laying under a tree but one which has travelled all day in the hot sun and not seen a tree big enough to shelter a dog. So after many imprecations on Basil's part we *corraled* our wagon with the rest.

This is done by connecting one wagon with the other by the tongue and trace chains, thus forming a strong circular barrier no ox can break through, and serving as a *pound* for the best horses as well as the oxen. It likewise constitutes a wall of defense in case of an attack by Indians. Outside the *corral* the tents is pitched with their doors outwards, and in front of them the fires lighted and the culinary operations performed for the various families or *messes*. Most of the horses and all the cows is picketed in the open. This arrangement has been followed regular at every halting place for some days now.

Distance: 6 mi.

May 20—The first mile and a half of our road was through the timbered bottom of the branch, the ground being all humps and hollows and the mud deep. We was frequently obliged to chop down saplings and cut arm loads of brush to throw in the mud holes to let the oxen and the wagons pass, in which laborious chores I done my share. Then three or four hours was occupied in fording a little branch of Wakarusa Creek, the banks of which was so steep we let the wagons down on ropes, and the teams was doubled to haul them up the other side.

We reached the Wakarusa about five o'clock P.M., encamping on a pleasant slope of grass in a curve of the creek. Maria opened a jar of cherry preserves for supper to see if the heat was spoiling them, and all the rest of that meal home, sweet home was our only

theme. We none of us could not help reflecting, that them very cherries had growed on a tree in Clark County, Ky.

After supper, as I set again a wagon wheel with my arms locked around my knees, something Jared said struck me as out and out incredible. He was setting there beside me, with his knees also drawed up; and having noticed that I was just about give out, he says, "Wait till you get to California. It will make a new man of you. No body gets tired in California. No body gets old. The preserving qualities of the climate is wonderful," he says, very talkative, though commonly he is a silent fellow. Also he was talking in a high flown style I never heard him use before, and got my hackles up a little, as I suspicioned him of *satirical* intentions: "You will be just like them Kentucky cherries in a syrup. Why, I have passed the carcasses of cattle along the trail in California which I have knowed to have been dead for days, skinned for their hides, without their flesh being putrified one iota or giving off a mite of smell."

"Is that so!" says I, always having my ears peeled for any intelligence of our destination.

"Why," he says, "whilst I was there, I was personally acquainted with a man in the prime of life, in full enjoyment of his health and every faculty of mind and body, making a mint of money, too, in the hide and tallow business, and no body knowed why in the world he hung himself. However, his nephew come into the business and the money, and soon forgot to wonder what had caused his uncle to make away with himself. He passed his grave morning and evening, having buried him on the premises, and the short cut to the hide and tallow sheds running through the property. Time went on and his uncle's grave beside the path was all growed over with prickly pear, and he didn't hardly think to so much as look at it when he walked by. And then, one morning, in broad day light, he seen the dirt a-cracking open and the ground upheaving, and here come his uncle crawling out of his grave. He shook the dirt out of his ears and stood up, younger than he was before. Well, the nephew was flabbergasted at first, but then he gethered

his wits together and got to thinking, here was his uncle come alive again, and he would have to give back all that money and the business, too. So he drew his pistol and shot his uncle dead, for good that time, and was himself hung for murder by the neighbors. He never did find out the reason why his uncle had committed suicide. But I come to find out later that the uncle—Brownell, his name was, Silas Brownell—had been two hundred and fifty years old, such was the salubrious effects of the climate, and he was just plumb tired of living. Poor fellow," says he, "with them California breezes rustling o'er his grave, he could not rest in peace, but had to come alive again. And the last words his nephew heared him say, though the neighbors would not believe it and hung him just the same, was, 'Thank you, Jimmy, thank you!'"

"Whoa, now," I says. "What kind of a greenup do you take me for? I can believe many wonderful things about that country whither we are bound, but would you have me believe that immortality is one of it's endowments? It may be God's own country," I says, "but it is not Heaven itself."

"And what do you take *me* for?" says Jared. "A liar?"

And he stared me in the face with such a challenging expression that I said no more. But the charitable thought come to me, that out here in these forsaken spaces he was becoming a little *tetched*.

Distance: 6 mi.

May 21—Having crossed the Wakarusa, we met three Santa Fé trading outfits, driving before them about a thousand mules. The mules was so lean that every rib was showing and the hip bones of some had rubbed through flesh and hide in raw spots. The drivers, all New Mexicans, looked near perishing of exhaustion. Basil rode out to talk with them, and later said, that the mules had been drove all the way from Sheewawa or some such Spanish place, and cost there \$20 a head, and that the expedition would dispose of them at a high profit in the settlements.

Basil could not get over the spurs them drivers wore. He said, they must have weighed at least a pound apiece and was also dull and rusty, and that the hind legs and hind quarters of the mustangs the New Mexicans was riding was all covered with blood. And he said, their lever bits could break their jaws with the slightest pressure. He was in a rage. To hear him sympathize with a horse, you might have wondered why he did not spread his sympathy a little and admit the sufferings of human kind into his ken.

When we camped for the night the women and children all went out to gether wild onions which growed in great profusion thereabouts. Basil would not let Maria gether none, and whilst the others all around us was frying them for supper he set with his nose in the air; though to *my* plebian olafactory sense they smelt right appetizing.

That same evening our first Indian come into camp, and all the men and boys surrounded him to look at him, not without snatching up their guns beforehand. He was a miserable half starved creature. He could not talk good English, but could utter the one word "whiskey" plain enough, at the same time holding out a small piece of silver. And if I am not mistaken, some of the men took him aside and give him what he wanted; as I heard coarse guffaws a-rising from a group of them around him. In spite of his harmless, even pitiful, appearance, he throwed a scare into every body and his brother—Basil included, as I took notice; and the balance of the evening was spent in cleaning our guns and pistols. Also word was circulated that the elections would be set foward to the day after next, as the sight of an Indian impressed upon us the need to be in marching trim.

That day we was much plagued by a hot wind.

Distance: 17 mi.

May 22—Next day a thunder gust come up, and the green and swelling hills growed somber under the advancing shadows. Then come a whirling rain, with the wind levelling the long green grass;

and when the sun come out again, all was still and smelling wet and warm. The white topped wagons and the men and animals, winding over the hills and through the hollows, was the only relief to the motionless torpor and tomb like silence of the landscape.

Further on, some of the slopes was ornamented with clumps and rows of trees so neat a body would have sworn they was planted thataway on purpose.

Beside me on the wagon seat Maria says to me, "I keep thinking there must be houses, big white houses, amongst them trees." Poor girl.

The hot wind begun to blow again in long blasts. Also our cow was giving us no end of botheration. Also the infant is teething, and the heat makes him fretful, and he cried all afternoon. Basil did not favor us with his company. He was up ahead with the Col., the Dr., and Mr. Smead, *politicking* I did not doubt.

As we was pitching camp two more Indians showed up, Shawnees, Jared said they was, one of which talked English, calling himself John Wolf. The other Indian had two medals around his neck on a buck skin thong. One medal represented the likeness of "Thomas Jefferson, President Of The United States." The second medal purported from the inscription to have been presented to him by a citizen of Hartford, Ct., evidently a Yankee notion. They begged for whiskey.

Distance: 12 mi.

May 23—I was pleased but not surprised when our election day come off like I expected. Punctual at nine o'clock A.M. all the men above twenty-one assembled in the corral, and by *vive voce* Mr. Joseph Kane was voted in as Chairman of the meeting and Captain of the whole company. As a pacifying gesture to Col. Whaley and the defeated party, Mr. Kane appointed Mr. Smead as Secretary. But Mr. Smead refused the olive branch, and Col. Whaley then begged leave to withdraw from the meeting. Mr.

Kane put this request to a vote and it was granted. The Col. then withdrew, stating however before he left, his belief that *mob rule* would get us nowheres fast. He was followed by Mr. Smead, Dr. Hopper, Basil, and a hand full of others, chiefly the rougher elements and some of the more harum scarum of the young bull whackers.

My name was proposed as that of Secretary, but I pled this journal as my excuse for refusing, though in reality not wishing to get off on the wrong foot with Basil and his trotting mates, much as I despise them. A Mr. Biggers in the Oregon party was accordingly appointed. A committee was appointed to draft rules for our government during our journey. The company was divided in four sections, with a sub-captain over each, and Mr. David Fitzgerald, him I made mention of as being my cousin, was elected Sub-Captain of the section which generally camps around our wagon. Under officers was appointed by the sub-captains, guard duty established, and a resolution passed, stating the necessity to move fowards with all celerity, many up till then having been disposed to take their time about leaving any shade and water.

Far as the resolution was concerned, however, it was broke almost immediately, a man riding into camp with news of the first overt acts of hostility between Mexico and the United States. He belonged to one of the emigrant trains ahead of us, but individually had left the settlements since we did. He brought with him a late number of the St. Louis *Republican* containing an account of the defeat and capture of a company of American dragoons on the Rio Grande under the command of Capt. Thornton, also of the critical condition of the U. S. troops under Gen. Z. Taylor. So then hats was throwed into the air, huzzas was raised, and of one accord all settled down to stay where they was and celebrate. Some was positive that California would be took from the Spanish before we got there. All was toasting and treating, and scenes of drunkenness soon broke out. To a late hour the

singing of "Yankee Doodle" continued in various groups under the stars.

Notwithstanding, that night for the first time a guard was set over our cattle.

Distance: none.

May 24—In the morning we broke camp in fine style also. At four A.M. the guards on duty shot off their rifles as the signal sleep was over, what sleep the most of us had had, them which was not celebrating being kept awake by them which was; and by five all the stock had been drove in. A pilot or *vedette* was despatched to spy out the foward trail and to mark out a circle for the night corral. The usual commotion attendant on the catching up of the oxen was maybe a little more marked, and the cursing, the "whoa haw's," and the crack of the ox goad a little more wrathly amongst the liquor heads as the oxen jumped and run about to avoid the yoke; but at seven when the bugle sounded it's notes to *march*, breakfast had been cooked and eat, the tents struck, the wagons loaded, and the teams put in. It had been ruled, that them not ready must stay in the rear, an unenviable position as the dust gets worse, and well we knowed it, being delayed by our cow; so there was more haste than common.

The hot wind from the south west continued all day. My throat was dry, my lips was cracked. My eyes smarted and burned. I says to Jared, "Does it blow this way out here all the time?"

"Why, no," he says, looking surprised. "Certainly not."

"When does it stop?" I says.

"Why," he says, "it'll blow like this for a week or ten days, and then it'll take a change and blow like h—l for a while."

But that time, as he stared into my face, a slight smile broke over his; and Maria was seized with a fit of the giggles. I had to smile myself, as I can not help but take a shine to him, and recollecting that tale about the salubrious effects of the California air, was relieved besides to know his mind had not give way, even

though I could not regard "h—l" as no word to use in the presence of a lady.

I want it understood, however, that this trip commences to have an unsettling influence on many, myself included. I do not know as I ever comprehended before the real meaning of the expression, "out of the woods." It is queer how the heart strings twines about the memory of *trees*. When ever a spell of home sickness comes over me, it is trees I see in my mind's eye, and the grass or woods plants underneath them in the changing spotted light, and it is the rustle and the sighing of the breezes in the foliage I hear, and the coolness of the shade I feel. This hankering after trees preys on the mind and gnaws at the spirit. We none of us has never been out of sight of trees before; and the prairie, magnificent as it is, unfolds in awful desolation.

Likewise there is the lack of *water* in any amount. Trees goes with rivers and creeks and branches. But these scarce and muddy runnels out here is more fitten for pig wallows, and affords no sort of delectation to the human senses, though, like I said, most of us finds it hard to move on from even them.

Then there is the full blaze of the sun by day, and the full light of the moon by night, and at night also more stars than I ever knowed was there, little white stars so thick in bunches as to have a kind of unwholesome look, like the sky has broke out in a rash of stars. There is altogether so much light and sky, and so little shade and earth, and what earth there is so naked, rolling, and far reaching, and the wind so constant, that I sometimes think, this must be like the ocean which we have never seen, but which our grandfathers and great-grandfathers seen, and comes back to us like something half forgot. It gives me that peculiar feeling that I have been out here before, and yet seems all the stranger on that account.

In short I am blue as indigo to-night, and my cough is bothersome. On the far side of our corral, voices, men's and women's, is harmonizing "Home, Sweet Home."

Distance: 16 mi.

May 25—The heat next day was something terrible. The wind was well nigh scorching. The dust stirred up by our progress rolled back in choking clouds. The water in our kag was low and foul, and my sensations of thirst and faintness was beyond anything. I was a-hunting along the side of the trail for even a puddle of water with which to moisten my throat, bare headed in the broiling sun, and wishing to goodness I had not lost my hat in the creek back there near Independence, when Basil choosed that inauspicious moment to ride up and rake me over the coals for making Jared lead my horse. Basil has been sulky since elections. He did not even celebrate the outbreak of hostilities with Mexico.

"Ain't you ashamed," he says, "a growed man like you, or you call yourself a man! You hain't been nothing but a dead weight on this party ever since we started—a dead weight or, what is worse, a drawback. Now you get up there and ride that horse or make up your mind to walking all the way to California. Why should the oxen have to pull *you* along," he says, "and why should Jared have to lead that horse of yourn, on top of all the other things he has to do, when you have two good legs? I will get Maria to make you a titty bottle," he says, "unless you ride or walk."

Well, I set right down on the edge of the trail and leaned my head in my hands. Such was the injustice of them words that I was almost drove to call him down in no uncertain terms.

But just then Jared says, coming along with our wagon, "What's the trouble here?" and slid his hand under my arm pit and pulled me up.

When Basil very sarcastically had told him, he says, "No more is it right for the oxen to have to pull him, and me to have to lead his horse. But neither is it right to expect a man to ride a horse that hain't never rode one before, especially *this* horse," he says. "This horse is a good horse, but by the same token he ain't no lamb."

"Then what do you propose?" says Basil, very vexed.

"I been thinking, why don't I give him riding lessons?" Jared says.

"I'll give him riding lessons!" Basil says, fixing me with his eye.

"No, no, not you," says Jared. "Leave this to me."

And so 'twas settled. And all I have been a-hearing lately is "elbows in, grip with your knees, toes in, heels down."

"Heads down and tails up!" yells Basil, coming galloping past on one of them occasions, thus scaring my horse which throwed me off and very near broke away from Jared who continues to lead him whilst I am learning. But I was not hurt much, only so mad I could have cried.

That day, when I had my first lesson, the heat and the sun was all but unendurable, and me without a hat; and the exercise of riding took the tuck right out of me. I soon decided I would rather walk, and so dismounted and led that plaguey animal of mine. 'Twas lucky I did, as it happened.

Our own oxen was plodding painfully along, their tongues lolling out; and presently the whole train come to a halt, and the news was passed back that an ox had fell down in the trail. When we moved on again we passed it a-laying on it's side, seemingly dead already. Then we come in sight of a line of timber indicating water, and marched directly towards it. The order was to camp on the opposite side of the stream. But as we come near it the oxen all rushed fowards pell mell down the steep bank and into the water. 'Twas a mercy the wagons was not overturned. Blows could not make the oxen leave the water, and so the order was countermanded and we pitched our camp on the south east bank. What would have become of me in that wild stampede down the creek bank if I had been a-straddle of my horse, I could only conjecture, as Jared had his hands full.

Many of our party was near as mad with thirst as the oxen. Some of the men plunged into the current of the stream, clothes, hats, and all, and some flung theirselves flat along the margin, and others of us knelt down, and we all put our mouths to the water and took long draughts of the tepid fluid.

That night my face was a-flame with sun burn, and the backs of my hands so sore I could not hardly bend my wrists.

Near our camp was a semi-circle of high mounds, having wall like bases, and representing the foundations of some vast temple or beautiful city.

Distance: 19 mi.

May 26—The creek beside our camp emptied into the Kansas River which we toilsomely approached through a real woods. There was sunny meadows through the woods, and on all sides rose the whistle of the quail. When we come to the ferry over the Kansas our forty-four wagons was transported by hard and unremitting efforts to the other bank by six o'clock P.M., it having took us more than five hours. The ferry is owned by two half breed Indians which poles it across. The ferriage fee per wagon is \$1.

Jared brought in his hat full of wild strawberries, that evening, which we eat with milk and sugar. Whilst we was enjoying this delicious repast Dr. Hopper come to set with us a while, looking like he had been through some terrible ordeal, and said, that half an hour before, Mrs. Fitzgerald had been safely delivered of a fine pair of twins.

The cry of the whippoorwill to-night rings out very plaintive and insistent: "Whip poor *Will!*" over and over again.

Distance: 10 mi.

May 27—Next morning we was delayed by the arrival of a Mr. Webb, the editor of the Independence *Expositor*, and a Mr. Hay who, they tell me, is a great-grandson of Daniel Boone. They come express from the settlements to give us our last tidings from the U. S. before reaching the Pacific. They fetched all letters from the Independence and Westport post offices, also several files of

newspapers. These latter give positive information of hostilities between the United States and Mexico, Congress having declared a state of war to exist on May 13, and confirmed the rumor respecting the perilous situation of Gen. Taylor. Basil got letters from Old Miss and his two sisters, but Maria and me got none.

Then we was further delayed by a census taking. Our company was found to consist of 87 fighting men, of which I am rated as one, 46 women, 73 children, 44 wagons, and 316 head of stock.

In the afternoon we come up with some Indians a-travelling along, three warriors on ponies, two squaws, each leading a pack pony and carrying an infant on their back slung in a blanket, and children all ages and sizes and all as naked as jays. One of the warriors was a chief of the Kansas tribe, according to Jared, of outlandish and villainous aspect, being smeared with vermilion paint, and having his hair shaved except a small tuft on the crown of his head and another under his chin. He carried a rifle which appeared to be new. The Indians halted and stood watching us go by in silence, although we hailed them and waved. Looking back, I seen the chief a-shaking his rifle after us, whether in menace or farewell I could not say. No Mormons yet.

In the evening I walked down a little piece with Maria who was taking Mrs. Fitzgerald the last of our butter. Mrs. Fitzgerald was laying on a pallet in the wagon with a twin on either arm. She seemed weak but contented, and put me in mind of nothing so much as a cat which has had kittens. 'Twas impossible to discern the more sacred joys of motherhood upon her sallow face, and her hair was crimped as before.

Old Mrs. Purvis thanked us kindly for the butter, and whilst her and Maria chatted, deeming the subject of their conversation unfit for masculine ears and bound to get worse soon, I strolled about amongst some of the Boone County-ites which mainly composes Mr. Kane's party. I learnt, that they are emigrating in search of health, as any body could tell from their wan and yellow countenances. Back in Indiana, they said, the fever and ager is prevalent in summer and fall, and in the winter the conjective

fever prevails, sometimes killing off whole neighborhoods. And lately the "Wabash ager" had been so bad that three or four members of one family had been knowed to die in less than forty-eight hours.

When Maria and me returned to our wagon I was a-telling Jared all of this, and he says quick as a wink, "Now in California the fever and ager is so scarce that when *one man* had it, the people of Monteray went eighteen miles into the country to see him shake."

But he had the grace to look a little sheepish. So Maria and me both had a hearty laugh.

I did not hear the reckoning of how many miles we made that day. But owing to delays and the condition of our oxen, I do not think we made no more than twelve or thirteen at the most.

Coughed all night. Sun burn painful.

May 28—In the morning Maria waked me up, saying, "Where was Basil?" He had passed the previous evening with Dr. Hopper, the Col., and Mr. Smead, and Maria had laid awake till day light waiting for him to come back, but he had not showed up. About that time, however, here he come, supported between the Dr. and Mr. Smead who was not in much better shape than he was. It seems that they had been at a kag of adulterated whiskey which Mr. Smead had been intending for barter with the Indians, and it had turned out to be rank poison. "And serve them right," I thought, though did not say so. All that day Basil laid in the wagon, refusing victuals, but calling for water every half hour and spitting it out as often because it tasted of the kag. I led both horses. I can not comprehend how no body can add the miseries of drink to all our other miseries.

I seen near the trail a solitary wild rose. The effect upon my sensibilities which this modest and lonesome flower produced is indescribable.

That night I was on guard duty, but the howling and sharp

snarling barks of the wolves and the rush of the wind through the long grass was the only sounds.

Owing to the prolongation of our nooning to let the oxen rest, our distance was only twelve miles.

May 29—The wild rose, which is now in full bloom, perfumed the atmosphere along our route, and Jared cut two, leaving my horse to do so, to my considerable apprehension, as I was riding him at the time, but he walked along as meek as Moses. Jared then gave Maria one of the roses, first cutting the thorns off with his knife, and it did look strange to see a Bowie knife employed in such a dainty operation. The other rose he stuck in his hat. Basil seen him, as he was able to be up again and in the saddle; and thinks I to myself, "Now the fur will fly." But he never said nothing. The wild tulip, yellow or variegated, a plume shape white flower, and others resembling blue bells also ornamented the verdure of the prairie that day.

We crossed a creek as clear as a crystal for a change. It run along so fast it could have turned a grist mill. And for a fact I can not in no way comprehend the reason for that long broad white blotch between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mts. which was marked the "Great American Desert" in my geography. This is not no desert, far from it, save in the sense that it is practically uninhabited; and a person looking for a sand dune would be hard put to it. But I ask myself, how this rich pasturage and this bottom land which fairly begs for a plough can ever be put to use? Without no trees to speak of, how could settlers build their houses and their fences?

I commence to take alarm at our slow rate of progress, fearing our provisions may give out. I was of the opinion, that Mr. Kane had the right of it, that evening, when he called the men together and told us, that there had been some objections in camp to traveling of Sundays, but that he urged the need of haste, and quoted

Scripture, saying, that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath.

Several reported sick with bilious complaints.

Distance: 15. mi.

May 30—Next day we encamped on a slope overlooking the wooded course of the Big Blue River; and as it's waters was high, it seemed likely that we would have to stay there several days, waiting to cross over. I took advantage of this chance to catch up with this journal, and wrote steady all that afternoon, at intervals the next day, and am writing on this evening.

The Big Blue is regarded as the dividing line between the *prairies* and the *plains*; and during our morning's march before we come to it, the surrounding country was sure enough a good deal altered, as we ascended ridge after ridge of coarse gravel and sand stone. A brief storm of thunder and lightning bursting upon us, and the cloud passing over, we beheld the biggest brightest most perfect rainbow I ever seen in all my days, a vast arch of colors, it's bases resting on two of the ridges. We passed right through it. And I said to myself, no Roman general in triumphal procession ever paraded under an arch so splendid. I thought of God's promise to Noah; and I thought, reposing our faith in that promise, us human beings has been marching fowards ever since; and 'twas a good sign that our gate way to the second stage of our journey should be this covenant between God and all flesh that is upon the earth.

Having passed under the rainbow, we come out on the bluffs commanding a prospect of the Big Blue. Col. Whaley was setting near me on his horse, looking out over the scene like a general in charge of operations; and he says to me, a-stroking his mustachios, "Should the government determine to establish military posts along the emigrant trail, a more favorable site than this for one of them could not be selected. These bluffs," says he, "forms a natural fortification"; which was doubtless true, but jarred on me

a little, coming after my ponderings of another order. Still, I reflected, it takes all kinds to make a world.

Whilst we was standing there we seen two companies we had heard was just ahead of us wending their way over the high and distant ridges, and so out of sight—like two jointed white snakes a-wriggling along and pulling their tails in over the furthest hill. Them companies was fortunate enough to have reached here the night previous, before the great raise in the river took place. That morning we made ten miles.

Though the water is muddy and no “bluer” than dish water, the afternoon was devoted by the female portion of our company to “washing.” The river bank was lined with fires, kettles, tubs, and all the paraphernalia of a great lustration. Maria, having the infant to provide for, has been a right smart put out out by the difficulties of keeping him in clean clothes; and our wagon has commonly been adorned with *flags of truce*, as Basil calls them, a-flying from a line between the back stays of the top. But as for us adults, we have just simply hitherto went dirty.

The men assembled in a public meeting which was held in the corral and which I attended for a while. Our Constitution, drawed up by a committee headed by Mr. Kane, was passed around; and one of it's clauses in particular struck me very favorably, to wit: —“In case any members of the company, by loss of oxen or mules, by breaking of wagon, robbing by Indians, or from any cause whatever beyond their control, shall be deprived of the ability to proceed, we pledge ourselves never to desert them, but from our own means and resources to assist them to get through to Sutter's Fort. In fact, we pledge ourselves to stand by each other under any justifiable circumstances to the death.” Immediately after we had signed this Constitution, however, so much wrangling over by-laws and minor regulations broke out that I left.

All that night a thunder storm roared and raged and poured down torrents. The thunder crashes seemed like to split the earth wide open; and I never seen as wicked lightning nor as much of it. In my bivouac underneath the wagon I was soaked to the hide;

and judged from noises overhead that Basil and Maria and the baby was not faring much better. The curve in the top of a Conestogy wagon is to keep the rain from dreening in at the openings. But that night the wind drove the rain right through the canvas. All around me I could hear a confused disturbance of people a-stirring and hollering and cursing. In the morning I learnt, that some had been rained out of their tents, and some tents even blowed down. I have seen it rain hard at home for half an hour, but never seen it pour down by buckets for six hours straight. There was a while there that rain covered the ground a foot deep, and that is the truth, and not no lie.

I walked around, wrapped in my wet blanket, trying to get warm, coughing my head off, and along about day break bumped into Jared doing the same.

"In California——" says Jared.

I give him a testy look.

"—sometimes it rains worse than this," he says, very glum.

The river rose several feet, so as there was still no hope of fording it, another meeting was held to hear and act upon a report of the committee which is drawing up additional regulations. The reading of this report caused a great commotion, violent language being employed. Some desperate and depraved characters will never allow that no body has rights but theirselves. But I think, in the main, so thoroughly is our people imbued with democratic principles, and so accustomed to order and fair dealing, that the majority will always be found on the side of right. Of this majority Mr. Kane is the proper representative I am convinced, being humorous or severe as the occasion may require, but uniformly just and level headed.

Him and two of his sons went out to look for honey in the afternoon, and come back with several buckets of this delicious product of the labors of the bee. At supper time the sons went amongst the whole camp with the buckets, so we all had a lick. I was in hopes it would sweeten the tempers of some.

We heard, that evening, that old Mr. Purvis was ailing, not

having nothing in particular the matter with him, according to Dr. Hopper who had been called in, but just seemingly in a state of collapse.

I was tired myself, having took a riding lesson on the out skirts of the camp, and having been much pestered by some little boys which hooted and jeered and run up and down, flopping their elbows.

Before I retired for the night I had occasion to blow my nose, and the whole skin of my nose come off in my hand. Rubbing my forehead, I found it was scaling like a dead fish. Such is the effects of the burning sun out here.

In the morning, as the river had fell only fifteen inches during the night, we was all summonsed to repair to a point up stream to build a raft to ferry our wagons across, but few turned out. Such of us as there was labored all day; and if I was tired the night before, I do not know what you would call the condition I was in that night. Unlike the rest of them husky fellows, I am not used to such work, but try to do my share.

As I set by our lantern, writing away, Basil clumb up in the wagon and I heard him saying to Maria, that old Mr. Purvis was dead.

"What did he die of?" says Maria.

"*Exhaustion*," says Basil.

Distance: none.

May 31—Work on the ferry boat was suspended out of respect for the dead. That morning a cotton wood tree was felled and the trunk split into planks, which, being hewn with an axe, was fitted together for the coffin. The grave was dug under an oak tree on the right hand side of the trail. A boulder was fetched and smoothed in the shape of a tomb stone, and the name and dates of birth and death of the deceased was cut upon it.

At four o'clock P.M. the funeral procession lined up, in which every man, woman, and child of our number united, with the

exception of Mrs. Fitzgerald and twins, and the body was conveyed to it's last resting place. A prayer was offered to the Throne of Grace by Rev. Throop, (him who leads the faction which objects to travelling on Sunday). We all sung "My Faith Looks Up To Thee"; and as our voices was raised in swelling chorus, with the empty wilderness around and about, tears coursed down the cheeks of many:

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior Divine;
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

In a very effecting discourse, Rev. Throop depicted old Mr. Purvis as a pilgrim through this vale of sorrows, which had at last come home. I thought of what Mr. Purvis had said to me, and I thought, "Now he can settle down." It come to my mind what I had heared my mother say about the Femme Osage Valley where the wild turkies roosted thick as hops, and every hollow tree was full of honey, and a good shot could set in his cabin door and take his pick of deer, elk, bear, and buffalos a-promenading by. That was where old Daniel Boone had went, and I thought to myself, "Maybe Mr. Purvis will join him there." But then I thought, "Missouri is where this old man just come from. He was a-going

to California. And if the Lord is good to him, he is there right now."

The grave was filled and carefully sodded over, the stone set up, and others coming after us can read: "John Lumley Purvis—1769-1846." He was seventy-seven years old. He was born before the Revolution. He died with his boots on, if any body ever did.

Coming back from the funeral, I found myself amongst Mr. Kane's family. No, I might as well own up: I caught up with them a-purpose. And now that I have said this much, I might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. The other evening, whilst I was conversing with the Boone County-ites, my eye continually turned to a young lady which was helping Mr. Kane's daughter-in-law wash up the supper things. I call her a young lady, but she is just a little slip of a girl—Mr. Kane's daughter, about sixteen or seventeen years old it would be my guess. "Rosie," I heard the daughter-in-law say to her, "you take the baby and let me finish up." So then I knowed her name. So the effect upon my sensibilities produced by that solitary *wild rose* along our path the following day is easy to understand. And I confess, that I fell in amongst the Kane family on our way back from Mr. Purvis's funeral for no other reason than to try and get a word in with this little girl—without no success. In the midst of death there is life.

A sliver of new moon was hanging over our camp that night, and I felt like my heart would burst.

Distance: none.

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

IN THE YEAR 1649

BY JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by J. Streater, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard

1704

THE SECOND EDITION

WITH ADDITIONS

AND CORRECTIONS

TO THE FIRST

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June



June 1—The following morning work on our ferry boat was resumed at an early hour by the few of us which had commenced it. We christened her the *Blue River Rover*, and she was launched amid our cheers. The embarkation immediately begun in which, and needless to say, *all* took part. Nine wagons was safely carried over that afternoon.

Next day the business of ferrying continued till nine o'clock P.M. at which time all our wagons, oxen, cows, and horses was landed on the western bank where our corral was formed.

A fist fight, during which knives was drawn, broke out on the river bank between two bull whackers, holding up the line of wagons behind them. Pugnacious propensities has lately displayed themselves for slight causes; and I will say, that one hardship and vexation after another is well calculated to keep the nerves on edge.

I was taken sick that evening with a fever brought on from standing in the water all day in a chilly wind. Maria brewed me a pot of tea and bundled me up in a blanket.

Distance: 1 mi.

June 2—There has been for several days a troublesome dispute between Mr. Smead and his young bull whacker. Mr. Smead owns the wagon containing his trading goods, and the bull whacker owns the oxen which pulls it—some sort of Cheap John arrangement, as Mr. S. is notoriously stingy. The bull whacker claims, that Mr. S. had ought to help him catch up the oxen every morning, and Mr. S. says, "no, they ain't *his* oxen." The standing committee, appointed to settle such quarrels, was in session all the evening.

The grass for a wide space around our camp was cropped to the

roots, showing that large herds of cattle is in advance of us. Near camp laid a dead ox and two graves of children. A stone, with the inscription, "May 25, 1846," stood at the head of one of them short mounds, bearing witness that the child had died in the last four days. At the head of the other was a small wooden cross.

We was by this time in the territory of the Pawnees which, Jared says, is clever and owdacious robbers. Pistol practice was set for following day.

Weak and feverish. Rode in the wagon.

Distance: 18 mi.

June 3—An unseasonable wind blowed from the north east as cold as charity. Flannels, blanket coats, and winter clothes was dug out and put on, and that the 30th of May.

Vegetation backward. Grass short, oaks along the water courses bare as in mid winter. Seen on a gravelly bluff the cactus or prickly pear, Jared said it was, also tall white flowers on a plant he called the Adam's Needle. Two elk, a "painter," and some wild turkies sighted, but beyond the reach of our rifles. Sky gray and dreary.

Mr. Smead's wagon turned over that afternoon in a pool of water. The wagon tongue was broke and some dry goods and prime broad stuffs wetted and plastered with mud. I heard Mr. Smead a-telling Basil, that this "accident" was accidental a-purpose on the part of the bull whacker. He then left, taking Basil with him. When Basil come back he said, that blows had been exchanged between Mr. S. and the bull whacker, and Mr. S. had drawed a pistol and the bull whacker a knife. Basil said, he sprung between them. It seems that the Committee ruled, that Mr. S. must either help the bull whacker catch up the oxen every morning or else pay him cash wages, but Mr. S. contends, that this ruling come of the bull whacker having friends on the Committee.

Pistol practice, but all of a shake with cold, so did not participate. "What would you do," says Basil, "if a Pawnee jumped you with a tommyhawk on a cold day?"

Distance: 20 mi.

June 4—The country before us was one long broad gradient which we were a-climbing the whole day. Crossed several branches of the Big Blue with sandy and gravelly beds. Water, having ceased to flow, stood in pools.

About noon, descrying some antilopes grazing two or three miles away, ten or fifteen of our number galloped off to hunt them, spreading out in a V to left and right, Basil amongst the foremost. The antilopes raised their heads, gazed towards the approaching horsemen, then bounded away, not hardly touching the ground. In a few minutes both hunters and hunted was out of sight. The afternoon was half gone (went?) when we seen our Nimrods riding slowly towards us, wore out and disgusted, never having come within shooting distance of the antilopes, and Basil's horse was lamed.

Rode again. Trotted out and back a short piece by myself, feeling a good deal set up at doing so, till Basil, being riled because he did not get an antelope, remarked, that the way I fanned the air with my elbows, I looked like a buzzard taking off from a fence. I know— Well, never mind.

"Pudden" peevish with his teeth. Also has the summer complaint. Nothing serious whilst he can beller so loud and long, but Maria worries.

Strolled clean around the corral that P.M., but no sight of little R——.

We made good time that day. Distance: 23 mi.

June 5—Basil, looking into his pocket glass, next morning, and seeing there a visage copper colored as that of a native of these wilds, what there is of it which is not growed out in whiskers, begun to laugh, ejaculating, "Not handsome, but d——d genteel!" He got the first part right.

The men in our immediate party was all clean shaven when we left Independence, excepting Col. Whaley sporting them long horn mustachios. But now our features has took to cover, as you might say. Our human liniments is lurking in ambush. And when

we talk and look at one another 'tis like wild animals growling and barking and a-peering out of the thickets. Basil has a short bushy black beard and whiskers. Dr. Hopper's is curly and brown. The Col.'s gray moustaches is drooping down and mingling with a gray beard. Mr. Smead, who is perfectly bald save for a rim of red hairs around the back of his head, is sprouting a kind of flat red shingling over all his face. Jared looks like a young and handsome John the Baptist, his chestnut color beard and whiskers turning up at the ends. And all I have to do is put my hand to my chin to know I am hairy as Esau. The hair of our head is also growing long, coming down below our ears. And men and women both, 'tis harder day by day to tell us one from another, so levelling is the influence of exposure, dust, fatigue, the common life, and the fix our clothes is in. The sight of ourselves as we are now, appearing to us as we was a month ago, would have give us the fantods for a fact.

I consider it the extreme of misfortune that for the first time in my twenty-six years of life the romantic sentiments has took a holt of me inwardly, in all their pure and dreaming beauty, just when outwardly the ruffian and the brute increasingly predominates. I have no wish to be no scented dandy. Still a wash, a shave, a judicious application of the shears, the chance to put on a good suit of clothes, a sofa to set on, and a civilized parlor to set in would be welcome and emboldening adjuncts to my present tremors. I pass my days in hopes of addressing the object of my affections. At the same time I would sooner walk up to the muzzle of a loaded cannon than to one little girl bare footed and in a blue calico gown.

We seen that day a phenomenon which I had heard of, but did not hardly believe in—the *mirage*. A vision of trees with trembling leaves beyond lakes of clear water continually kept ahead of us, now that the real articles had practically disappeared. It was seemingly so substantial that the only way a body could tell it was a snare and a delusion was that we never caught up with it.

The trail had become firm and dry and, except for gulches and

gullies, no better road could have been desired. Basil walked, as his horse was still limping. I rode a good share of the time without Jared leading my horse. My health is improved, fever gone, and the dryness of the atmosphere has chirked me up considerable. For a while there, I wondered if I would ever make it.

Distance: 21 mi.

June 6—About two o'clock P.M., in crossing a deep gully, one of the axle trees of our wagon broke in two. This would have been a calamity if it had not been that we have fetched duplicate axle trees from Independence. As it was, the train rolled past, but men enough to help repair the damage staid with us. A Mr. Richie, a carriage maker by trade, was soon as hard at work as if he had been in his own shop back home in Cincinnati.

Twilight melted into moon light and the evening was serene as we travelled on again, but "Pudden," who had been crying, begun to scream in a temper despite Maria's efforts to make him hush; where upon Jared, walking beside the wagon, broke out singing to him "Billy Boy." Then Maria joined in:

Can she bake a loaf of bread, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?

Can she bake a loaf of bread, charming Billy?

She can bake a loaf of bread

With the oven on her head,

But she's a young thing, and can not leave her mother;

and Pudden stopped screwing himself up and flinging himself back, and laid there in her arms very quiet and good. So then they went on and sung "Lucy Long," "Dearest May," and "The Last Link Is Broken." When they come to "Absence makes the heart grow fonder, Isle of Beauty, fare thee well," Pudden was fast asleep. Their voices did sound beautiful, and all the rest of us but Basil, I noticed, clapped hands when they had finished. Our tents and wagon covers appeared at a distance in the moon light. They looked like the white cottages of a country village.

Whilst I was retiring to rest I heard Basil and Maria talking in the wagon. Basil says, in a savage tone, "Well, it seems to me that you and that young bull whacker are getting pretty thick!" calling Jared that "young" bull whacker just like he himself was as old as Methusalum. I could not hear what Maria said in reply, but it was sharp and rather lengthy.

Distance: 18 mi.

Our cow fell down in the trail next day, which would not be no news if it had not been that this time no amount of tail twisting could not get her up. So Jared and me, betwixt the two of us, hauled her out to one side and left her laying there. No more milk for us.

That afternoon we reached the bluffs along the valley of the Platte River. "A mile wide and a foot deep," says Jared, looking at the river.

We encamped in the bottom land across from the Grand Island which was growed solid with cotton woods and extended up and down the river further than the eye could see. Along with some others, I waded to the island to fetch back fire wood. The water, though turbid and swirling, was in no place deeper than four ft., and I should judge the whole width of the river was about two miles, proving that Jared hit it about 35% and closer than common.

Best time yet: 25 mi.

June 7—Day before yesterday we travelled along the bank of the Platte, a river which is so wide and muddy it looks like the Mississippi or Missouri.

Towards noon Jared pointed out a stake drove in the ground and split at the top. Directly we had passed it, word was sent back along the train that the night before twenty or thirty Pawnees had tried to break into the camp of an Oregon company ahead of us. Jared said, that this announcement had undoubtedly been wrote on a paper stuck in the split of the stake. He said, sometimes such notices is wrote on smooth boards set up beside the trail and some-

times on buffalo skulls, of which we had seen several. When I used to go to the Winchester post office and nothing was there for me but the *Kentucky Gazette*, I would turn homewards disappointed and wishing for wider spheres. But now I do not mind saying, that I would just as lief swap that little old white washed post office and Miss Jinnie Buford, who is still post mistress there, and the old *Gazette* for news of massacrees on buffalo skulls.

Basil give force to such reflections when he come back from hunting and fetched with him a human skull. He said, that the place where he had found it was white and littered with human bones; and near split himself laughing at the way Maria and me shrunk back from the ghastly sample he displayed.

However, he also fetched in a couple of brace of ducks on which we made an elegant supper. Our fuel for cooking was "buffalo chips," the deposit of manure left by the herds of buffalos which roamed this region in years gone by. These buffalo chips, being perfectly dry, burns with a lively blaze and a strong heat. Thereabouts also buffalo tracks was thick, and there was numerous hollows where the bulls had rolled, and deep paths going down the bluffs of the river where the buffalos had descended to drink, but we did not see hide nor hair of a real live buffalo.

Basil went off to spend the evening with his chums, taking with him that *memento mori*. Midst rounds of drinks, it will no doubt be hilariously admired. I can just imagine.

He rode my horse that day, as he was going hunting. Hisn is still lame, tied on to the rear axle in place of the cow. I walked, no mean accomplishment as our distance was twenty-two miles.

Guards doubled that night.

Our route yesterday was along the bottoms of the Platte. That part of the river's broad expanse was dotted with green islets.

About sun up Col. Whaley come over to us with his spy glass in his hand, and says to "take a look." We seen eight small boats, "Mackinaw boats," which, passing the glass from hand to hand, we could plainly discern was loaded with bales of furs. The river is so shallow that the men navigating this flotilla was frequently

obliged to jump out and push the boats over sand bars or into deeper water. We watched them even after we was on the move, about four hours it must have been, and in all that time I do not believe they advanced down stream no more than a mile.

We passed right through a "village" of "prairie dogs" or "barking squirrels" as some calls them; and in truth they look a little like a chubby puppy and a little like a squirrel. Their village covered several acres, consisting of small cone shape mounds raised by these animals in digging their burrows. They run impetuously from hole to hole with a kind of a waddle, uttering short barks and stopping suddenly, setting up on their hunkers and putting their fore paws together in an attitude of prayer or supplication, all quicker than can be told. Then they would throw theirselves in their holes with a flick of their tails, and then peer out with a very timid innocent expression.

Maria was so tickled over them she wanted me to catch one for her for a pet, which I did not want to do, regarding "Pudden" as enough of a pet and a care for her or any body on a trip of this kind, and was a-saying so when Basil, who was riding my horse again, carelessly levelled his rifle and shot one of the little creatures which laid and kicked a while before it died. Looking into Maria's face, I seen then that this was one thing she never would forgive him for; and I could not say I blamed her.

That night, whilst I was writing, I set surrounded by a cloud of musketos.

Distance: 19 mi.

June 8—Yesterday on all sides over the plain laid the bleaching skeletons of buffalos. I seen a cactus blooming through the eye hole of a skull, the bloom pale yellow. Also passed the remains of an old claw foot table and some massive bureaus where emigrants before us had been lightening their loads—two or three years ago, it looked like, from the condition of that furniture.

Basil and other hunters of our company took out after some

antilopes again, but with the same results or lack of them as formerly. The way an antelope can cover the ground, 'tis more like a low skimming bird than anything on four feet. Again Basil rode my horse, and I did not raise no objections as some fresh meat would have tasted good. What with so much exercise and air so dry, I feel like I could eat the plates and forks. But I am getting mighty tired of walking, too, especially as I was learning to ride on Basil's say so.

Stepped down the line before supper and seen little R—— a-setting on a box, holding the daughter-in-law's infant in her lap, and watching the sun go down. I just could not make up my mind to go up and speak to her, with the whole tribe of Kanés a-looking on, nor could I make up my mind what to say; and the pulling and hauling of my desires both ways kept me hanging around some little time, looking like I was bored for the simples, I do not doubt.

Our wagon wheels had shrunk owing to the dryness of the air, and the tires had loosened and needed re-setting. As there was wood enough at that encampment to make the fires for the purpose, 'twas decided in a meeting to stay there next day, although dead willows was a poor excuse for fire wood.

Basil off with his friends. Sure enough he was relating, that he has made Mr. Smead a present of that death's head, and they have named it Roscoe, and drink their toasts to it, a-saying, "Here's to Roscoe!" Such doings is Basil's notion of a good joke and a merry making.

Distance: 18 mi.

June 9—Night before last, after I had wrote in this journal and put the ledger in which I write back in it's tin box for safe keeping, I got up to stretch my legs a little before retiring for the night, when Dr. Hopper come lurching past; and seeing me, he gripped my arm and pulled me after him. "Come on," he says. "You are a Son of Temperance."

Well, I never need no reminding that the Dr. himself is no such a thing, and that night in particular he talked like his mouth was full of his tongue; and when I pulled back to pick up the lantern and held it up to look at him, I seen he could not even focus his eyes. A young fellow under the influence is bad enough, but a man in middle life like Dr. Hopper is not hardly a decent sight when he is liquored up.

"What do you want of me?" I says.

"Come on," he says, and that was all he would say; and he took me clean around the corral, holding on to my arm so I could not get away—also to keep him on his feet, as I suspicioned.

The moon was bright, showing all the tents and wagons very plain, but there was no other light, the camp fires being banked, except when we come to a wagon in the Oregon section. Here there was a lantern a-hanging from the back bow of the wagon top, shining down on a group of anxious people.

"All right, my friends, where is he?" says the Dr., a-trying to pull himself together and look impressive.

"Here, Dr.," says a woman with a drawn face and big tormented eyes; and she stood up on a box they used for a step, and motioned inside the wagon.

Dr. Hopper got up on the box, very near falling backwards as he done so, but then clung on to the tail gate of the wagon and leaned inside.

"Is some body sick?" I says.

"Bad sick," says a man next to me, and told me, that a boy nine years of age had fell off the wagon tongue where he was riding, and got his leg mashed by the front wheel rolling over it.

"And if I told him once not to ride on that wagon tongue, I told him a thousand times," says the woman, the boy's mother I took her to be.

Dr. Hopper drewed his fore parts out of the wagon and stood up on the box, leaning on the tail gate and shaking his head. Then he stepped down and steered me to one side.

"This is bad," he says, still talking very thick. "This must

have happened a week ago. Some fool just loosely wrapped some rags around the leg and laid it for support in what appears to be a feed trough. Now it is all gangrened and full of maggots. What do they expect me to do?" He looked at me, very earnest and helpless, like he was asking me to tell him.

"You'll have to amputate, won't you, Doc?" says another man, coming towards us.

"Don't know as I'd advise it," says Dr. Hopper, acting dignified. "I doubt if it would do a particle of good. You called me in too late."

"Oh, don't give him up, Dr!" says the mother, and laid her face in her hands and begun to cry.

But the Dr. nudged me and says in my ear, "I hain't got my instruments."

"Go and get them," I says.

"I can't," he says. "They're not with me."

"You mean that you come off on this trip without your tools?" I says.

"Hush," he says. "That's it."

"Well, by G—d," says the man which had stepped foward, "if the Dr. won't try it, I will. We got to save this boy."

"I strongly advise again it," says Dr. Hopper. "He is dying. You will merely put him to needless agony." The way he sounded, it was "nee'less ag'ny."

But the man and another man, the father of the child as I presumed, went into a tent and come out with a plank bench which they set down near the back of the wagon in the lantern light.

"Get out of the road, you drunken hog," the first man says to the Dr.

"Oh, don't say that," says Dr. Hopper beseeching like. "I told you the truth. It's useless. It is worse than useless."

But they did not pay him no attention. They lowered the boy out of the wagon and laid him on the bench, a little sandy haired tyke with a flushed and freckled face, seemingly half unconscious. His leg was the most shocking sight. They fetched a hand saw

and a butcher knife, and then commenced, one of them holding him down.

I have never fainted in my life, but come close to fainting then. And in the midst of the screaming the Dr. started fowards like he could not bear it neither.

"Not there," he says. "If you have got to do it, do it above the knee. Give me that saw. Get something, get an awl," he says, "to take up the arteries."

So then he made another cut with the knife and begun to saw all over again, above the knee that time. I seen from a change in the little fellow's face that he was dying. Any body who has ever seen that change can not mistake it. And he laid back and only turned his head from side to side and moaned. But the Dr. went right on sawing. A few drops of blood oozed from the stump. The child was dead.

On the way back, walking along, I was sick and silent, and the Dr., taking holt of his beard with both his hands, swore up at the moon.

June 10—We was encamped all day as planned, but as I am not much of a black smith nor a joiner, I mainly hung around the edges of the bustle and activity. In the afternoon, strolling towards the Kanes' four wagons for reasons best knowed to myself, I was hailed by old Mrs. Purvis who was setting in front of her tent in her rocking chair, a-knitting.

"Your folks all well?" she says.

"Yes, ma'am," I says; and bethought myself of a few suitable words about Mr. Purvis's demise. I told her my reflections beside his grave, how he had no doubt got to California.

"Well," says she, "that is what is meant by the many mansions, I reckon. Every body is different, and what would be Heaven for one would be the place of Everlasting Torment to another. But at that it strikes me as a mercy that Mr. Purvis never got to California in this world, and I have my doubts if it would satisfy him in the next. Steers from a distance has long horns," says she.

"Yes," I says, "and still 'tis promised in the Holy Scriptures that there the weary be at rest. It's a long road that has no turning."

"Now there!" says Mrs. Purvis. "When you say that, in my opinion you have put a name to the only kind of Heaven that would ever suit Mr. Purvis—a long road that has no turning. Dear God," she says, "just let him keep a-travelling on. Don't never let him get there." And she wiped her eyes on a corner of her knitting.

All this time I seen Mrs. Fitzgerald a-primping at a pocket glass in the front of the wagon, and now she come down by the wheel, very cautious and heavy. She was all bloated out of shape, and her sallow face appeared too small for her body. But she had on her lace collar and gold broach, and come fowards smiling and easy.

"Draw up a chair," Mrs. Purvis says to me, nodding at the rocking chair for company.

But nothing would do Mrs. Fitzgerald but I must look at the twins. She parted the back flaps of the wagon, and there they was inside, laying rolled up in a shawl, back to back, with their fists up under their chins, sound asleep.

"Rupert and Hubert," says she. "Rupert is a good boy. But Hubert is a limb."

"Annie is a greenhorn, you can tell," says old Mrs. Purvis, knitting away. "She won't be so proud the tenth or the eleventh time. I had twelve children, a round dozen, and eight of 'em are alive to-day. Annie here was the twelfth. I could a-throwed her out of the window," she says, beginning to laugh.

"Well, any body throwing Rupert and Hubert out of the window will have me to deal with," says Mrs. Fitzgerald, setting down and commencing to rock. "Take a chair and be sociable," she says to me.

I told her, that I had business down the line a piece.

"Business!" she says, laughing. "Monkey business! We seen you casting your sheep's eyes at that little Rosie Kane. Didn't we, Ma?"

I said, that I was not acquainted with the young lady.

"No, but wouldn't you like to be?" says Mrs. Fitzgerald, and she laughed and laughed.

So then I was obliged to admit, that that was a prospect I was not averse to. But 'twas in pure panic that I seen Mrs. Fitzgerald look towards the wagons of the Kanes, and seen the very subject of our conversation run past one of them, and heard Mrs. F. lift up her voice in a way which can not be described as nothing other than a whoop.

"Rosie!" she says.

Rosie stopped and looked our way.

"Come here!" says Mrs. Fitzgerald. Then when Rosie come a-running up, she says in that bold manner, "Here's a fellow wants to make your acquaintance."

Rosie stopped short and stood there sprung fowards on her little bare toes. Seeing me a-looking at her, she turned her head over one shoulder.

"Name of Shaw," says Mrs. Fitzgerald. "Mr. Unwin Shaw, cousin of Mr. Fitzgerald's. Can't you tell him howdy?"

Rosie still stood there, looking straight over her shoulder, but the whole side of her face and neck turned red as fire.

My sensations was beyond expression or even hinting at. But I did manage to come out with "Howdy do?" and "How are you?"

So then she says, "Pretty well, I thank you," just snatching a glance at me, and run away as fast as she could go.

Mrs. Fitzgerald throwed back her head and laughed some more. "Land of love!" she says. "It's hard to believe that I was just the same two or three years ago. Wa'n't I, Ma? And now look at me, mother of twins and able to look any man right straight in the eye."

"Annie was a right pretty girl," says old Mrs. Purvis.

"And what else would you call her now, ma'am?" I says, polite as a basket of chips. What else could I say? But in reality I could not scarce repress my indignation that Mrs. Fitzgerald should be mentioned in the same breath with my sweet bashful little girl.

It may well have been that my emotions spread over my face, as Mrs. Fitzgerald says, a-looking at me, "He don't believe it."

So then old Mrs. Purvis looked at me. Then her and Mrs. Fitzgerald laughed till they held their sides, and looked and looked at me, and wiped the tears away with their fingers. They plumb put me out of countenance.

So I made them a bow. "Well, good day to you, ladies," I said, and walked away.

It takes a pair of women to discombobulate a man.

That night I seen the far off glimmer of the torches and lanterns which was accompanying the body of the little boy to a lonesome grave. His mother would not give him up, I heard, until the very last, and we was moving on next day. Not many outside the Oregon party attended the funeral, as it was late and they was tired.

Distance: none.

June 11—Cacti, tulips, and the primrose displayed their blossoms along the trail. Also passed the carcasses of cattle, cows and oxen both. Two or three oxen too crippled to proceed was a pitiful sight.

About twelve o'clock M. we met five men on horse back returning to the United States from Oregon. Their forms was emeshiated, their faces hollow with fatigue and darkened by the sun, their clothes just like the fluttering rags of scare crows. But they was going back to get their families to take them out to the beautiful Willamette Valley.

They had kept account of the emigrant wagons ahead of us: 430, and those mainly on the Oregon trail alone. There must be thousands, men, women, and children, and more behind us, on the march to the Pacific, all seeking to better their condition one way or another. But our own company has already lost two of it's members, and the dear Lord only knows how many in the foward and rearward companies has fell by the way side or how many more of them and us is due to fall.

I overheard one of them men a-saying to Mr. Kane, "About half of you will get through," a chilling prophecy if I had not told

myself, that maybe this was the experience of the company he went out with last year, but that one company's experience did not signify for all; and them five men had got there, and we stood as good a chance as them.

Distance: 17 mi. Walked again.

Next morning our wagons all passed over the Platte a little after sun up good. During the day we seen large herds of buffalos. They was clumsy looking when they run, their short tails erect and the rags and tatters of their last year's coats a-flying; but their speed was like the wind, and they was soon just clouds of dust disappearing in the direction of the horizon with the sound of distant thunder. A hunt was organized, and Basil lit out on my horse without so much as a "by your leave," foot sore and weary though I was from so many days of walking. However, I am bound to admit, he shot down a fat cow, portions of which the whole hunting party fetched back in triumph. Basil was the *hero of the day*, especially in his own estimation; and looking back now, it crosses my mind that maybe Jared was a little aggravated because he could not go on that buffalo hunt, being a mere bull whacker and not having no horse.

However that may be, Maria cooked our share in a skillet, and it proved superior to the best beef, it's unctuous and juicy substances being distributed throughout in a manner and abundance agreeable to the eye and delightful to the pallet. Some of the choicest part fell to my lot, Basil turning up his nose at it, and Maria refusing it to please him. This was an intestinal vessel of which the vulgar appellation is the "marrow gut." It contains an oily matter resembling yellow fat, and it did taste bully. No delicacy of the flesh kind which I have ever eat surpasses it, not even the chitlings of old Kentucky.

Jared and me was taking our fill of this delicious tidbit when Basil says, regarding me and effecting an expression of deep disgust, "Just look at him. Fat in his very ears!"

Jared glanced over. His face was perfectly lifeless and that glance of hisn was like a levelled gun barrel, reminding me how

I had sized him up the day that we left Independence as a mean young fellow. "*Better there than in the head,*" he says.

You could have heard a pin drop. Maria, with her cup of coffee half way to her mouth, looked back and forth between them. I did not know what to do nor whichaway to turn, but wished to my stars that something would happen quick to take Jared's eyes off of Basil's and Basil's eyes off Jared's. Then Basil stood up with a great show of carelessness and sauntered off. But the glance he cast behind him said to Jared plainer than words, "I will attend to you later."

What is to be done I do not know. I hate to say anything to Maria. She is at the bottom of it all as sure as shooting, but not through no fault of her own. What could she do? Just naturally take and vanish? Here she is. Here we all are. And that is the sum and substance of the matter.

Distance: 21 mi.

June 12—We descended into the valley of the north fork of the Platte through a pass knowed as "Ash Hollow," this name being derived from a few scattering ash trees in the dry ravine. Near the mouth of the pass was a log cabin built last winter by some trappers returning to the settlements and compelled by the snows to stay there until spring. This year's emigrants has turned it into a general post office, with notices in manuscript tacked up on it's outside walls describing lost cattle, horses, and, as I noticed, "a likely nigger boy." Inside, in a little cubby hole, there was a pile of letters backed to people in near every quarter of the globe in hopes that those who pass will take them to a post office in the States.

I recall one letter to a "Dr. James Townley, Bloomfield, Ia.," and another to some lady in Morristown, N. J., but also others to Beauharnois, Quebec, Canada; Kunersdorf, Prussia; Belfast, Ireland; and Copenhagen, Denmark; also one to Calcutta, India, and still another to a place called Heart's Content, Newfoundland. It

begins to look like a good share of the whole world is on the move to them distant shores.

Chewed grit all afternoon. This part of the "Great American Desert" is more *like* a desert, I allow. Passed a grave which had been opened by wolves or Indians. Bones of the disinterred was strewn around the hole. Seen several big black and white "jack—s rabbits," so called because of their long ears, going along ahead of us at an ungainly lope.

Remained in sight of the Platte all day. It's water has a sickening taste, but is all we have to drink. Buffalo gnats bad. Basil rode my horse and I am tuckered out.

Distance: 23 mi.

June 13—We had a clear day and distinctly seen the "Chimney Rock" at a probable distance of thirty or forty miles. Some says, it looks like the shot tower at St. Louis. But to my eye it resembles some great monument set a-top a rounded hill. This side of it stood an elevation so deceiving in shape as to present the likeness of a main building and two wings surmounted by domes. According to Jared, who seems to be an old timer in these parts, the emigrants has named this the "Court House."

About half an hour ago, whilst I set here on my bucket by the lantern, busily penning the lines above, Dr. Hopper come up, seemingly sober and disposed to friendly advances. "And how is the *young scrivener* this evening?" says he.

"Oh, fair to middling," I replied, as I am tired as all get out.

"I hear posterity is to be favored with this Virgilian epic," he then remarked.

I told him, well as I was able for the pesky confusion which comes over me when ever any one makes mention of my writing, that this journal in good time perhaps might see the light of day in printed form.

Then, standing back on his heels, protruding his big stomach,

putting his hands in his pockets, and looking out into the dark; he says, "I am an educated man myself. I should be honored to peruse it."

So I explained, how there was a good many personal matters in it which I hoped always to preserve for my own interest and enjoyment, but which would have to be deleted before it was published or before no body else should come to read it.

"Oh," he says, "the published version will be confined to descriptions of the scenery, natives, fauna and flora, &c."

"Yes, sir," I says. "That was not what I laid out to do at first, but that is what I have about decided on"; having done so soon as little R—— come into it.

So then he says, with great relief a-sticking out all over him, "My young friend, I am glad to hear it. I see you have a head on your shoulders. Of what interest to the general public could personalities be? Or the trivial happenings of our daily life? Confine yourself to subjects which apply to all, and they will be appreciated by all—descriptive matter, moral and philosophic observations. I foresee immense rewards for all your studious application if you will but keep to this judicious resolution."

I thanked him for the good advice, and then he says, "I suppose, that this atrocious slander has come to your ears, too."

"Slander?" I says.

"Yes, slander," says he. "I hear, that I attended that unfortunate little fellow the other night in a condition which unfitted me for the exercise of my professional duties. But I hold you as a witness that such was not the case." And he turned on me in a domineering way.

This was the most outrageous speech I ever heard. I set pondering what response to make.

"There is even some talk of running me out of camp," the Dr. says. "Murder, sheer murder, is what it would be, turned out into the wilds to perish of starvation or at the hands of savages. And I appeal to you as a young man of high moral character to exert your influence on my behalf should need a-rise."

So then I says, "As I understand it, that little fellow was a-dying anyways."

"Yes, certainly," says Dr. Hopper. "I wouldn't have give him more than twenty-four hours."

"Well, then," I says, "what ever you done or didn't do and what ever condition you was in only hastened things along a little."

"Well—Hum!" he says and fetched a smile. "Don't forget, we all have got to die some day. But the duty of the physician is not to hurry his patients to that foregone conclusion."

So then I was more puzzled than ever what to say.

"Well, well, I need not tell *you* that discretion is the better part of valor," he says. "And apart from that," he bursts out all of a sudden, "they can't touch me! I have not taken one single solitary copper cent for my services since we started on this expedition. I have give them free for nothing and absolutely gratis, purely with an eleemosynary motive. Under law, I am an innocent man."

"If that is true," I says, "I think you will find that Mr. Kane and most of us is ready and willing to listen to reason."

"I don't know," he says. "I—do—not—know. These hot heads and ragamuffins! In any case, as your good friend and a good friend of your family, I know I can depend on you."

I said, that he could trust me to be on the side of what was right and lawful.

So then he reached down and patted me on the back and said, he knowed it; and with other cordial expressions took his departure.

Several features of this conversation worries me. If I was a *timorous* man, that Dr. Hopper would come near scaring the gizzard out of me, and even as it is I do not like the cut of his jib. I consider, that I have just been threatened in a dangerous manner by a low down runnigate.

Distance: 21 mi.

June 14—To the right of Chimney Rock, which was visible all day before yesterday, the scene from our encampment was singular

and wild beyond my feeble powers to limn it. There was four high rocky structures, two of which looked like ruined temples with rows of pillars, the third a pyramid, and the fourth the tomb of a giant. Behind them the bluffs was weathered into ranges of castles and palaces. The effect was something no body could never have imagined in their dreams.

Since writing the fore going I was summonsed to the trial of Dr. Hopper, Mr. Smead, and one of our guards which went to sleep last night on duty.

When a deputy from the Committee come by to tell me I was wanted as a witness, that was the first I knowed that Dr. Hopper was to go on trial this evening. But thinking back on our conversation of the evening previous, I seen that he had knowed his trial was coming up and when—a realization causing me no small alarm. Unless I lied the way he had told me to, what would he do to me?

However, as I made my way into the corral, my favorite quotation from my favorite author kept running through my head, like help from On High, you might almost say: "The graceful pride of truth knows no extremes, but preserves in every latitude of life the right angled character of man." So I resolved, if God would give me strength, that I would stand up in front of every body and bid defiance to the Dr. and tell the straight unvarnished truth as far as I was able. And having so resolved, I was not near as much afeared of the Dr. as I was of myself. Knowing that bullies and swashbucklers has always had me at their mercy, what scared me was that this time, too, I might be going to knuckle under. I was praying hard for courage.

At one side of the corral a sizable circle of folks had gethered, some standing and some setting on the kags and boxes they had fetched along, and looking over the shoulders of some was the white faces of several oxen. In the center of this ring was a row of kags with a plank laid along the tops of them, forming a long table on which two lanterns stood at either end. Behind the table

the five members of the Judiciary Committee was a-setting, with Mr. Gann, the Chairman, in the middle, and the Secretary at one end, writing away, making the sixth man behind the table. In front of this tribunal stood Mr. Smead and his young bull whacker, holding their hats, their case having come up first.

I took my stand in the foremost ranks of the audience where I would be easy seen when I was called to testify, though I would a heap rather have been under the bed, and so would any body in my shoes. As I done so, Col. Whaley rose up from a box where he was setting looking on, and says, "Mr. Chairman!"

"What is it, Col.?" says Mr. Gann.

"I protest!" says Col. Whaley, and launched into a tirade in which "outrage, gratuitous persecution, gross favoritism, some mistake, &c." could be distinguished.

Mr. Gann heared him out and then without reply turned back to the paper he was holding in his hand, and read it aloud. The gist of it was, that whereas Mr. Smead had disregarded the previous decision of the Committee, he was sentenced to march on foot the whole of the following day at the end of the wagon train under armed guard; and that if he persisted there after in his failure either to help the bull whacker catch up the oxen or to pay the bull whacker cash wages, this penalty would be repeated every day he so persisted.

Mr. Smead stood there, with his bald head shining in the lantern light, and that shingling of red hairs all over his face, looking at Mr. Gann out of the tail of his eye and drawing two fingers along his upper lip; and if I ever seen a shyster, there he stood.

"Calvin Smead," says Mr. Gann, "have you anything more to say?"

Mr. Smead shook his head.

"Luke Carpenter," says Mr. Gann to the bull whacker, "have you anything more to say?"

"No, sir!" says the bull whacker, tossing up his hat a little ways and catching it. "I'm satisfied."

"Next case," says Mr. Gann, and up comes Dr. Hopper between two deputies, and I begun to pray again.

"Where is the complainants?" says Mr. Gann.

And up comes the parents of the dead boy. The father was holding his hat over his heart like he was at a funeral, and supporting the mother by the elbow. She staggered a little as she crossed the open space, and give a groan. It struck me, that they was overdoing it. Maybe I was wrong, but it seemed to me, that they was laying it on a little thick.

"Poor thing," I heared some of the women near me say, looking at the mother, and I could not help but feel some indignation at them for being so took in. 'Twas then my sympathies commenced a-veering to the Dr.'s side. Not much, but some.

Well, the father of the dead boy spoke, denouncing Dr. Hopper, describing his drunken condition, and demanding a recompense in money for his boy's services around camp. Then the mother spoke, in a trembling voice and turning up her eyes. Then the man that had proposed the amputation spoke, and told a pretty straight story, though with many oaths. And the worse it looked for Dr. Hopper, the more I sympathized with him, though feeling all the time like Peter when the cock was crowing.

At this juncture Col. Whaley bounced up from his box again. "Mr. Chairman!" he says.

"What is it now, Col.?" says Mr. Gann.

"I protest!" says Col. Whaley, and commences on the identical same speech: "Why," he says, "this is an outrage! This is gratuitous persecution. This is a deliberate misrepresentation of the facts. There is some mistake, sir, &c."

Mr. Gann heared him out, like he had done before, but then says wearily, "If you please, Col., set down. And stay set."

A titter run around the crowd, causing Col. Whaley, who had set, to brace his arms a-kimbo on his knees and look around him very fierce.

"Maw-w-w," says an old ox in a kind of a reflective tone.

So then it was impossible not to side again the Col., and so

again the Dr. some; and the confusion of my mind accordingly increased. I was forced to recollect, that they was a pair of scoundrels and undeserving of any clemency. Also, when Mr. Gann called on Dr. Hopper to defend himself, the speech he made done nothing to recommend him to my favor neither. The impression which he made on me was just the same as common. He was an old fake and a wind bag, and there was no getting around it.

Then Mr. Gann asked him questions, why it was he had not fetched his instruments along, (the witness for the complainants having heard the Dr. telling me he had not fetched them), and could he show his license to practice medicine, and where had he practiced medicine before?

And then the Dr. shut his trap and said, that he refused to answer on the grounds that anything he said might be used again him, and then brought up what he had said to me about giving his services free gratis and out of eleemosynary motives. All around me the crowd begun to murmur, being convinced, like me, that the Dr. was a-keeping something dark.

"Run him out!" says one man.

"String him up!" says another.

And I tell you, the Dr. begun to glance around him mighty apprehensive.

"He killed my boy!" the mother screams, a-shaking her fist in his face.

At that, the murmur all around me broke into one long roar.

Mr. Gann jumped up and pounded on the table. "Hold on!" he yells. "Just hold your horses, will you? Give him a chance. I am here to see fair play, and by the great Almighty, that is what I am a-going to do." And he takes a pistol out of his belt and lays it on the table. "Now," he says, "where is the witness for the defendant?"

As Dr. Hopper turned his eyes full on me where I stood, every body looked at me. I was about to write, my feelings then may well be imagined. But on second thought, I doubt it. I was in such a state of uncertainty that I had no idea what I was a-going to say.

'Twas no longer a case of bidding defiance to the Dr. only, though that was bad enough, but of speaking out in the teeth of a mighty ugly crowd. I could not deny, that a drunken doctor was a terrible thing. At the same time it come over me, that Dr. Hopper was on trial for his life, and no two ways about it, and 'twas not hardly right to kill a man just because he was a drunkard, an old fake, and a wind bag with an unknown Past. Worst of all, I had a feeling that if I lied strong enough either way, that would be all right with the audience, but that the *pro* and the *con* and the one hand and the other hand that the truth begun to seem like to me would be the most unwelcome dose for them to swallow. I could fair hear them boo-ing me before I ever opened my mouth.

Nevertheless, the *pro* and the *con* was what I give them. I was aware I was a-faltering and cutting a poor figure. But I said, in response to Mr. Gann's questions, that it appeared to me that the Dr. had asked me to go with him that night because he knowed that he was drunk and I was sober, and he thought he might need help. I said, that on the other hand the Dr. done his best to prevent the amputation, but that when the other two insisted and begun to amputate despite him, he then pitched in as he could do it better. I said, a butcher knife, a hand saw, and an awl was not the proper tools to use, I granted, but they was the best at hand; and how could the Dr. have anticipated that emergency at the time when he decided not to fetch his instruments along? I said, he evidently had not planned on exercising his profession on this trip, and so felt free to drink if he pleased, and this seemed all the likelier as he has not charged nothing for his services; and when any body asked him for his services and did not pay him for them, then in my opinion they done so at their own risk.

Well, no body boo-ed me. But such a hubbub of argument broke out when I had finished speaking that Mr. Gann had to pound the table again. The Committee also was perplexed and set confabbing together, which I was glad to see, as I was the most perplexed of the lot, and still did not know which side I was on. All I knowed was, that I was again strong drink for doctors or

any body else, which however did not seem to be the thing to say to this particular crowd. So I just stood there, lacing my fingers together, and feeling like a fool. But when at last the Committee called on Mr. Gann to give the deciding vote, and it was give, 'twas found that Dr. Hopper had come out better than no body could have expected there for a while.

The decision was wrote down and read out, viz and to wit: That whereas and whereas and whereas &c., it had been decided that the afore said Myron T. Hopper was to be forbade the practice of medicine and surgery amongst the whole company, and that the whole company was thereby and thence fowards forbade to make application for his medical or surgical services, and that the afore said Myron T. Hopper disobeying which injunction, and any member of the afore said company disobeying same, each would be punished equally in any manner thereupon to be determined by this Committee now acting.

This was a decision which did not set well with either complainants or defendant, and when asked if they had more to say, they had a plenty, and started in to talk at once. The Dr. said, he would not be branded a liar and a drunkard, (as he had swore he was not drunk). The parents of the dead child said, they would have justice done. But Mr. Gann finally said, that they had nothing to add, that he could see, which would alter the decision as it stood, and called the next case.

I sneaked away, but not before I heard the Col. condoling with the Dr., saying, that this was what come of turning law and order into an old maids' debating society, by which I took it he meant me; though to the best of my recollection, he himself had not been silent.

But I admit, I even asked myself, what become of that clear case of Right I was a-going to champion with all my strength?

Distance: 19 mi.

June 15—As we set out this A.M., Mr. David Fitzgerald come riding up to me, and says, seeing I was walking, he thought I

might welcome the chance to drive the cart belonging to Mr. Smead, the Col., and the Dr. Not being much more of an equestrian than I am, Mr. Smead has been driving the cart, but to-day was the day he had to walk at the tail of the procession. So I thankfully accepted this invitation, and felt right at home with a pair of lines in my hands and a horse's back before me instead of under me. 'Tis needless to say, why I was not riding my own horse.

When we rounded the bends, I could look back and see Mr. Smead and the poor unfortunate guard which fell asleep on duty a-plodding along in the rear, with Mr. Fitzgerald riding beside them, his rifle across the pommel of his saddle. Mr. Fitzgerald is as tall and raw boned a young back woodsman as Missouri ever produced, but quiet as a woman and quick as cat in every move he makes and every turn of his eyes and head. He is a vanishing breed, and vanished from Kentucky long ago. But it seems to me, that I can recognize him, he is so familiar to me, not as a distant cousin of mine by blood, but a-kin to me in deeper ways. I am not much acquainted with him, yet have a fondness for him; and it is just the same, I think, with many members of our company. They call him "Davey," and he was all but unanimously elected Sub-Captain of our section. And yet, I do not know how it was, but when ever I looked back at him riding beside them two creatures in disgrace, with his rifle ready, and not a doubt in his mind nor no body else's but he would shoot if they so much as tried to set down, I was glad I was not him. I reckon, I should have been a-saying, "God, be merciful to me a sinner," like the publican in Luke 18, instead of thinking that. But it is true, I would not like to be alive in this world and not know no more about it than "Davey" Fitzgerald knows—how to use an axe on some of it and a gun on the rest of it. It may be I am soft, as my father would say.

In my anxiety over the Dr. and his trial, I have left out other occurrences, and will now endeavor to remedy some of them omissions: On the A.M. of the 13th it rained about one o'clock, and in these parts it is the truth "it never rains but it pours." A

great change took place in the temperature, and when I rose from my bivouac I was not only wringing wet but also shivering with cold. The buffalo chips being too wet to burn, we was forced to leave camp without our coffee. Such discomforts may seem like small things to write about, but is real miseries.

We camped that day near "Scott's Bluff," a pile of sand cliffs and soft stone, standing off to itself and sculptured by Nature into arches, pillars, domes, steeples, and battlements. I heard Jared telling Maria, whilst she was cooking supper, how it come by it's name. It seems some trappers was returning to the United States under the leadership of a noted mountain man named Scott. They was coming down the Platte in boats, the very way we seen them other men a week back, when the water got so shallow they could not go on and Scott was at the same time taken sick. His men went off and left him in one of the boats, and when they got to the settlements reported he was dead. But the next year some hunters found a human skeleton wrapped in blankets up amongst them crazy cities of the Bluff, and by it's clothing and some papers on it they knowed that it was Scott. And so they named the place for him, and a more outlandish monument no man ever had.

I do not know when this incident occurred and something warned me not to ask. By the tone of Jared's voice, I would not be a mite surprised if he was one of them hunters. I always feel about him, that he is a man of experience for a young fellow because he takes things in, not like Davey Fitzgerald. And unless I miss my guess, finding that skeleton amid such awesome circumstances had upset Jared so at the time that that was why I did not like to ask him about it to-day. You do not ask him things noways, but wait until he tells you. For example, I sometimes wonder what his last name is and where he come from, but you could not hire me to ask him; and far as I know, no body in our party has never asked him; not that there is no mystery concerned, I should imagine, but just that he is such a touch-me-not. When he was telling Maria about finding Scott's skeleton up there, it struck me he was opening out and confiding in her something he would never

have breathed to no body else in the world. But even then he told it like it had happened to some other fellow.

Maria made no reply and turned the corn bread on the griddle, stooping down with the knife in one hand and "Pudden" on the other arm. She never has much to say, to Jared in particular, but of late has *looked* pent up and full to bursting. I know the signs.

After supper we was all as sick as dogs. Jared said, some water which we drank that day was probably to blame. The stream looked clear and pure, but tasted bad like all the water hereabouts, and must have had strong salts in it. I still feel sick and weak—weak as water, I was going to say, but not that water. Poor Pudden, who had some, too, was crying all the evening.

Distance: 26 mi.

June 16—We was still none too chipper in the morning, and when only seven or eight miles from Scott's Bluff, Basil, who was riding ahead (on my horse), found a faint spring of water which did not taste like medicine, we run foward and drank and drank of it, except Maria, and we all took cup fulls back to her and Pudden. Being also icy cold, it was like a new lease on life.

But with me it's beneficial effects did not last long. That P.M. even my first sight of the Rocky Mts. could not take my attention off my inwards. Having come to the top of a high range, I seen "Laramie's Peak" and several others; and Jared pointed out the summits of the Wind River range about 400 miles away, appearing like small rosey clouds. But I might as well have been a-looking at a row of ant hills beside our kitchen step back home for all I cared. There was the Rocky Mts., and I felt like a bad joke had been played on me.

Distance: 23 mi.

Descending from the ridge next day, we passed over barren country cut into by deep gulches. Passed fresh grave of a woman. Reached Horse Creek soon after noon where we encamped, as water was plentiful and there was some grass, though cropped over

by the cattle of the advance companies. Many of our number was down with the same complaint I suffered from, and was unable to proceed. This halt was determined by a majority vote, although our distance was but fourteen miles.

This A.M. struck out for the nearest point on the Platte, traveling across a plain. Cactus the prevailing growth, and thorns troublesome to the feet of the oxen.

Average breadth of this part of the Platte no more than 300 yds. and channel full of small islands on which green willows grows out of white sand.

Pressed on with speed, hoping to arrive at Ft. Bernard. I got up in the wagon with Maria, not being able to hoof it no longer, especially at a trot. But through some miscalculation of the distance, night come on and we had not arrived at the fort.

But I have now caught up with this journal—at last, thanks be. Distance: 22 mi.

June 17—Last night, when I made my bed under the wagon, I accomodated my philosophy to a thorough saturation, in which expectancy I was not disappointed. I did not hardly close my eyes all night, being in pain and frequently having to step out into the dark and storm. This morning I was limp as a rag.

When we started I laid down on a pallet in the wagon and rolled up in the quilts. Such was my miseries I did not notice at first that Maria was not on the seat. Then I heard her say outside, "If Winnie could walk, so can I." Winnie is what she has called me from childhood up. So then I looked around from the front and seen her walking along, with Pudden in her arms, and Basil riding my horse.

"Oh, don't be a gull," says Basil. "What is the matter with him now? Has he got a flea bite or izzums 'ittle tummy a itsy bit upset?"

Maria did not reply, but walked faster, holding down her head. So then I guess, that Basil felt some ashamed of himself, riding

along with Maria walking and Jared looking at him. So he rode around to the back of the wagon and looked in and says to me, "How are you feeling? Would you like to ride the horse a spell?"

"No, not to-day, I thank you kindly," I says, very sarcastic.

"When we get to Ft. Laramie you can buy yourself a mule," says Basil. "That will be more your style altogether."

Then, as I remained silent, he rode back to Maria, and I heard him saying, "Go on, get in the wagon. How does it look, you walking along this way? And carrying the baby, too!"

And Maria says, "No, if the oxen couldn't pull me and Winnie, they can't pull Winnie and me."

"Oh, don't be such a fool!" says Basil.

But Maria walked all day, though she did put Pudden in the wagon with me this afternoon. Basil rode up ahead with the Col., the Dr., and Mr. Smead as if to say, he washed his hands of her. I have to say for Basil, though, that Maria can not ride a horse no more than I could have a month ago.

We passed Ft. Bernard and have arrived here at Ft. Laramie, both of which I will describe tomorrow, strength failing me to-night.

Distance: 19 mi. (of which Maria walked every inch).

June 18—Yesterday, hearing Jared a-saying to Maria, we was coming to Ft. Bernard, I poked my head out and seen large herds of mules grazing over the plain and guarded by Mexican Indians. One Indian had a small looking glass which he flashed right in my eyes from a long way off, a salutation I suppose. The fort was intended to be built in the shape of a hollow square, but as only two sides has been completed it was just two log cabins, and where the logs come from I do not know. The proprietor was standing in the door way of one cabin, a Frenchman name of Richard, a little swarthy black eyed man. Two or three mountain men appeared around the corner, with their long hair soaked with vermillion and glued in masses on their temples. I now recall that

time in Independence when two other mountain men struck me all of a heap, but I have been a-seeing so many peculiar sights of late, and my internal disturbances was such, I never thought nothing of them specimens. They looked after us with folded arms, but Richard waved. All this I gethered from sight or from hearing Jared talking to Maria.

Then Basil come riding towards us from the fort, and said, several traders from Taos was inside. The mules belonged to them, and they had packed flour some 400 miles to trade with the Sioux Indians. He addressed himself to Maria, him and Jared having ignored each other's existence since that episode of the "marrow gut."

Ft. Laramie, or "Ft. John," is only eight miles beyond Ft. Bernard. Between the two stands the ruinous clay walls of still another fort which was put out of business by the competition, as these forts is more trading posts than military establishments, Ft. Laramie being the head quarters of the American Fur Co. The latter is considered to be the place where the *plains* ends and the *mountains* begins. It lacks 300 miles and more of being the half way mark on our journey, but is judged to be 672 miles from Independence, and that is a long way in dust and heat and rain and cold and aches and pains.

As we approached, the hills drawed apart, disclosing the fort across a stream upon a further hill. It is built in a quadrangle and it's walls of *adobys* or sun dried bricks is white washed and capped by watch towers. Owing to the white wash it stood out very bright again some desolate ridges, behind which, 7,000 ft. aloft, rose up the grim Black "Hills."

If these was hills, thought I, what was the mountains?

I was just about to put down: Distance none, but feel constrained to substitute a juster estimate: Distance, 672 mi.

June 19—As many of our company had divers purchases to make, 'twas voted to camp outside the fort for two or three days.

Consequently yesterday A.M. I and Basil purchased an ox from Mr. Bordo who has been left in charge by Mr. Pappan, the regular manager or *boorjah* as they say in the Canadian tongue, the latter having gone down the river with the buffalo robes and beaver pelts from last winter's trading. When we entered by the main gate way I noticed, that it is guarded by two brass swivels and that the block house above it is adorned with the picture of a horse running at full speed daubed on the boards with red paint. The enclosure consists of about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an acre, I should judge; and on three sides is the various offices, store rooms, mechanical shops, &c. Having bargained for the ox, we had to finish up our business with the clerk, a Mr. Montalong, as Mr. Bordo can not read nor write, and neither can Mr. Pappan, so they say.

We was obliged to pay very dear for the ox and throw in the wore out ox it was to replace for good measure. Basil had to take off his money belt and shake it to produce his share, so that 'twas finally clear how much of his original \$200 has went (gone?) on drink and gambling. As he done so, he cursed out Mr. Bordo, Mr. Montalong, and French Indians in general for taking advantage of Americans and our necessity; and there has been many complaints about the prices at the fort; coffee, sugar, and tobacco being valued at \$1 per lb., whiskey at \$1 per pt., flour at 50¢ the same, and horses being shod at \$3 *per ft.*; and yet, as I remarked to Basil, all them articles, even the iron for horse shoes, has to be packed hundreds of miles, and these same "French Indians" defends the fort on their own responsibility, the nearest U. S. troops being 700 miles to eastwards.

Despite their grumblings, most of the men in our company bought buck skin frocks and fringed buck skin trowsers like Jared's, and them that could not buy bartered their belongings, as their old clothes was a sight. They arrived in brown homespun and departed attired as mountain men, though nothing could not alter the thin homely visages and tall awkward frames of *back woodsmen*. There was no clothes on sale for the women, and they retained their raggedy calicos.

I myself invested in a clean new buck skin outfit and a new broad brim hat, causing Basil to look me up and down with a satirical smile when I put them on and Maria to say, "The minute I step foot in California I am a-going to put on my lace trimmed muslin pardessus lined with straw color silk and my straw bonnet with the violets and moss rose buds tucked under the brim." And she looked away and sighed a stormy gust.

"Go on!" says Basil, bursting into a guffaw. "It will be cold weather then."

But I spoke up. "'Tis always summer time in California," I says; so that Maria turned and smiled at me.

Dressed out in my buck skins and my hat, I made my way towards Mr. Kane's wagons, giving the Fitzgerald wagon a wide berth, as I was not anxious to hear what Mrs. F. would have to say about my new regalia in conjunction with the direction I was headed in. But inwardly I took no shame at being able to appear before my little girl looking half way human for once. On the contrary, I was filled with a kind of a conquering joy which no doubt had it's influence on her response, "she didn't mind," when I asked her, would she care to take in the sights with me?

"I'll ask Ma," she says, standing there with her head turned over her shoulder. She has a habit of standing sprung foward like she is just about to fly away, like a bird on a twig, which is a mighty pretty thing to see; and now sure enough she run to ask her ma.

Mrs. Kane come up and says, "Howdy," and she would be real glad if Rosie could go with me to see the fort. She is a tall woman, faded but dignified, and has once had fair hair and innocent blue eyes like Rosie's, you can tell. So I finished off the day squiring little R—— around the fort, but would have enjoyed myself a good deal more if so many others had not been there, too. Women and children in particular was ransacking every nook and cranny out of sheer curiosity. In one room we seen a brass crucifix and a scalp hanging on the wall beside it from a nail, it's black hair a yard long. They was gruesome objects, both; and yet it went

again my grain to see some women turning up their noses, sneering, "Papists!" and a little boy a-yanking at the scalp and yelling out, "Git ap!" I could not blame Mr. Montalong when he come by and ordered the whole kit and caboodle of us out of the room.

When we come out of the fort we stood looking at the encampment of the Sioux round and about and the great numbers of their horses grazing far and near. "There is close to 3,000 savages in our immediate vicinity," I says to Rosie, "and about 600 of their lodges, or teepees as some calls them"; these being some of the facts the Dr. is forever favoring us with; and incidentally most of the facts and figures quoted in these pages may be laid up at the Dr.'s door, depend on that.

"Under this troubled light," I then continued, "don't them lodges look just like a field from which the wheat had been cut and stacked in sheaves?"

Rosie gazed up at me with them blue eyes of hern. "I do like to hear you talk!" she says, not answering my question, and she blushed all over her face and neck. My heart give a sufficating thump and pure pleasure poured all through me. But I says as calmly as I could, pointing to some scaffolds bearing singular looking bundles which stood up again the sky, "Them there is the places of sepulture of some Sioux chiefs. They are built near the fort like that in the hopes it will protect them from the Crows."

"Crows?" says Rosie, little goose.

"Crow Indians," I says. "For," I says, "the Indians is not only the enemies of the whites, but also enemies of one another. And them glimmering dots in a circle on the ground is buffalo skulls. They are always seen at Indian burial places on the plains—if indeed a person can rightly call them *burial* places when the remains is histed up like that, higher than Haman."

Whilst I was discoursing thus, Rosie kept looking up at me with such a child like expression on her little face that I wanted like the mischief to gether her to me then and there. But I only took her arm, and was happy enough because she did not draw it away.

Seeing Rosie's mother, I had recalled that laughing spell which

Mrs. Fitzgerald and Mrs. Purvis had when I could not believe that Mrs. F. had ever been like Rosie. What man could marry a pretty little girl if he believed, that him and the passing years would make such cruel changes in her? And the truth is, I do not believe it—not when it comes to Rosie anyways. Something stronger than my reason instructs me, that Rosie will always be as young and pretty as she is right now.

June 20—At another meeting yesterday there was wrangling and speechifying because tomorrow is Sunday, and Rev. Throop and them of his persuasion opined as how we had ought to lay over until Tuesday in order not to violate the Sabbath with our transactions.

Rev. Throop is a little peaked jimber jawed man which has nine children. He would not commence a day's march for nothing you could give him before him and his family has finished morning prayers; on which account they all get up in the middle of the night, half an hour before the guards shoots off their rifles at four A.M.; and 'tis quite a sight, I hear, to see him and Mrs. Throop with the baby in her arms and the eight other children all kneeling round their camp fire whilst the Reverent reads from the Bible and prays. The Throops hails from Bennington, Vt., and I have heard, that Yankees all is most uncommon pious in the most uncomfortable ways; not but what I regard myself as a religious man, but that I can not believe that God requires no more hardships of us on this trip than is unavoidable, nor no more dangers neither, and sided with Mr. Kane and the majority when 'twas voted to go ahead and buy whatever we might need, Sunday or not, instead of delaying ourselves another twenty-four hours. Better that than perish amidst the snows of the Sierras which becomes two to five ft. deep in October.

To-day Mr. Kane come past and says, "he hoped we was all going to the preaching tomorrow afternoon." This was the first we had heard of any preaching, so he went on to say, that Rev.

Throop was so put out over being voted down at the meeting again that he (Mr. K.) thought 'twould be no more than the Reverent's due if he had a good turnout at the preaching service he had proposed conducting in the corral at three o'clock.

I looked at Mr. Kane in his broadbrim and new buck skins, a big mild ruggèd man; and recollecting how Rev. Throop had continually opposed his better judgment about this Sunday business, I says, "This is right magnanimous of you, sir—drumming up trade for Rev. Throop. Although he is a minister of the Gospel, I have my doubts if he would do as much for you. And I have my suspicions that the only reason he objects to us desecrating the Sabbath is because it generally deprives him of the chance to preach a sermon."

Mr. Kane laughed in his beard and says, there might be a little something in what I said, but he hoped we would all come to the preaching if we could. "Anything," he says, "to quell these disturbances!"

"Well," I says, "I'll come, but not to listen to the Reverent. I'll be there because you make a point of asking me."

"I'll come," Maria says, and I seen Jared glance at her, and knowed that he would come along. Basil did not commit himself. Rev. Throop is a Congregationalist, and Basil is an Episcopalian, and regards all other denominations as the scum of the earth. But he had catched that glance, like me, and I knowed, too, he would not be amongst the missing.

"Well, I take it kindly of you folks," says Mr. Kane. "See you at the preaching. It won't do you no harm at that," he says, and smiled and nodded and stepped on down the line.

"Ain't it a pity he's so yellow," says Maria, looking after him. "If he didn't look so hollow eyed and bilious, he would be a fine figure of a man."

"That's the fever and ager," I says. "The woods is full of it in Indiana."

"I have my doubts if the fever and ager ever fazed him much," says Jared. "There's a man that you can tie to."

"Ah," says Basil with a scowl, "all this soft soap and lally-gagging! We'd have been half way to California before now if these hill billies and farmers had only have elected Col. Whaley captain. That old galoot hain't got the faintest notion of what discipline means."

Jared will not address a word to Basil, like I said, but at this I seen him look up into the sky in a manner which caused me to hastily intervene. "Well, if you ask me," I says, "there is discipline and discipline; and I'll take the kind that comes from inside out instead of outside in."

"Ah! The rag tag and bob tail always stick together," Basil says.

Jared, still looking up into the sky, here commenced to whistle loud and shrill, "My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean," which sounds like a harmless thing to do, but near scared me out of seven years' growth; and so I said the first thing come into my head to say, and it might have been more pacifying had I had the time to think.

"And what are *you*, pray tell?" I says to Basil. "The top of the pot?"

"You are d—n right I'm the top of the pot!" says Basil. "And don't it get under your skin to know it? Don't it fairly eat you up? Store keeper," he says, "trash from over on the Ridge, a shouting Methodist, pen pusher, upstart, too big for his britches! For all your airs of 'I'm as good as you are,' didn't it raise your very soul sky high when your sister married the top of the pot? And don't you think I know it! And I will say as much to your face, now you have had the ill breeding to bring the subject up. And I'll have you watch your step. I give you fair warning. I've had all that I can stand of you! Lick spittle!"

Jared, who was setting on a kag with his back to Basil, whirled right around when he heard this. That same total lack of expression was on his face. His eyes looked cold as Greenland. "Well," he says, a-drawling out his words, "the top of the pot is the skimmings."

"Grrr!" says Basil like a very dog, and jumped up in a crouching posture. And Jared jumped up in a crouching posture. Each begun to stalk slowly towards the other, still stooped over, with their necks thrust out and their eyes boring into each others'. Then, very gradually, sticking out their chests, throwing back their shoulders, and clenching their fists at their sides, they begun to ease upwards till they was erect and bulge fowards till they was nearly touching.

"Don't do it, don't do it!" I says, prancing about. I was in an agony of dread.

But they paid me no mind and went on a-swelling and a-stretching, with their chests close together. Jared looked a little fellow as compared to Basil, but if I had been a betting man, 'twas him I would have put my money on. It also crossed my mind that Maria thought the same. For as she set there on another kag, instead of being well nigh distracted like on the occasion of the "marrow gut," she was watching Jared like a proud mother watching a child. And that look on her face, so proud and confident, scared me worst of all. This is a terrible thing for any body to know about their sister—that she is a married woman in love with another man.

As luck would have it, Dr. Hopper just then come along, and seeing Basil and Jared, stopped and planted himself back on his heels and took them in. Then he looked down at something he was holding in his hands and started walking towards them again. As he advanced, his very tread expressed deliberation and composure.

"'Tis past my comprehension, and I am a scientific man myself," says he, "how a tube of glass no bigger than a wheat straw and a globule of mercury or quicksilver no bigger than a pea can accurately register the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere"; and so went on a-talking a steady stream.

"I have just procured this at the fort for an outrageous sum," he says. "As we ascend the Rockies, the weather will be getting colder; and in the interests of science, just how much colder is what I aim to learn." And to my astonishment and relief, Basil

and Jared turned their chins and looked sideways down their noses at the thermometer he was holding, though without relaxing their stiffened positions none. "The word 'thermometer,'" says Dr. Hopper, "is derived from the Greek terms *thermos* and *meter* or heat and measure. In other words, it is an instrument to measure heat—" and so went on and on. And I'll be dogged, if the fight didn't begin to leak right out of Basil and Jared. You could see them disinflating as it leaked. Their chests sunk down. Their chins lowered. Their arms went limp at their sides. They cast abashed looks at the Dr.

"I was asking myself just now," he says, "why it would not be possible to invent an *altimeter*—the appellation to be derived from the Latin *altus* or high and the Greek *meter* or measure. 'Tis well known that the higher you ascend above sea level, the more rarified the atmosphere becomes—the less oxygen it contains, that is to say. Therefore an instrument that would register the amount of oxygen in the air would indicate the heighth of every mountain on the globe. In the interests of science, I have been a-wishing I possessed an altimeter for this next stage of our journey."

You may be sure I lost no time in falling in with this performance, and expressed the liveliest interest. "Yes," I says, "think of all the surveying it would save!"

And I will say, as a performance it was masterly, and I had to give the Dr. credit. I am convinced, that Basil and Jared did not want to fight and had been holding back for all they was worth all week, and now they had an excuse for seeming to forget their differences. 'Twas Dr. Hopper's tone of voice that done the trick, that and his bland assumption that nothing was a-miss. Maria set there, looking like she had swallowed a sneeze. The rest of us set down and discussed the Dr.'s idea for an "altimeter," and Basil said, that he had ought to patent it, and so the day was saved again. But I felt weak as a kitten, and wondered, what would happen when the day could not be saved?

June 21—I am thankful to Dr. Hopper, even though he has scarce thrown me a word ever since his trial, but only surly glances from under them bushy brows. And so to-day, as he went along to preaching service with us, I says to him in a confidential tone, I was right glad of his interference yesterday. I says, "I see you are a student of human nature, Dr."

"Let me remind you," says he, "that the study of human nature is 100% of a physician's trade. Just between you and me and the gate post," he continued, "'twas a miracle that delicate instrument did not register up in the hundreds from it's near proximity to them two hot-heads." And then he laughed and slapped me on the back, which latter proof of his returned good humor I would as lief have done without, I must allow.

For the service Rev. Throop had arrayed himself in a black gown, and had roached up his hair with water. His family set before him, taking up the whole front row. His text was from Matthew 6, 19-34: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: But lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal: For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also &c." And when he come to that part about "O, ye of little faith," I seen him fix his eye on Mr. Kane. I also seen Rosie setting beside her father, with her hair which she commonly wears in a long plat down her back done like a crown around her head, giving her the grave and delicate air of a little woman. So I had a hard time turning my attention back to the Reverent.

He was squeezing his hands together out in front of him, and inquiring in a brotherly voice, where had we come from? From Kentucky and Tennessee and Indiana and Illinois and Missouri, he says, with a sprinkling from other parts; and a few, like him, had come from the old rock ribbed New England States. And where was we a-going to? California or Oregon. And how was we a-going to get there? He had been informed, says he, that the

first question asked of emigrants in California and Oregon was, "Have you come the plains over, the Isthmus across, or the Horn around?" And to take a misleading view of the matter, this was indeed where we had come from, where we was a-going to, and how we had to get there. But the true facts of the case was that Man cometh from his Long Home, and goeth to his Long Home, and he is but a stranger here. Our pilgrimage from start to finish was the short hard journey of our life on earth.

"It is by faith you all may go at last to that place of perfect joy," he says. "Lo, it has been prepared for you from the beginning of the world. There you shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, and God shall wipe away all tears from your eyes."

Next he considered the question, why was we a-going to California and Oregon? Some, he says, wants money; some looks foward to military conquest; some wants health; some just wants to keep a-moving on; some is trying to escape past sins and their own wicked natures; some wants equality; and the ladies, God bless them, is merely going on with their same old tasks like they would go on with them anywheres. California or Kentucky, Oregon or Illinois, a Conestogy wagon or a snug little cottage, 'tis all one to them, he says, where there is mouths to be fed, and children and old folks to be tended, and husbands to be cheered and comforted, and youths and maidens to be guided on their way.

I set thinking, that for a fact there was a world of truth in all of this. I reflected in addition, that the Reverent was a more noticing little soul than I had figured, as mentally I could set people I knowed to his general descriptions of our number as neat as a pocket in a shirt.

But then the Reverent continues thisaway: "Let me beg of you, belovèd friends, let me plead with you: Desist from seeking all such worldly riches, worldly conquest, worldly wealth, worldly redemption, *and* worldly equality; for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Here Basil and the Dr. got up and brazenly walked away. "Ah, no," says he, "'tis rather on their Heavenly originals that Man should set his heart." And then he

says, that *he* was going to California to convert the Spanish there from Popery. *He* was going to seek the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and would exhort us all to do the same. 'Twas common knowledge that all Americans in California turned Roman Catholic, as no Protestants there had civil rights. And he drew a picture of the slavish Spanish Indians, full of misery, and their haughty masters, *jaunty de raisins** as they call themselves, lost in frivolous pleasures; and all because they was both Papists. "The vineyard is ripe for harvesting," he says. "Go ye and spread the Gospel!"

This unexpected conclusion got my dander up. Does it not say in the Lord's Prayer itself, "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in Heaven?" And how is the Kingdom to come on earth if not by worldly riches and worldly conquest and worldly health and worldly redemption and worldly equality? Answer me that. And when we all sung:

Lift your eyes, ye sons of light!
Zion's city is in sight.
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see;

it did not strike me as in no way an exaggeration of the fact, poor sinners though we was. We will have to do our share to make this earth a Heaven before we earn our Heaven in the skies. If we do not see our Lord before we die, I reckon we never will see Him afterwards.

June 22—Boiled down and sugared off, the Reverent's sermon did not take much time to write about. But the spoken article took up at least two hours, and as the air had filled with a misty drizzle, Maria was in a hurry to get Pudden under cover. *I* was in a hurry to catch up with the Kanes. But Basil come and stopped me, so Maria and Jared went off together.

* *gente de razon*.

"Here you are," says Basil, and give me a hand full of money. It turned out he had been to the fort and sold his lame horse, and this was the money for it he was giving me to pay for mine which was not lame and would have fetched a better price, and I had not even told him I would sell it to him. This seemed to me like a high handed action, to say the least. But I seen, that far from seeming so to him, he was feeling injured and abused to have to give me the money at all. "There's a windfall for you," says he. "I don't reckon you would loan me that amount. That would be too much to expect out of *you*."

"Or any body," I says. Then, counting it over, I continued with some indignation, "Why, this here is not much more than the price of a mule. I recollect, that you was telling me that I could buy a mule."

"You have a plenty," Basil says, "and I hain't got a Continental. If you had the instincts of a gentleman, you would have paid for the ox and not have pressed me, and now I wouldn't be asking for a loan."

"Ask Maria," says I. "She's got any money that is rightfully yourn."

But he just give me a look which told me what I knowed already: He might as well be asleep as try to get no more of that \$1,500 out of *her*. "My G—d," he says as he turned away, "why did I ever get myself mixed up with such a tribe?" And from the way he took out after Jared and Maria, I knowed the balance of his thoughts.

But when it come to the mule, I decided upon due consideration that it might be the sensible thing, now Basil in effect had swapped his lame horse for my good one; and I might have decided on it sooner if the idea had not come from Basil as an insult—"more my style altogether." So that same evening I purchased not one mule but two, by adding to the money Basil give me, one to ride and one to pack my plunder, reflecting that this arrangement would give Maria and Pudden more room in the wagon. Recalling

the Dr.'s predictions of colder weather, I also purchased a buffalo robe.

On my way back from the fort, I met up with Jared, and we fell into a little discussion of the Reverent's sermon.

"The Indians may hold out again powder and lead, smallpox and whiskey," Jared says. "But, by G—d, I'll feel sorry for 'em when the Reverent gets 'em!"

"Brother," says I, "you speak my mind."

Having picketed my mules, I worked on this journal quite a spell, and then turned in and read my chapter, and had just blowed out the lantern when here and there the sounds of revelry a-rose in camp, and then a general pandemonium. In the morning I learnt, that a good share of our company had been lightening their loads by drinking up their stock of whiskey, and on a Sunday, too. If any needed to get shet of their whiskey, could they not have merely poured it on the ground? But, no, it did not seem they could. Till well on to midnight my slumbers was disturbed, and even after that "Old Dan Tucker" lonesomely hung on.

Basil did not join in this debauch, our load having been lightened of his five gal. kag by it going down his and his cronies' gullets; and I suspicioned, he had wanted that loan to buy more whiskey at the fort.

However, as I laid there under the wagon, my vexations was dispersed by thoughts of little R——, and I was almost glad to stay awake just to be able to picture her in my mind's eye as we had stood outside the fort the day before, and as she had looked at preaching service that afternoon, and to go over in my head what she had said to me and what I had said to her. I also contrasted in surprise the state of physical misery in which I had arrived at Ft. Laramie a few days before with my great improvement in health and spirits, and wondered, if the beneficent influence of my little girl had wrought the cure or merely the sweet waters of Laramie Creek.

June 23—Monday morning I learnt as well that the worst of the commotion Sunday night—them sounds as of lunatics and demons on a spree—had been owing to the Sioux holding a war dance under the influence of the whiskey to which some members of our company had treated them and others sold them, Mr. Smead amongst the latter. As we broke camp, the Sioux in procession passed us by, going in the opposite direction. They was conducting their women and children to a site on the Platte about 50 miles away, there to leave them under the care of the old men whilst the warriors proceeds on an expedition again the Snakes and Crows. Their head chief, Whirlwind, has stirred up the war to revenge the death of his son, his son's scalp being the one we seen a-hanging in the fort.

In the van of each squadron was a young female gorgeously decorated, mounted on a prancing fat horse, and holding in her hand a pole from which dangled a gilt ball, brass trinkets, bright feathers, and fresh flowers. The chiefs in garish array followed behind these female ensign bearers, also riding horses. Next come the women, children, and pack animals squadron by squadron, and last of all the warriors, and these was riding, too.

The men was powerfully built and supple and handsome. From the back of each man's head descended a string of brass discs. His chest and arms was naked, a buffalo robe falling about his waist and confined there by a belt. His arrows, in a quiver of spotted dog skin, hung at his back beside his round shield of white bull hide. The young women was beautiful as nymphs of poesy. Their complexions was light copper color, their features regular, their forms symmetrical, and when they was not rouged the natural glow of the blood displayed itself in their cheeks. I was some disappointed to find out, that there is an aristocracy even amongst these *children of Nature*; but the female dress of the higher orders was undeniably graceful, consisting of a buck skin shirt and buck skin pantaloons, all tastefully embroidered with colored beads; and the buck skin was white as the paper on which I write and flexible as muslin. But the old women, a-straddle

of the pack horses, their gray hair streaming loose, did not wear a stitch to hide their shrivelled limbs but tattered buffalo robes.

The poles of their lodges was fastened at the upper ends to pack horses on either side, the lower ends dragging on the ground. Cross pieces strapped in the rear of the horses afforded a frame work on which the baggage and sometimes the children was placed, and the smaller children was in willow cages having doors in the sides. These frame works is called *travos*, and Maria could not hardly believe her eyes when she seen some of their numerous dogs a-dragging little *travos* behind them on the ground. I could not get over the sight of Indians on horse back, as it seems more natural for an Indian to go on foot. Horses also makes them much more dangerous foes than any Indians they used to have in Kentucky and Ohio, and from all accounts those was plenty bad enough.

Not an Indian in the whole long column uttered a word or appeared to see a thing. They maintained a slow pace and perfect silence, their eyes gazing into space, and the whoops and cheers of both derision and admiration with which our train saluted them had no effect upon their stern deportment.

That day we travelled over broken country covered with wild sage, and when evening come encamped near a grove of cotton woods and a small creek. Not far from camp the creek fell into the Platte below a *canyon* of the river, this canyon being perpendicular walls of red sand stone every bit 200 ft. in heighth. The wild sage, used to eke out the fire wood, burns with a strong smell of turpentine and camphor. The mountain air is redolent of aromatic plants.

After supper I practiced packing one of my mules. All day I had been forced to dismount from one mule to re-pack the other, and then would not advance no more than five or six miles before the pack again was swinging under the belly of the animal, and I again dismounted and re-packed—to the entertainment of the onlookers as the train rolled past; and I even thought, I could detect a sly leer on the countenance of the mule itself, as much as

to say, I was a perfect tyro at the art of mule packing. 'Twas right aggravating to see Basil riding along on my gray horse as big as Cuffy.

Distance: 20 mi.

June 24—Next day our route laid through a dry creek bed, over high ridges, and through deep narrow gulches. The trail was deep in powdery sand, and the dust so thick that, riding beside our wagon, I could not see our team no more than half the time. We passed Laramie's Peak through scenery which was the abomination of desolation. We pitched our camp at a small spring-branch in a hollow of a ridge. The air had an autumnal feel. The wind blowed chill from the north west. My *old ailment* had tuned up again, and ever since has been a-getting worse. So no more to-night.

Distance: 16 mi.

June 25—Yesterday we met fifteen men driving before them thirty horses, these being their fresh mounts to which they changed when the horses they was riding got tired, but the men themselves looked tired enough. They was on their way to the States from Oregon, being resolved to return next year with their families and make that country their residence for life. They anxiously interrogated us about the dicker in progress with Great Britain, but said, when we could not tell them much, that the Americans in Oregon already had a provisional government, and was betting on the American Fur Co. to win out over the Hudson Bay Co., and sooner or later Oregon would be admitted to the Union; although they added, that the Indians was in cahoots with the British, and life in them parts was accordingly not no bed of roses yet.

That afternoon the trail was alive with immense swarms of insects. Our oxen crushed them under foot; so did my mules; and the ground on both sides was hopping with them.

Drawing up along side Jared, I says to him, "In color, shape, and motion, these closely resembles the common grasshopper."

"These?" he says. "Grasshoppers?" he says. "Why, these is cattywampuses."

"How?" I says, not thinking I had understood him rightly.

"Cattywampuses," he says, "them rare and dangerous animiles. They are seldom, if ever, seen once in a life time, and them that sees them hardly ever lives to tell the tale. They are a highly interesting phenomenon," he says, pointing his nose at the sky and sing-singing his words, "very worthy of note. When ranging in their native wilds they have been observed to spit their deadly poison at a distance of many feet, and when it hits a fellow there is not no cure again it except a charm an old Digger Indian learnt me once."

"And what is that?" I says very gravely, as I was on to him by this time.

"Why," he says, "firmly grasping the offending reptile by it's hinder limbs and rearward portions, the unfortunate fellow must repeat the following as rapidly as possible in order to get it all said before he expires in his agonies:

Spit, spit tobacco juice,
And then I'll turn you loose."

"Now that's a singular thing," I says. "Back in Kentucky, when I was just a little shaver in a tow shirt and butternut britches, an old negro, name of Uncle Ham, learnt me that identical same charm to cunjur grasshoppers with." And I never cracked a smile.

But I must say, I had been a-seeing so many strange sights of late that I had naturally supposed, whatever them insects was, they was not grasshoppers. The familiar grasshopper? It could not be.

We halted in a small oval valley through which a rivulet flowed eastwards, like all streams hereabouts, ever towards the Father of Waters. But when we shall have crossed the Great Divide, all streams will be a-flowing westwards towards the Pacific Ocean. Before supper Maria and me gethered a mess of green pease from

the wild pea vines which grew around our camp. Boiled and seasoned, they were not inferior to the garden product of Kentucky, but soon after I had eaten them I was taken with the cramps. Passed a painful night. It came on very cold.

Distance: 20 mi.

June 26—In the morning my buffalo robe was hoary with frost, and the grass throughout the valley was stiffened and white.

During the day a Capt. Welles came up with us, rode with us a spell, and then went on. He was telling me, he was a mountain trapper, but had once held a commission in the British Army, and had been in the battles of Waterloo and New Orleans. He was an elderly man, but spare and vigorous. He said, the Rockies has their white as well as their copper color population. Adventure, misanthropy, and outlawry entices or drives such persons from the haunts of civilization. Many has Indian wives and large half breed families, and polygamy is common, the price of a wife being one horse. I kept looking the Capt. over as he rode beside me, and supposing that under the guise of generalities he was describing himself, could not scarce believe that I, Unwin Shaw, was hobnobbing with such a human oddity. A few weeks ago I would have found it even harder to believe that he was a right nice old fellow, too.

Passed a camp ground where some forward company had been lightening their loads, upwards of \$100 worth of tools and provisions being thrown away. The face of the country had become still dryer and more broken, but when we camped on Beaver Creek the grass and water was good and wood abundant. Timber which edged the creek chiefly box elder and willows. All around bloomed brilliant flowers.

I did not feel no better, but worse if possible. That day the motion of my mule was torture, but I was not the better pleased on that account when I had to dismount and re-pack "old Jinny."

Distance: 18 mi.

June 27—One of the ladies of our company, a Mrs. Connor, being upon the verge of her confinement, 'twas voted to remain where we was; and a young couple took the opportunity to be married. The bride was a pretty young lady which, I doubt not, will be the ancestress of future heroes and statesmen on the shores of the Pacific. The wedding ceremony, performed by Rev. Throop, took place in front of the tent of the bride's parents. There was no music nor dancing, but cake was handed round to all. As we was partaking of this collation the tidings was brought that Mrs. C. had been delivered of a girl, giving rise to rude jests at the expense of the bride and groom.

Rosie was amongst those present, with her father and mother and one of her brothers, a youth called "Brandy." I could not help but wonder, if her and me would ever thus be joined in connubial felicity, and kept turning my eyes towards her as I wondered also, in a kind of tremulous exaltation, if this thought was occurring to her. But I wondered at a distance, feeling as I did like the hind sides of misery. There is different varieties of sicknesses, some noble and some not. A broken bone or a high fever can only commend a man to the tender female heart, or so I figured; but not so an ailment such as mine; and I knowed, if I went up to her, I would have to give some good excuse for my woebegone appearance.

The greater part of that day I spent in Jared's tent, sound asleep, and when I woke along towards evening, felt some recuperated. The willows along the creek was draped with all shapes and sizes of wearing apparel hung up to dry, the ladies having declared a grand "wash day."

That night I heared a distant din of pots and pans being clashed together, and hoots and cat calls, where some of the young men was giving the new married pair a *shivaree*.

Distance: none.

June 28—When I rose from my bivouac the landscape grew dim, the ground appeared to wave up and down, and the trees and wagons to swing back and forth. I could not walk without I staggered like a drunken man. On the march 'twas all I could do to keep from falling from my mule, despite my saddle which is high at back and front. That afternoon I was conscious that some body had tied my pack mule to the rear axle of our wagon, and that from time to time Jared come up, helped me to dismount, and administered spoon fulls of a fiery liquid to me. It give my whole system a jolt, causing my heart to beat in my ears, my fingers and toes to tingle, and the blood to mount to my head.

I recollect inquiring, "Is that whiskey?" never having tasted none, as I am proud to say.

"How you talk!" says Jared. "This is Rocky Mt. dew."

I did not believe him, but in truth was too weak to resist.

We made our camp on a timbered creek. Much plagued with buffalo gnats and musketos.

Distance: 12 mi.

June 28—Deer and antelope frequently sighted. A bush called "grease wood," about three ft. in heighth with bright green foliage, disputed the occupancy of the soil with the wild sage in places. The sun flower, wild daisy, and a flower emitting a perfume like the heliotrope exhibited theirselves. Near smothered with the dust. No rain seemed to have fell in a long time.

Rode in the wagon, but as Maria in the goodness of her heart kept threatening to get out and walk again, I clambered down when we made our nooning. Rode my mule the balance of the day, firmly refusing all further dosages from Jared, though he meant well and can be a real kind hearted fellow when he wants to be. Struck the Platte once more, which at that point was not much more than 200 ft. wide, and travelled up the south bank where we encamped. The ground was so hard (or I was so weak) to hammer in my mule pickets was almost more than I could do. Heard

to-day, that the Connors has named their new little daughter "California."

Whilst I set working at this journal Jared come up and stood over me. "You will go on with that plague gonad writing, won't you?" he says.

Distance: 22 mi.

June 29—Travelling up the Platte twelve or thirteen miles, we forded it and clumb the high bluffs overlooking the river valley. Vegetation covering table land on our right brown and dead with drought. Passed great piles of rocks shaped like columns and cones, some red, some black, the infernal colors. These, with deep gulches, main features of our route. Several times the whole train had to stop whilst the wagon wheels was lashed together to slow them on the down grades. Passed several ponds crusted with a white substance resembling snow which Dr. Hopper, licking a little from his finger, pronounced to be carbonate of sody.

"But up yonder," says he, pointing to some mountain summits, "that is snow, the everlasting snows."

Owing to the difficulties of the trail, we did not halt till ten P.M. I rode all the way whilst the scenery blurred and heaved around me. I was right glad to have a hat again. In that hot sun I do not think I could have come it bare headed. Old Jinny continued to give trouble. I think, she swallows air, then lets it out to loosen the belly band and make herself more comfortable.

Near camp was a spring at which we all drank, and when I tasted of it, thought to myself, "*Oh-oh*," as it was strong with salts and sulphur.

Distance: 20 mi.

June 30—In the night, true to my misgivings, I was seized with more violent and exhausting spasms than any I had experienced. I will confide in these pages, that after one of them attacks tears

bathed my cheeks, such was my pain, weakness, and despair. I clearly seen my hasty grave beside our trail, marked by a piece of plank in which a hot poker had burnt my name and dates of birth and death, like that woman's grave we had passed ten days back. And for that matter, ignoble though it sounds, many a poor fellow has died of the *trots*.

Next morning I clumb up on the wagon seat beside Maria, and as we started the day's march, I says to her, "Maria, if anything happens to me, I want my nephew Humphrey to have my books and you to have my money, what there is. \$350 of it is your inheritance anyways, you know, because I got \$1,050 when I sold the house and store and eighty acres, and I give Samantha her share. As for the rest of my little gear, you can give it to any body who may need it. But give a lock of my hair to Rosie Kane," I says, and turned away my face, speech failing me.

Maria said, she "did not think it would come to that"; but later in the day, whilst I was laying on a pallet in the wagon, Dr. Hopper come a-riding up and looked in at the back; and it crossed my mind that Maria had very likely summonsed him. Injunction or no injunction, that would not stop Maria.

"I am not a-going to prescribe for you," the Dr. says, "and indeed you yourself have rendered that impossible, which would be poetic justice if it were not that I am persuaded that nothing but rest and peace of mind and pure water is going to do you any good. You are of a more nervous disposition than these here farmers and back woodsmen," he says, "and a man's nerves not infrequently comes out in his stomach. Stress and strain resides in many a belly ache; the which combined with this D—I's brew that serves as drinking water in these parts has laid you low, and there is not no medicine under the sun will put you right. But keep a stiff upper lip," he says. "You are hardier than you think. Many a man like you has lived to reach a ripe old age. A creaking gate hangs longest."

Well, this guaranty of a long and painful life might not have seemed like cheering news to some, but I was mortal glad to hear

it. Then, shortly after mid day, we reached a grassy hollow through which a stream of clear water flowed. I was feverish and so thirsty I could not swallow nor utter a sound, and nothing could not have been a more welcome sight. Crawling down from the wagon, near fainting, I hastened to the stream, fell down beside it, and scooped up water in my hand; but what was my disappointment when I tasted it and found it bitter as gall—undrinkable! I commenced digging up the sand with my fingers, hoping to find sweet water, and so did others desperate as myself, but without no success. Some body, however, searching around, discovered at the lower end of the valley, in the side of a bank, a small spring and a basin of good water. It's deliciousness was past description. We drank draught after draught. Then I laid down in our wagon and slept like a child.

Whilst I slept 'twas determined by vote to camp in that place for the night, as many was laid up like me; and on learning I was not the only *weak brother*, felt a mite comforted. Oxen is dying every day from these saline waters. One family in our own company has been obliged to yoke up their cow. So, as I am not dead yet, I conclude, that I am not *as strong as an ox*, but stronger.

Maria walked most of the A.M., carrying Pudden.

Distance: 15 mi.

July



July 1—Yesterday we mounted to the top of a ridge from which we had a view of the Sweetwater River Mts. uprearing their bald and rocky peaks; and I well understood why hereabouts any river or mountains affording *sweet water* would be distinguished by this name. Passed several dead oxen and others alive but abandoned. We then come to a well known land mark called "Independence Rock" from the circumstances of it having been the place where one of the first emigrant companies to Oregon celebrated Independence Day. It is an isolated elevation about 100 ft. high and a mile or more around. The names of emigrants to the number of several thousand is painted and cut upon it; and many of our company halted and added their names to the collection. Being still too weak to lift a finger, I did not follow their example. Neither did Basil; but *he* says:

Fools' names, like their faces,
Is often seen in public places.

Proceeding up the bank of the Sweetwater River, we passed the "D—I's Gate," a fissure in the mountain wall through which the river flows, and made our camp a little beyond.

From the wagon I seen some more of them seemingly frozen ponds.

Distance: 23 mi.

July 4—I am inditing these lines at "Pacific Spring" where *we* have stopped to celebrate the Glorious Fourth and pass the night; and feeling in better health, am in hopes of once more bringing this journal up to date. In pursuance of the which intention, will

say, that on July 1st we went through a gap between two mountain ranges and beheld the Wind River Mts. white with snow more than half way down. These is the highest crest of the Rockies. That day our distance was 22 miles, part of which I rode my mule, the other part of which Maria walked, in spite of all I could say to her.

July 2nd, we heard, that Mr. Kane was down with the "camp fever," not the first report of this dread disease in our midst. It's cause is unknown, but the Dr. expressed it as his opinion, that the cows, from being constantly exercised in the sun, is feverish themselves and probably communicates their fever through their milk. Such is not the case with our immediate outfit, as our cow give up the ghost early in the game. But it is drink milk and get the camp fever or drink water and get the trots.

Regarding the former, the Dr. says, "'Tis my *understanding* of the matter that this ailment is characterized by a half torpor, pulse slow and irregular, sometimes rolling with a throbbing volume, then sinking to a wirey feel, the while a cold sweat stands out on the brow. The propensity of those afflicted is to guzzle medicines under the delusion that the larger the amount, the more speedily a cure will be effected. Prickly ash, lobelia, pocoon, cohosh, May Apple root, and Liquid Flames and Bread Of Heaven," says he, "administered in inordinate amounts is deleterious in the extreme. These deluded persons," says he, "stand in grave need of a physician's care," and he stared at me with meaning.

But, listening to this precise account of their symptoms, I very much feared that in the dead of night the Dr. had already give the advice afore mentioned.

That day we continued up the Sweetwater, but occasionally left the bank of the stream and struck across the rolling table land, thus cutting off the bends. In the evening the air was full of musketos of uncommon ferocity, regular galley nippers. Rode all day. Distance: 19 mi.

On July 3rd we passed eight or ten oxen, dead and partially eat

by wolves. The little harmless "prairie wolves," which only gnawed our raw hide picket ropes, was a different story from these great white or gray wolves. Their deep howl fills the night.

Just before we encamped some buffalos was sighted and Basil took out after one of them. He returned swinging his hat, hallooing in triumph, and commandeered my pack mule. Col. Whaley, Davey Fitzgerald, and others rode out to slaughter the animal and bring in the meat. The buffalo was a cow, tender and juicy, and we enjoyed a sumptuous supper, it being a mighty agreeable change from fat middling. Basil is a crack shot, I allow, though not as good as Jared who can split a willow withe in two at a distance of fifty yds., as I have seen him do. But being a guide and driver, he does not have the chance to go out after game.

The green grass on which we made our camp was ornamented with the blue blossoms of the lupin and surrounded by willows. As my health was improved, my thoughts turned longingly to little R——. So, having the excuse of asking after her father, I walked that way when evening come; and finding her setting all by herself on the tongue of a wagon, I just took her hand in one of mine and put my other arm around her waist, and we walked down amongst the willows without a word. It all come about so natural.

As I was retiring for the night I heard Basil and Maria disputing in the wagon over my head, and gethered he had decided after all to tackle her on the subject of that money sewed up in one of their quilts.

"A man has got to have a little pocket money," I heard him say.

"Pocket money!" says Maria. "What is there to spend it on betwixt here and California? Gambling?"

And so the argument continued as I dozed off to sleep, and dreamt all night of my darling girl.

Distance: 17 mi.

July 5—Yesterday, which was Independence Day, we left the Sweetwater and ascended a very gentle incline to the *South Pass*

Of The Rocky Mts. or dividing ridge which separates the tributary waters of the Atlantic and Pacific. We have been a-climbing the Rockies ever since we left Ft. Laramie, but so insensibly we would never have knowed it from direct experience; and now there is nothing to tell us neither that we are on the ridge pole, so to speak, of the North American Continent except them imposing sentinels on our right, the snow caps and barren peaks of the mighty Wind River range. The *Pass* is a gap in the mountains many miles in breadth, and the *Pacific Spring* where we are encamped, two miles west of the Pass, is estimated to be 983 miles from Independence, Mo. On our national holiday we traveled twenty miles to reach this place, but as the going was good and we made all speed I had more than an hour of day light in which to write up this journal whilst the rest made camp. Being without a tent has some advantages.

Just about sundown I and Dr. Hopper ascended the highest elevation near our camp and took a farewell look towards the East, but we only seen some far mountain tops a-shining in the reflected glory of the West—sublime and lonesome.

"The resolution almost faints when contemplating the extent of the journey we have already accomplished," the Dr. says, "not to mention the distance yet to be traversed before we reach our final destination."

"That's so," I says. Then after a silence I remarked, "My grandfather Shaw come from Virginia."

"My father come from New Jersey," says the Dr.

We both stood there, gazing Eastwards, and the strangest feeling rose up in me. There I was, a-straddle of the Continent, with one foot in the Atlantic Ocean and the other foot in the Pacific Ocean.

"We will get there, never fear," I says, "God willing."

"Amen," says the Dr., and took off his hat.

We had travelled that day on the understanding that when we come to the Pacific Spring we would have a celebration; and many had gathered dead willow limbs at our camp ground of the night

before to build a great bonfire. So when the Dr. and I got back Maria already had the supper things washed up and was changing her clothes in the wagon. She had unpacked her brown wool dress for the occasion, and a brown silk mantle, and her brown bonnet encircled by a handsome plume; and though she had not put on her hoops, when she clumb down she looked so elegant I could not hardly believe it was her. But I seen right away that her mind was not on her looks. She was a-blaze with fury.

"Give it to me," she says to Basil, holding out her hand and standing up so straight in front of him she looked like she had dined on a gun barrel.

Basil, who was setting down, just looked up at her with an aggravating smile.

"Hand it here," Maria says. "I would be ashamed to steal from my own family."

Basil's smile begun to look a little put on. "A man can't steal his own money," he says.

"That money is mine and Pudden's as much as yourn," Maria says. "That is all we'll have to live on when we get to California."

"There is plenty left," says Basil, and stuck his hands inside his belt, and looked away.

"How much did you take?" says Maria.

"What concern is that of yourn?" says Basil, standing up and looking around with a snarl. "I had a right to take it all if I had been a mind to. Not one penny of it is yourn, Miss Priss. Remember that. I married you in the clothes you stood in."

"Oh," says Maria in a wondering tone, as if she could not hardly believe her ears. "How I despise you."

"If this is to be a curtain lecture, Madam, I'd advise you to pick another time," says Basil. "Don't make a spectacle of yourself."

"I don't know who is here that I'm ashamed to talk in front of," says Maria, looking at me and Jared. Jared was leaning up again a wagon wheel, thoughtfully snaking that long whip of hisn back and forth across the ground. "I don't see no body here," she says, "would be surprised to know how much I hate you!"

"Including our young bull whacker, I suppose," says Basil, very nasty.

"Oh, yes, indeed," Maria says, as haughty as sin.

"Ah, you strumpet!" Basil says.

I heard a whizzing noise, but Jared had let fly that whip so fast I did not see it. The first I seen was Basil with his head flung back, his fists clenched up in front of him, and the whip coiled round his neck.

"That don't hurt you none," says Jared. "There's a trick in how I throwed it. Next time, I'll snatch your head right off."

Basil was a-trying to uncoil the whip, but Jared stepped off and hauled on it, and Basil begun to choke.

"Now you give back that money," Jared says.

Basil looked at Jared and was fumbling at his money belt when Maria says hysterically, "I don't want it! Let him keep it! I was born poor, and I'll die poor!"

Then she run and got up on the wagon wheel and reached inside the wagon. "Here," she says, a-dragging out a quilt and running back to Basil with it. I seen one end of it was ripped to shreds. "Take it," she says, thrusting it at him all wadded up. "Good riddance to bad rubbish! I wouldn't keep it now if I was starving to death!"

So Jared flipped the whip loose and went over and took it off of Basil who just stood there, with the wadded up quilt in his hands, looking like a sheep-killing dog.

"Now you're fixed," says Jared. "The Col. and the Dr. will have good pickings now."

Basil give a growl and made a motion in Jared's direction. But Jared twitched the tail of the whip along the ground, and Basil let fall his arm.

"Such a set!" he says, a-looking around at all of us. "A nice lot to have to associate with! What a G—d d——n fool I was to ever leave Kentucky!" And he chucked the quilt on the ground and turned on his heel and walked away.

Maria sunk down on a box, buried her face in her hands, and begun to sob. But just then Pudden in the wagon commencing to cry, she went and got him and set down again, hugging him up and rocking him back and forth, and sobbing like she never would stop. I never seen her in such a passion.

I looked at Jared, and Jared looked at me.

"You going to the doings?" he says at last.

"I *had* thought so," I says.

"Better come. Bring her along," he says, nodding at Maria. "It will give her something else to think about. She got herself all dressed up to go," he says, and firmed his mouth and shook his head and started off.

"Look out for Basil!" I called after him, as privately I thought, Basil would kill him now.

"Oh, he has shot his bolt and gone his length," says Jared, looking back. "He's done for." But this seemed overly optimistic to me.

I picked up the quilt and put it back in the wagon, then set myself to coax Maria to go with me to the celebration. So after-while she washed her face at the water kag, and got another shawl for Pudden, and I clambered over the tongue and trace chains where our wagon was coupled to the next. Maria handed me Pudden and vaulted over, finery and all, with a kind of subdued violence which told me her mind was still on Basil and she was not thinking of appearances. But from the way she done it, so careless and easy, I was reminded that she is only nineteen years old; and it struck me she was burdened with a woman's troubles before her time.

Although she has been housekeeping, cooking and scrubbing, since the age of ten, there is something of the tom boy in her she never has got rid of. I recollect, right up to the time she was married, she used to be a great whistler; and I would say to her:

"A whistling girl and a crowing hen
Will never come to no good end."

Then when she flew into a temper, like she always done at that, I would say:

“Maria, Maria,
With her petticoat on fire.”

But any teasing of her I ever done come out of real affection; and I think, she has always been right fond of “Winnie,” too. Maria and me has been through thick and thin together, and mostly thin.

But to resume, the whole sky was illuminated from the bonfire in the center of the corral, and folks was gethered around the edges, and Col. Whaley, standing on a barrel at one side, was making the speech of the evening as Mr. Kane had requested him to do—by way of pouring more oil on the troubled waters, I presume. It had been intended for Mr. Kane to lead off by reading out the Declaration of Independence, but as he was too sick to be there, that part of the ceremonies had been omitted, and the Col. was half through when we walked up. But as much as I heard was well worth writing down.

He was saying, that when Texas become a State of the Union last year, 'twas a foregone conclusion that California would be annexed. “President Polk coolly informed the Cabinet so,” he says; “and for many years Mr. Webster has been determined on securing California for the Yankee China-trade and whaling just as his inveterate enemy, Mr. Calhoun, has been determined on securing Texas for the planters. Now Mr. Calhoun has got his Texas, his ‘pen to cram more slaves in.’ So Mr. Webster will unquestionably get his California. Even as I speak, upon the Rio Grande, some bloody battle field this very day has been a scene of travail. California is being born into the family of the States. I am confident that this is so, such is my faith that the sacrifices of our gallant troops and their intrepid leader, Gen. Zachary Taylor—” Here every body clapped so hard he had to stop. “—will not be in vain,” he then went on; “however much I personally deplore the probability that we ourselves will therefore lose our chances at a smell of powder.

"Within my life time, ladies and gentlemen, Louisiana has been purchased of the French, and Florida of Spain. Now Texas has come in, and who can doubt that Oregon and California will be next? I do not doubt it as I look upon these faces here to-night. We are shaping up into a mighty nation. Our contours is becoming plain. Our bright destiny is manifest. One dark cloud only lays a-thwart the glorious sun rise, a cloud at first no bigger than a man's hand, but growing darker and looming larger. Take care, I say, it does not overwhelm us. For that cloud, ladies and gentlemen, that threat to every promise, every hope, is not *Slavery*, as many would have you think, but the internal dissensions and altercations this institution gives rise to. Such of us here as is future citizens of the free State, California, shall not forget that we were taken in to balance the slave State, Texas. We shall not be *allowed* to forget this ominous *quid pro quo*. But we *must* forget it, ladies and gentlemen, we must not permit it to influence our thoughts nor to swerve our actions by one jot or tittle. Not as slave and free, not as North and South, but as Americans all, we must march fowards shoulder to shoulder towards a better day and a more *splendid* future!"

Well, I have heared some pretty good Fourth of July speakers in my time, old Judge Cox amongst others. But the Col. then swung into a peroration that was all hands down the finest for it's choice of language and it's rousing qualities:

"Let us guard again contentions, schisms, and disunions. Pluck not a single plume, cripple not one pinion, of the Heaven daring bird that we have chosen as our symbol. Let his flight be still as far, as strong, *as* fearless! Let him soar amid the full effulgence of a noon day sun, and that the sun of liberty for all—all, I say, who by their brutish forms, childish dispositions, and degraded intellects do not appear to be designed by Nature to be a mockery of human kind and by Holy Writ to serve as hewers of wood and drawers of water! Pluck not one star from the rich group that sparkle in our country's banner! Let them shine in all the brightness of untarnished lustre as a beacon to the storm tost nations

of the earth, and of the home which *they* adorn! Let them *shine*, outshone by none save by those brighter constellations of a world above!"

"Well done, well done!" the Dr. cries behind me, clapping hands. "Brah-vo!" he hollers out. And all around us people was shouting and applauding. I would say, the Col. *brought down the house*, only this expression would not apply to the *corral*. But whilst the Col. was bowing left and right and twirling up them big mustachios, and in his gratification very near stepping off his barrel, the Dr. says in my ear, "I could not have delivered it better, although I did write it myself."

"You?" I says.

"Yes, certainly," he says. "You don't think a wooden head like him could write a speech like that? He has been a-getting it up from manuscript all day, like a stage actor. Not," he says, "that I did not write it to order. It does not express *my* sentiments. The Col. is from Maryland, and therefore hopes to stave off the inevitable. Also you did not hear the first of it, when he was telling how he had fought the British in 1812, and had started out for California in the hopes of fighting the Spanish, but would never be able to take up arms against his fellow country men, be they Northerners or Southerners. As for me," the Dr. says, "I think, that it will come to internecine strife, with brother against brother, reluctant as I am to think so."

"Well," I says, "no body could not be more down on the big planters than what I am. They forced my grandfather Shaw to leave Virginia. They done my grandfather Kendricks out of his property in Kentucky. And you might even say, Maria and me is on our way to California now because of them. But on the other hand, I must admit, I wouldn't like to see the country over run with a lot of free niggers. I ain't no Abolitionist. A little patience on both sides," I says, "and this great Human Experiment will weather through all right."

"Ah, you come from a border State yourself," the Dr. says. "You are a born fence straddler. Henry Clay comes from Kentucky, too."

And I had to allow, there might be some truth in what he said.

Then them which was setting down a-rose and we all sung "The Star Spangled Banner," the men taking off their hats, after which, amidst enthusiastic cheering, three kags of whiskey was rolled foward near the fire, and these forthwith become the center of attraction. Some forehandedly had saved them from going down *the red lane* that Sunday at the fort.

"Get your name in the pot," a rough looking fellow says to me. "This is the last chance to wet your whistle this side of the Pacific Ocean."

I seen he had a tin cup in his hand, and then that every man amongst the others crowding up had tin cups, too. The Col., having dismounted from his barrel, took stand behind the middle kag as toast master; and there was further cheering as the heads of the kags was knocked in.

"Mrs. Prettyman," the Dr. says to Maria, "ain't you a-going to make him loosen up to-night?" meaning me. "Putting it as a hypothetical case, seeing I am unable to speak as his physician, it would be the very thing for what ails him—in more ways than one, in more ways than one," he says, laying his arm across my shoulders and giving me a jovial smile out of them curly brown whiskers.

"Why, bless my soul, Mr. Shaw," says Col. Whaley, overhearing this, "won't you drink to the Constitution of the United States? That is to be the first toast." And he produced a tin cup, dipped it full, and pressed it upon me.

I says, right nimble wittedly, I thought, "Why, yes, I reckon I can afford to wet my lips to that"; and took the cup, although it was the appearance of evil.

"That's the ticket!" says the Dr., and I even seen Maria trying to smile at me in a wicked manner to tease me, dissembling her dejection. But I was resolved to disappoint them all, and that was what I done. I can truthfully say, no body was never more stone cold sober on a Fourth of July.

"Now, gentlemen, if you please!" the Col. shouts, and others hollered, "Silence!" "I propose as the first toast of the evening,

our glorious Constitution!" the Col. shouts. So every body upped tin cups, and it was drank. Then the Dr. proposed "the Flag," and it was drank. Then Mr. Gann proposed "the American fair," and it was drank, all looking at the ladies. Other toasts was the President of the U. S., the Vice-president of the U. S., the heads of the Departments, George Washington, the officers and soldiers of the Revolution, the Day, the American fair, the People, our Farmers and Mechanics, the American fair, Gen. Lafayette, the Love of Country, the Old Trojan (Gen. Taylor), Old Hickory, Col. Crockett, the People's Servants—may they never become the People's Masters, and Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty (the Government, Army and Navy, and our fair Country Women), all of which was drank. Each time, I merely "wet my lips" as I had said, but others was re-filling at almost every toast. Then I myself proposed: "Here's to the Future! Here's to them Golden Shores!" Then Col. Whaley give the final one, "the American fair," declaiming:

"Oh, Woman, Woman, thou wast made,
Like Heaven's own pure and lovely light,
To cheer Life's dark and desert shade
And guide Man's erring foot steps right!"

during which, I could not but observe, he looked steadfastly at Maria.

I also seen Rosie and her brother "Brandy" around the fire from me. She had her hair done like a crown around her head again and was wearing a little white shoulder shawl which was mighty becoming. But before I could get to her, the toasting was concluded amidst more cheers, and the men got down to their drinking in earnest, which was the signal for the ladies to depart.

I was about to accompany Maria back to the wagon, aiming to retire to rest myself, when not far from us a fight broke out, and people pressed so close around us, trying to get a view, that we was brought to a stand still. I heared some body sing out, "Shame on you! Hit the Reverent, would you?" Next I heared another

voice which was only too well known to me: "Then let him keep his d—n mouth shut!" though it was immediately cut short by snarls and growls and muffled imprecations.

"That's Basil," says Maria.

"Trust him for a trouble maker," I says, and tried harder than ever to push and scrouge to get her away from there. But the motion of the crowd was all the other direction, and instead of getting away we was pushed closer and closer. Presently there we was, on the very edge of the fracas, and there was Basil with two men holding his arms, and he looked terrible. I did not know, if he was drunk or what. If he had drank every one of them toasts, he had a right to be; and yet he looked more like he had gone (went?) for a week without no sleep since I had seen him little more than an hour before. His hat was off, and his eyes was blood shot, and his face was haggard; and though he must have been a-struggling with his captors before we got there, from the way they had a holt of his arms, he was now so limp he was almost hanging by them.

Facing him was Rev. Throop, with the fire light full upon him, and he was standing fowards in a way which put me in mind of nothing so much as a good little boy which a big bad boy is after, but which has the owdacity to sass him inside the safety of his own front gate. His hands was behind his back, one knee and that slipper chin of hisn was well pushed out, and he was smiling with his crack of a mouth very superior and condescending, and talking very proper and precise.

"This is not the personal matter you seem to think it is, my friend," he says. "On the contrary, it involves ship subsidies, tariffs, banks, internal improvements, free land grants, the U. S. mail, the return of fugitive slaves, the right of petition, and the admission of new States as Col. Whaley has just reminded us; and in all these matters, you and your kind are again the majority of the population, and that by far the more advanced and more industrious part, even south of the Mason and Dixon Line."

"Ah, you d—n Yankee butt-in-sky!" Basil says.

"D—n the preacher, will you?" says one of his captors, taking

a fresh grip on him, and he give Basil a kick in the shin; where at Basil commenced to struggle again.

"Furthermore," the Reverent says, raising his voice, "it may be true that the slaves is kindly treated in some instances, but their owners has the *right* to be cruel under your infamous system whenever they feel like it, and that is not infrequently, my friend, according to reliable sources of information. As for the practice of breeding slaves, I can not bring myself to soil my lips with the terms of filthiness by which it would rightly be described. I will only say, that the atheist Thomas Jefferson, when he was well past seventy years of age, fathered unnumbered generations of groaning slaves. I will only repeat the words of that God fearing man, William Lloyd Garrison, if I call slavery a crime, a d—ning crime."

"Ho, the Reverent can cuss, too!" some body hollered, and raised a laugh. At the same time Basil give a mighty wrench to get loose and also hollers, "Ah, you G—d d—n Abolitionist son of a b——h!"

"Hold him, hold him!" every body says, and "For shame!"

Well, I knowed this was not the first maltreatment Basil had had that day, and I very near felt sorry for him, he looked so desperate. 'Twas pitiful to see him stop his straining and twisting and just give up again. There was a minute when I would not have minded giving that jimber jawed little preacher a punch in the smile, myself; not but what I did not think he had the right of it to some extent.

Then, as Basil turned them blood shot eyes about him, his glance fell on Maria and me. "Ah!" he says in a flighty voice like a fever patient's. "There's that brother-in-law of mine, Mr. Unwin Shaw! Him and the Parson is cut from the same piece of shoddy. Birds of a feather!" he says, and laughed. "And there's Madam, my wife. She's his sister. I may as well take a leaf from the Parson's book when it comes to her, and say, I will not soil my lips with the terms I could rightly describe her by. But she's a traitor to her sacred vows. I will say that. And there's my little son. Humphrey

Thomas Nelson Prettyman is his name, and that name is an inheritance in itself, or is where I was born and raised. But he will be raised a million miles from nowheres, and when he is a man he will not have an acre to his name nor a shirt to his back most likely. You may say what you please about *slavery*, as you call it. But it has produced the only ladies and gentlemen in this country. And I am a gentleman, and I say G—d d——n you all to h——l!"

On hearing this, the crowd broke into a laugh like thunder.

"He's a gentleman!" says some.

"Well, burn me, what is that?" says others.

I begun to push Maria fowards. "I have got to get you out of here," I says. And by exerting all my strength I done so, but not before I seen that she had quietly commenced to cry, rubbing her cheek on Pudden's little hood.

When we got into the clear we met Jared, sprung up from some-where, looking gay and frolicsome. I seen he also had had a little drop too much.

"Hey, where are you a-going with that?" he says.

And I found to my surprise I still had that tin cup in my hand, and despite my pushing and shouldering it was still half full.

He took it from me, put it to his lips, and slowly dreened it dry, never taking his eyes off of Maria. She lifted up her head, pretending she had not been crying, and stood looking in his eyes whilst he looked into hern. I felt like a fifth wheel on a wagon, yet felt like something worse would happen if I moved away.

"Hah," he says at last, breathing out, and wiped his mouth on the back of his hand. Then, "Take care of the Present," he says, "and the Future will take care of itself!" and he lifted high the empty cup.

"You got that hind side foremost," I says rather sharply, figuring he had heared that toast of mine to the Future, and this was one for me. "You had ought to speak first and then drink," I says. "That ain't no way to give a toast."

"Drink first and talk later," says he, and laughed and raised his hat to Maria and went on by.

Well, poor Maria went right to bed without a word. But sleep was the furthest thing from my mind. Neither, for once, did I feel like writing up the day's events in this journal. I felt restless as a drop of water on a hot stove; so hung around the edges of the corral. Then I felt so lonesome I could die. I could not see what had become of Basil and Rev. Throop, but between the wagons I could see the merry makers a-marching round and round the sinking fire. They was bawling out "Columbia The Gem Of The Ocean," with some discharging their pistols in the air, blasting the night. I seen several pushing the Col. up on his barrel again, and I seen him bow and twirl his mustachios like he was going to make another speech. But just then the marchers blowing up a powder kag, he wavered in great surprise, throwed up his arms, and collapsed backwards amongst the upheld arms of them behind him. I seen Davey Fitzgerald, who is commonly so quiet, behaving like a regular jumping jack. He would bounce up and crack his heels together three times, flourishing his hat and yelling, "Wow!" Then he would bounce up again, repeating this performance, and up again, and so kept on till it was a wonder he did not fall flat with exhaustion. No body paid him no attention. He was having a fine time all by himself. All this took place amidst the oxen, trotting back and forth uneasy like and stretching out their necks to low at times.

I was all by myself, but was not having a fine time. I recalled the Dr.'s advice about *loosening up*—"the very thing for what ailed me, in more ways than one." But I was always so. At a play party, when I was a boy, I was just as miserable and left out of things. I never *could* loosen up. Even yet, I never feel more dismal than when others is having a riproaring good time. But then I got to studying about this trip of ourn, and it seemed to me, that I had made some *little* progress at loosening up, and that without no help from liquor neither. In particular, I recollected the occasion when Jared give me that farrago about them cattywampuses

and I had come right back at him and never cracked a smile. I bethought myself of that incident with some complacency, like I had received a diploma—merely from grammar school, no doubt; and yet it was a crumb of comfort, too. I would have hated to think, that Basil was altogether right about me and Rev. Throop being cut from the same piece of—and I would not even say shoddy, as I could see what he was driving at. But the Reverent would not have bore up so well under that sarcaistical tale about the cattywampuses.

With which thought, I creeped under the wagon and read my chapter. It chanced to include the text for the Reverent's sermon at Ft. Laramie, and says, "Take no thought for the morrow." I then went off to sleep with nary a gap nor a stretch.

July 6—Yesterday was Sunday again, and there was some talk of another preaching service as we laid by for the day to allow the masculine portion of our number to recover from the previous night. But for this very reason the proposal died a natural death. Some slept till noon. I declare, it was shameful.

Jared kept making sly remarks about "what was I a-doing with that *spirituous liquor* he catched me with?" and "I was looking healthy to have drank a whole *half a tin cup full of alcoholic beverage*." But I merely retorted, that he was looking healthy himself; and truth to tell, drink seemingly does not effect him none except to make him gay and even handsomer.

Poor Maria looked so bad I could not hardly bear to see her. Basil kept out of sight, and none of us mentioned his name. I heard, that Mr. Gann had settled Basil and Rev. Throop by threatening to have them both up before the Committee for disturbing the peace. I do not know where Basil spent that night, but not in our wagon. At supper time, he showed up and set down with us. Every body's provisions will have to be pieced out to go as far as possible from now on; and I knowed, that although Basil had probably been with the Col., the Dr., and Mr. Smead all day, he

would not feel free to take supper with them nor to "mess" with them as a regular thing; and as far as that goes, he is entitled to eat what he has paid for. His manner seemed to say this. He was silent and did not display no temper in his looks. He just walked up and set and eat, and then a-rose, made us a stiff bow, and walked on off again. A body almost had to respect him.

· All day yesterday I worked steady at this journal.

To-day we resumed our march and travelled over an arid undulating plain in a west by northerly direction. Far in front of us, rising one by one, was high *byoots* or *beauts* or however you may spell it, as Jared could not tell me and I can not find it in my Dr. Webster. Anyways, these successive structures resembled great towers and the domed minarets of Oriental countries like them pictured in my History Of The World. We come in view of an expanse of white sand stretching away and away to the south east. We crossed two deep river channels, their beds as dry as ashes. The *mirage* deceived us several times. Now to our right, now to our left, and then ahead of us, we seen lakes and streams of running water bordered by waving trees from which a quivering evaporation was rising and mingling with the air. But always, as we come closer, they would either recede or fade entirely, leaving nothing but the desert. Cast away beside the trail was a splendid turning lathe. It could not have cost less than \$150. Had to stop twice on account of oxen falling down and spares being yoked in.

We camped on Little Sandy River amongst the stunted willows along it's edge. Basil had shot an antelope and a sage hen, and we broiled the meat on ram rods, and made a good supper. This was the first antelope any of our company had brought down. But Basil's continued silence oppressed our spirits, and we eat and said nothing. Jared and me then went out with some others and lighted fires of wild sage amongst the picketed stock to protect them from the musketos. These insects is unbelievably ferocious to-night. I am near crazy with them right this minute. Not to mention how they bite, I do not know of a more worrying sound than

that of three or four musketos singing, "*Cousin, cousin!*" in your ear.

Distance: 21 mi.

July 7—We crossed the plain and come to the Big Sandy River near which we made our camp when we halted for our nooning, it having been determined not to go no further as Mr. Kane is very weak and many is in a diseased and feverish state. My health, thanks be, has picked up considerable. All morning the mirage went on before us.

About sun set we seen a solitary horse man riding up. His name was Bonney, and he come from California, he said. He had travelled from Sutter's Fort and intended to continue to the settlements all alone or at least with only such chance company as he could pick up. He travelled at night, concealing himself and horse in the ravines in the day time. He had went (gone?) to California last year, and was now returning to the States to sell his land and all he possessed and take his family out next year.

He had eat nothing but raw currants and some raw corn meal in forty-eight hours. So Maria invited him to supper, Basil having just shot a fine fat roe deer, and having departed with others to fetch in the meat. Incidentally, Basil appears to be extry energetic about his hunting lately, like as if he wants to make us feel ashamed of ourselves. But him and the rest returned empty handed. When they reached the carcass of the deer they had found the wolves had devoured it. So supper was poor in grosser fare, but enlivened by Mr. Bonney's discourse of California.

He was describing the Valley of the Sacramento, from which he had last come, as spacious and green with a broad line of timber running down the middle of it indicating the river's course, and smaller vallies branching out into the mountains on both sides. It is sheltered and peaceful, he said, and the river is teeming with salmon, and the main valley is grazed over by wild horses and

cattle much larger and fatter than any in the East. The yield of wheat is 100 bu. per acre. The climate is mild and uniform.

The names of the towns in California caught my fancy—St. Joseph's Of Guadalupe, Branciforte, and El Ciudad Los Angeles or the City Of The Angels, which Mr. Bonney kindly spelt out for me. El Ciudad Los Angeles is the largest, containing 1500 or 2000 inhabitants. It is set in a rolling plain bounded by hills, mountains, and the sea, and near it flows the Rio St. Gabriel. This river, he said, is skirted by vineyards and gardens enclosed by willow hedges. The plain is highly productive of wheat and corn. A town named Yerba Buena overlooks the glassy surface of a bay which could accomodate all the navies in the world. Beyond, to the south, is a watered plain on which a-rise the white towers of the Mission of Santa Barbara. A more lovely landscape he never beheld. And behind another town named St. Diego is a region rich in quicksilver and copper and gold.

He said, 'twas true the Missions has gone down since their land was confiscated by the Mexican government, but that where the *padres* is discreet industrious men they still maintain their opulence and plenty. In the south especially, grapes and olives grows abundantly around the Missions, and in their gardens the grape vines bows to the ground with the luxuriance of the fruit. Oranges, figs, and palms also adorns the gardens; and the *padres* has planted broad avenues of stately trees leading to the Mission churches so that the *senoras* and *senoritas* can be shaded from the sun when walking to "mass."

He said, these *senoras* and *senoritas* has always the roses stamped on their cheeks. They puff *cigaritas* with much gusto. Many English and New England Yankees has married them, and now enjoys a halcyon life. Their large families of children is beautiful as cherubs; and it is nothing uncommon to live eighty or a hundred years in that clime. The Spanish men he pronounced to be the best horse men in the world, but otherwise of no account.

Here Mr. Smead, who had strolled up, put in and said, he had been informed on good authority of a transaction in which 560

California otter skins had been exchanged for Yankee notions worth less than \$2, the skins then being sold in Canton, China, for \$22,400. Mr. Bonney said, he did not doubt it; and then Mr. Smead continued very earnestly, saying, that ever since the charter of the U. S. Bank had ended and "Andy" Jackson's wild cat financing had begun, commercial gentlemen like himself had been hard hit; and in the last presidential campaign sound money had been thoroughly routed.

"The Spanish," says he, "are an idle thriftless people, and manufacture nothing for themselves. The country abounds in grapes, and yet they buy bad wines made in Boston and brought around the Horn by Yankees at great expense. They buy shoes and 'chicken skin' boots made from the hides of their own cattle and carried twice around Cape Horn at \$3 or \$4 a pair for the former and at \$15 a pair for the latter, this price representing an excess of 300%. California is a bonanza," he says, "for a man of energy and enterprise and mercantile experience—qualities," he says, "our native land no longer sees fit to reward."

I set regarding him in surprise, never having heard him talk so much before. Then Basil, who had been setting listening, finally spoke. "Give me the pastures of Kentucky," he says with emotion. "All I want to see is a blue grass pasture with some of my horses picking over it, and a little branch a-running through it with calamus a-growing in the water." And he got up and left.

I must acknowledge, a lump rose in my throat. All of a sudden I could fairly hear the squeak a calamus flag makes when you pull it up, and see the rosey color of it's root end, and taste it's flavor as you chew it, like I have done many and many is the time. I would not say, the flavor is exactly appetizing, being a mite medicinal, and yet it leads you on to chew and chew.

Distance: 12 mi. We go inching along.

July 8—Last evening Mr. Bonney read us an open letter he had with him. It was from a W. L. Hastings of California, and

addressed to the California emigrants on the road. It hinted at opposition from the California government to the ingress of more Americans; and this seemed likely owing to the Mexican War. It advised them bound for California to make haste by taking a new route from Ft. Bridger via the south end of the Salt Lake, by which the distance would be materially shortened.

Jared expressed himself as being again this proposition, but I advised Mr. Bonney to take the letter to Mr. Kane who, despite his sickness, still makes shift to attend to such matters. This A.M. Mr. Bonney done so right after breakfast. He told us, Mr. Kane had had a copy of the letter made and was a-going to have it read before a general meeting this evening. Mr. Bonney then rode off, intending to lay low under the river bank all day and then go on to-night. We wished him luck.

After an arduous though uneventful march we are again encamped on the bank of the Big Sandy in a handsome bottom formed by a bend of the river and blue with lupin. No sooner had we halted than Dr. Hopper come up and asked me, would I do him the favor of stepping down the line a piece? When I done so I found Rev. Throop a-waiting us; and the Dr., laying his hands on our shoulders, guided the two of us to one side where we could talk in private.

It seemed that Mrs. Throop having taken sick, the Reverent had went (gone?) to Mr. Kane and asked him, could he not waive the decision of the Judiciary Committee and allow Dr. Hopper to attend her? But Mr. Kane had answered, "No," saying, the Reverent could see that he was sick himself and had not called in Dr. Hopper.

"But Mrs. Throop is taken bad," the Reverent says, clasping and unclasping his hands and looking at me imploringly. "I greatly fear she may not live."

Then it come out that Dr. Hopper wanted me to go and take a look at her and report back to him, and maybe he could tell by my report what ailed her. He could not make head nor tail of the Reverent's wrought up account. "And I confess," he says to me,

"that I hold you somewhat responsible for my inability to attend this poor woman in person."

Well, from the first, my inclination was to refuse. I thought, in respect to Rev. Throop, that when it come to a question of right and wrong it all depended on which foot the shoe pinched; and in respect to Mr. Kane, that even at his own cost, maybe at the risk of his life, he had done what he expected others to do; and there was not much doubt in my mind which one in actuality was the "man of God." I wondered, why the Dr. had not arranged to visit Mrs. Throop under cover of night, as I suspicioned he had done with some, but then presumed, the Reverent's open application to Mr. Kane might make this course too chancey for the Dr. to risk.

"This is not a time to hang on scruples," the Dr. says, observing me. "Which is worth more, d'ye think, your scruples or this woman's life?"

"Consider my children," the Reverent says. "What would they do without their mother? Oh, Mr. Shaw," he says, "the youngest is an infant, only seven months old."

So then I reflected, that the law them two was trying to break had been brought on by the Dr.'s intoxication, and that he had not been under the influence for several days, as indeed no liquor was to be procured. 'Twas on the tip of my tongue to say, to go to Mr. Gann and give their reasons and get the law revoked; but then at once recalled, that the Committee was notified one evening and met the next, and if Mrs. Throop was as sick as the Reverent said, she might die in the mean time. So the upshot was, that I went with the Reverent, though not without continuing qualms of conscience. It seemed to me like a choice between two evils, and I only hoped, that I was choosing the lesser of the two.

I found Mrs. Throop prostrate in the close-tented wagon. Upon it's white canvas cover the westering sun was pouring it's almost torrid rays. She is a short corpulent black browed woman. A burning fever flushed her face to scarlet except for small circles of corpse like pallor around her mouth and eyes. As she respired she gasped deeply, sucking in each breath with a whistling sound. She

begged me in whispers to give her something to make her breathing easier. I took her pulse as the Dr. had instructed me to do, and asked the questions he had told me to ask of the two eldest daughters when I got down from the wagon.

These two girls, about fifteen and thirteen years of age, kept saying anxiously, "Do you think she will get well? What are you a-going to give her?" They also told me, that two or three weeks ago she had bathed in very cold water, from which a congestion had developed in her chest. Calomel had been administered in large quantities, but without beneficial results.

When I made my report to the Dr., a good deal as I have give it here, he says to the Reverent and me, "There is nothing I can do. She has not many hours to live."

Hearing this, the Reverent just looked wildly at him, and went on clasping and unclasping his hands.

I did not go to the meeting this P.M.

Distance: 22 mi.

July 9—Mrs. Throop died in the early hours this morning. But as only day before yesterday we had laid by all afternoon, 'twas determined after serious parley at another meeting not to hold the funeral until we stopped for the night.

"Yes," says the Reverent very bitterly and with more than a little truth, "we can always lay by for whiskey swilling and for sleeping off the after effects, but when it comes to listening to the word of God or such sacred occasions as consigning a human soul to it's Heavenly rest, then we hear about the dangers of delay."

At this meeting I learnt that the meeting yesterday had broke up without coming to no decision. Thus the question as to whether we shall take the new trail around the Salt Lake or the old trail past Ft. Hall is still a-hanging fire. At the meetings, in the absence of Mr. Kane, Mr. Gann is Chairman *pro tem*.

We forded Green River, the head of the Colorado or Red River, which empties into the *Gulf of California*. We ascended the bluffs

along the valley of the stream at the top of which we was greeted by a storm of rain, thunder, lightning, and wind which raged for several hours over the broken and dreary plain; and all the time we was carrying the body of the dead woman with us. 'Twas a solemn thing and a solemn scene—the funeral procession of white topped wagons, the inky sky and blowing vapors, and the onslaughts of the rain.

As Rev. Throop could not bring himself to officiate, and there was no other preacher, we simply stood in silence whilst the grave was dug, the men with heads uncovered. There was no time to make a coffin and nothing to make it of had there have been, so the deceased was lowered in a sheet. Then some body struck up "Jesus Lover of My Soul," and we all joined in; and the whole time it was raining and blowing with a fury unparalleled. Amidst the turmoil of the elements, that old hymn sounded extry grand and mighty:

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O, receive my soul at last.

Far to the left, this evening, the Utah Mts. uprears their lofty summits white with snow, presenting a wintry scene in July, and looking down upon the new made grave.

I am wet as sop, and fully expect to be for some hours to come.

I did not hear how many miles we made to-day—20, I should reckon, or maybe more.

July 10—Our trail to-day crossed and re-crossed Black's Fork, a cold and limpid stream. The high walls of it's bluffs, through

which we travelled, was colored in horizontal streaks, red, green, blue, yellow, and purple, and wore by wind and rain into columns and statuary shaped like giants and Apocalyptic beasts.

We met four men returning to the U. S. from California. They was Messrs. Sublette, Taplin, Reddick, and the name of the fourth I disremember. Mr. Sublette helped to organize the first train of loaded wagons from Missouri to the Rockies sixteen years ago. Messrs. Taplin and Reddick was former members of Capt. Frémont's exploring party of which that Mr. Haines made mention*—him who dropped in from California at my store, a million years ago it seems like; and I recalled his black and shiney buck skins and bush of whiskers and raggedy old felt broadbrim, and lo and behold, they was now familiar objects. California was like the Great Beyond, he said, because getting there was the hard part.

The mirage again displayed it's cruel promises with great distinctness, going on before us. Passed an abandoned wagon with a broken axle tree.

I have been longing all the evening for my darling R——. As Basil has been sleeping in the Dr.'s tent and avoids our company except at meal times, I do not like to go off and leave Maria by herself or—worse—with only Jared. But this terrible feeling of vainly hankering for some one is hard to bear.

Distance: 21 mi.

July 11—Proceeding onwards through showers of rain, we fell in with a party of sixty or eighty Soshonee or Snake Indians returning from a buffalo hunt. The chiefs and young warriors was riding good horses, but the rest, including all the women, was mounted upon jaded decrepid animals which could scarce make out to move along under their riders and their freight of dried

* This is an error on the author's part. Mr. Haines mentioned Frémont's first exploring party of three years before. Sublette, Taplin, and Reddick were returning from Frémont's second expedition of that same year.

buffalo meat. The chiefs, in advance, manifested some uncertainty and irresolution when they struck the trail and seen us coming up, but finally set there waiting for us. We held out our hands in token of friendship and they done the same, though giving a limp uncordial shake. Our conversation was carried on in signs save for the few English words they knowed, mainly oaths, which from the frequency with which they are employed by hunters and trappers the Indians must regard as the very root and foundation of the language. The sign for *Siou*x in Snake language is significantly a sharp motion with the side of the hand across the throat; and when we conveyed to them our information as to Whirlwind's expedition again their tribe, four or five rode off as hard as they could pelt. The rear of their party passed us by as we filed along, and several of them said, "How do?" and asked for "tobac." Others would form their hands into a cup shape, putting them to their mouths and throwing back their heads by way of inquiring, "if we had whiskey?"

Most of the females was squat, stolid, and of wretched aspect. But I noticed one young girl who set her boney mount with the ease and grace of a fairy; and it will be a long time before I forget the cheerful countenance and dainty figure of that daughter of the Wild.

Basil come riding up beside me and spoke to me for the first time in days. "I will say one thing for you," he says with a sneer. "You have an eye for the *gals*."

We reached our present encampment wet to the hide and shaking with cold. The only fuel, small willow limbs, was wet and would not burn. So we had to go without our supper. As I was just now preparing to lay down to slumber, wet, hungry, and in no very cheerful mood, Maria come up and tragically says, "The quilt is gone."

"What quilt?" I says.

"The Frenchman's Fancy," says Maria.

"Frenchman's Fancy?" I says, as I do not know one quilt pattern from another.

"The one that has the balance of the money in it," says Maria. "Basil took it."

"What makes you think so?" I says.

"Well, I can't say sure," she says. "It's gone. That's all I know."

Basil had just been in the wagon, getting more covers for the night, and had carried them off to the Dr.'s tent.

"Well, go to bed," I says. "We can talk about it in the morning."

We lay encamped near Ft. Bridger. Another ox has died.

Distance: 18 mi.

July 12—Our camp is pitched in a well watered fertile bottom in sight of Ft. Bridger, a small trading post established and run by Messrs. Bridger and Vasquez. This Mr. Bridger, or "Jim," as Jared familiarly calls him, is a famous character in these parts. One time on a bet he went down the whole length of Bear River in a bull boat, (a bowl like craft of buffalo hide stretched over a round willow frame), and come out in Bear River Bay, an outlet of the Great Salt Lake. As it tasted salty he went back and reported, that Bear River emptied into the Pacific Ocean; and 'twas not till ten years ago when four other men circumnavigated the Salt Lake, looking for beaver, that the error was discovered. Here Mr. Bridger sells whiskey so notoriously bad that even the Dr. declares, he holds his life too dear to buy none.

The fort is merely two miserable log cabins not hardly fit for human habitation. They are joined by two lines of stockades forming a horse corral. Last night, the Dr. tells me, 500 or more Snake Indians was camped on the other side of the fort, but when we come up and they heard of the hostile movements of the Sioux, they pulled up stakes and left in a hurry. Some traders from Taos and the head waters of the Arkansas is here, but as we are pretty well supplied with buck skin outfits they find few customers amongst us.

It has been voted to lay by another day to rest our oxen. At

the same meeting 'twas moved and seconded that tomorrow night we come to a final vote about which route we shall follow, because this is the place where we take off if we adopt the one around the south end of the Great Salt Lake. This new route supposedly shortens the distance to California by 350 or 400 miles.

So many other things happened to-day I will not attempt to recount them now, but aim to do so tomorrow. Me and Jared passed this evening molding bullets by the fire.

Distance: none.

July 13—Yesterday I went to Mr. Gann and told him in confidence how I had paid a visit to Mrs. Throop at the Dr.'s and the Reverent's request, as it laid heavy on my conscience. I also said, seeing that the Dr. could not get no liquor from here out, and seeing he was the only medical man in the whole company, would it not be wise for the Committee to revoke their ruling? Mr. Gann said, he would respect my confidence, but advised me not to repeat what I had done, adding, that he would take up my suggestion with the Committee, but that he himself would be again allowing Dr. Hopper to practice his profession, as he refused to show his license or to explain how it come he had not fetched his instruments along. So I had to be satisfied with that.

Earlier in the morning I had been a-talking with Maria about the loss of that quilt, and she wanted me to report it to Mr. Gann. So when I went to see him anyways I thought some of doing so, but then decided I had been right when I had told Maria, that it would sound plumb ridiculous to try to take action again a man for stealing his own money, and she was not even positive he had done it. Besides, as I told her, too, 'twould be downright scandalous if his reasons for taking it come out in public, and did she want every body to know that Basil had gambled and drank away \$200, and was no longer sleeping in our wagon?

Maria pushed out her lower lip. "Oh, what's a little talk," says she, "compared to all that Pudden and me has got to live on?"

There is between \$800 and \$900 in that quilt, in paper to be sure, as the balance of what coin we could get was sewed up in the other end, and you know when Basil took that. But \$800 or \$900, even shin plasters, is just that much. Let them talk," she says. "I want that money back."

This speech sounded practical to me, but injudicious. Also I reflected, that she had changed her tune about not keeping that money, and she would rather starve to death, although I did not blame her none. I says, "Let me ask the Dr. about it"; and that is what I still intend to do.

Coming back from my talk with Mr. Gann, I seen Mrs. Fitzgerald a-setting in her rocking chair in the shade of the wagon with a twin under each arm, and they was squirming and squawling to beat the band. She kind of struck a mock despairing attitude when she seen me, and so I says, "Do you have to set and hold them?"

"Yes," she says, and turned up her eyes.

"Why don't you put them in the wagon?" I says.

"I can't," she says.

"Why not?" I says.

"Davey's in there," she says. "He made me take them out."

"Is he sick?" I says, seeing that the back flaps of the wagon was closed.

"He's asleep," she says.

"Asleep?" I says. "In the middle of the morning, he's asleep?"

"Yes," she says, and "lately that was all he wanted to do."

Well, this seemed powerful queer to me. But then as soon as she went on to say, that "Davey" had been complaining right along of feeling everything was strange and nothing was real, I recognized what she was talking about, and said, I had been a-feeling the same way myself ever since we hit the prairies.

"It is a fact," I says, "it puts you in a daze. So many new things, one right on top of another, just benumbs the faculties."

"I notice *you* are up and about," she says.

"Well, I have give out now and then," I says, "but not on that

account. Don't blame Mr. Fitzgerald if I can stand it better than he can. So to speak, I am a more varigated man."

"Varigated?" says Mrs. Fitzgerald.

"That may not be the word for what I mean," I says. "But I can see how everything so new would put Mr. Fitzgerald out of kelter. He is not actually sick, though, is he?"

"No, not sick," she says, "just dauncy. When he ain't asleep sure enough, he goes around like a fellow walking in his sleep. He worries me to death."

"Well, you look in the best of health," I says, "and there don't appear to be nothing the matter with Rupert and Hubert"; at which we both laughed, because 'twas all we could do to talk above their belling. "How is your ma?" I says.

"Oh, there ain't never nothing the matter with Ma, neither," says Mrs. Fitzgerald, "and she is sixty-nine years old, though she would just about kill me if she knowed I had told any body. She is out in all this hot sun right now, gethering wild 'curns.'"

"Well, take care of yourselves," I says. "This ain't no easy trip for ladies."

"Now I don't know so well about that," says she. "Sometimes it seems to me us ladies makes out better than you men folks."

And as I walked on, it come over me that maybe she was right. When ever you hear of a person taking sick 'tis almost sure to be a man, with the exception of Mrs. Throop, and' any body could catch the conjestive fever any place; and here was some of the ladies having babies, too, on the top of all our mutual trials and tribulations. Old Mrs. Purvis has had twelve in her time, and Mrs. Fitzgerald's is twins, and both Mrs. P. and Mrs. F. is in fine fettle. The latter does not look so bloated, like she looked right after the twins was born, and her formerly sallow face is tanned and rosey, and that crimped hair of hern becomes her better.

In the afternoon I and Jared was idling on the edge of camp, watching an expedition come up which was driving before them four or five hundred head of horses, when Jared, walking foward, says, "Howdy, stranger!"

"Jared!" says one of these new arrivals, vaulting from his saddle. "Man alive!"

Then him and Jared commenced beating each other on the back, ejaculating, "Well, old hoss!" and other such expressions.

As Jared told me later, this was a Capt. Walker of Jackson County, Mo., who is much celebrated for his explorations between the frontier settlements and the Pacific. He is now returning from California where he has been acting in the capacity of guide to Capt. Frémont. Them horses is hisn, and he aims to dispose of them in the States at good advantage. From all the signs him and Jared is old friends, but when and where they knowed each other Jared did not mention, and I did not have the gall to ask him, though 'twould have been the natural thing to ask such questions of another fellow.

Towards sun down a thin shower fell, and I observed, after the clouds had lifted, that whilst it was raining here in the valley it had been snowing in the mountains. Dr. Hopper said, that during the shower his thermometer fell from 82° to 44° in fifteen minutes.

Distance: none.

July 14—Yesterday Mr. Smead come up to me, looking perturbed, and says, there was a matter he was taking up with several before the meeting convened that night. I write, "looking perturbed," by which I mean he looked even blanker than common and never took his fingers off his upper lip. He wasted few words in coming to the point. He had been adding up our mileage, and Mr. Kane's figures was away off. According to the distances Mr. Kane had give out, 'twas 576 miles from Independence to Ft. Laramie; whereas the official estimate was 672. Mr. Kane's figures made it 244 miles from Ft. Laramie to the Pacific Spring, but officially 'twas reckoned to be 311. And according to Mr. Kane, it was 104 miles from the Pacific Spring here to Ft. Bridger, but Mr. Bridger himself had informed Mr. Smead that it was actually

123. That is, Mr. K.'s calculations underestimated our progress so far by a total of 183 miles or a week of hard travelling.

My instincts was all in favor of sticking up for Mr. Kane, and so I says, "Well, better that than the other way around. We are evidently doing better than we knowed."

"Better or worse," says Mr. Smead, "that does not alter the mistake."

Now I have had considerable experience at keeping books myself, and am well aware of the importance of adding and subtracting to a gnat's heel. But I thought to myself in respect to Mr. Smead, "Ah, you double dyed book keeper, you!" I says, "Well, I think Mr. Kane has done pretty well," I says, "seeing all he has to go by is Conchin's Emigrants' Guide. He is no professional surveyor like them that made the official calculations. He is a farmer."

"That is my point exactly, Mr. Shaw," says Mr. Smead. "A farmer! What are we a-doing with a farmer as our captain on this trip? Especially," he says, "when we have a man of professional experience in our midst. I refer to Col. Whaley, sir," he says. "It is part of a military officer's training to estimate the days' marches in a campaign."

"And I suppose a military officer never makes mistakes," I says, but inwardly was thinking, "So this is it! Still a-worrying the same old bone."

"A military man can make mistakes like any other mortal," says Mr. Smead, "but is much less apt to in a case of this kind. I am in favor of trying this shorter route around the Salt Lake. I am for pushing on as fast as may be, but not under the leadership of a farmer and a sick man at that. We have followed a plain trail up to now. But if we take the new route, we shall be proceeding by dead reckoning. And if Mr. Kane has not done no better on a trail where all land marks are known, he will lose his way in the virgin wilderness, and we shall lose our way along with him, and wander helpless. It is not California we will come to under this sick a-bed Indiana farmer. It is the Pearly Gates."

"Well, sir," I says, "I am not staking my life on Mr. Kane or Col. Whaley either; and neither is no body else as far as I can see. Every man jack of us is looking after ourselves and most of us is looking after each other, too. But up to the point where a captain comes in handy, Mr. Kane would be my choice just because he does not have no wish to go beyond that point. With all due respect to Col. Whaley, no body is a-going to lead me around by the nose and put me under martial law, however much of an expert he may be at doing it."

Then Mr. Smead says, he had a sizeable financial interest in this trip, and the rest of us had kinfolks to think of, and he hoped I did not live to eat my words. 'Twas the general safety he had in mind.

"Better be safe than sorry," I says. "Them is my sentiments to a T-Y-T. But what is safety? There is no such a thing, if you mean the lack of danger. Danger is always here. In the long run the only safety lays in being able to shift for yourself and them depending on you in the midst of dangers. And that takes practice. It takes experience in self-reliance and responsibility. Safety does not come from looking to no body else to tell you how to think and what to do. To my mind, that would be the dangerous thing."

So Mr. Smead says, I done Col. Whaley a great injustice, and went on off. But the Col. is a natural born Cock Of The Walk and a Know It All if there ever was one, and I had a hard time not to say as much to Mr. Smead; and even the little I said surprised me. I do not know as I ever talked up as free and forcible to no body as I talked up to Mr. Smead. It struck me stronger than ever, that where we are a-going and why and how is nothing you can measure by miles and figures; and if we get there, it will be under Mr. Kane instead of Col. Whaley. And if we do not get there, well, as I have got to die, I would rather die right than wrong and a growed man than an infant tied to any body's apron strings.

I will not fatigue no readers I may have some day with a full account of the meeting that P.M. The ins and the outs and the argufying, which took upwards of 3 hours and did not get us no

place, vexed me and every body present. I do not deny, that the way democracy works is enough to try the patience of a saint. It would have been a good deal quicker and easier if Col. Whaley had been up there a-reading us the riot act and laying down the law, with every mother's son obliged to act according under penalty of death. Dr. Hopper made a speech in which he just as good as said so. Then Mr. Smead got up and made a motion to elect a new Chairman of the meeting and Captain of the company; and the conferring and confabbing which went on before the vote was took indicated that the Dr. and Mr. Smead had been electioneering for all they was worth. It also looked bad because Mr. Kane was too sick to be there. But finally 'twas voted by a small majority to keep him on. So for the second time this trip the Col. was defeated. But I heard him saying to Mr. Smead, "There is other ways of choking a dog than bread and meat"; and I do not trust them two no further than you can throw an elephant by the tail.

Then the road was clear to take a vote on the remaining issue: whether to go on to Ft. Hall with the Oregon section or split up there at Ft. Bridger, with us California-ites taking the Salt Lake route. It seemed that Mr. Bridger had highly recommended the short cut to several, saying, that it included a dry drive, but that this was only for thirty or forty miles. On the other hand 'twas pointed out, that he naturally would do so to get the business of the emigrants going that way, as many has commenced using "Greenwood's Cut Off" which misses Ft. Bridger entirely. Also Mr. W. L. Hastings had promised in that open letter to meet all California emigrants there and guide us over the new route. But he was not there; and whether he ever had been there Mr. Bridger would not say, fearing maybe to discourage us. This Bridger is a chirlish rascal, if you ask me.

Jared spoke again the Salt Lake cut off, and so did Capt. Walker, begging our pardon for butting in when he was not one of our number. I voted, "No," as I thought, them two out of every body there knowed what they was talking about. But by another

small majority the Salt Lake faction triumphed. So that is the course us California emigrants has followed.

The position of Secretary was once more offered to me as our present Secretary, Mr. Biggers, belongs to the Oregon party. But I once more refused, already having as much writing as I can do, no idle excuse this time. So Mr. Connor was appointed.

The fore going business took till well after midnight, and we had to break camp early in the morning.

Distance: none.

July 15—When I turned out in the dark and cold yesterday A.M., the first thing I seen was Jared and Capt. Walker coming up, with Jared carrying a lantern. As Jared built up the fire for breakfast I learnt from what they said that a Mr. Samuel Duncan of the Capt.'s party had volunteered to guide us as far as the Salt Plain, a day's journey west of the Lake. They all three had just been completing arrangements with Mr. Kane.

Our wagons fell in behind one another under the first red streaks of dawn. "I hope you make out all right," Capt. Walker says to me as he set his horse near by, talking to Jared. He clapped Jared on the shoulder. "This is a good man," he says. "I have knowed him since Heck was a pup. He has been over this ground before. If any body can get you through, he will."

We had to wait whilst the bride of two weeks back was parted from her parents. The young man she married was a-going to Oregon, but her own family is going to California. At last her husband led her away, and I thought of Ruth in the Bible, and we begun to move. The Oregon emigrants was up to see us go, and stood waving after us beside their camp fires. Our party was thus reduced to seventeen wagons; but as no other companies had not come up with us whilst we was at the fort, it might be true, I thought, that we was amongst the last this year. So it might be a good thing that we was venturing the shorter route.

Another good thing was that thence foward we did not stand much chance of meeting up with Mormons.

There was no trail to go by. We crossed a wide fresh track made by the Snakes most likely. Lodge poles laid scattered along it, and here and there a buffalo hide, showing they was travelling in haste to war. Between four and five o'clock P.M. we come to a branch called "Little Muddy" where we encamped. The wild geranium with bright pink and purplish flowers and a shrub covered with yellow blossoms enlivened the scene. The temperature being that of March, winter clothes was fetched out again.

At supper time three Indians, an old man and two boys, stragglers behind the main body of the Snakes, I reckon, set down on their hunkers a little distance from our fire, never opening their heads, but watching every bite we swallowed, their nostrils fairly quivering. Maria give them some bread and meat, and they departed in silence.

Basil left right after supper as usual. Maria had been feeling low spirited all day, as I could tell, and when Basil made his bow and took his leave I thought she was a-going to begin to cry. But having cleared away the supper things, she was putting Pudden to bed and I happened to go past the back end of the wagon and seen her in there playing with him. She was holding him facing her a-straddle of her knees, shaking her head at him, and saying, "Pudden-Pudden-Pudden-Pudden-Pudden!" And he would throw himself back and chuckle and crow, showing his new front teeth. Then she says to him:

"Says Aaron to Moses,
'Let's rub noses!' "

and rubbed her nose on hisn. And Pudden just laid back and give out little whoops, he laughed so hard.

Noticing me, Maria says, "He will soon be talking!"

I never seen such a change in no body in fifteen minutes. From being a heavy hearted woman she had become a girl a-glow with

fun; and I seen then Maria can do without Basil as long as she has Pudden.

Many amongst us is ailing still. I hear, that Mr. Kane has took a turn for the worse.

This P.M. Col. Whaley partly burnt his whiskers off and them mustachios of hisn by pouring cold water into a pan of hot grease, and now resembles in the face nothing so much as a half singed fowl.

Distance: 16 mi.

July 16—Again my buffalo robe and the grass of the valley was white with frost when I woke up. Ice as thick as window glass coated the water in our buckets. We crossed high ridges, winding through twisted tormented looking cedars all flattened out in the same direction. Having descended a steep mountain side with lashed wheels, we entered a hollow and moved along it till we come to an impassable barrier of red sand stone rising in overhanging masses. Here we sent out scouts to find the pass, including Jared, with Mr. Duncan in the lead, and pitched our camp mean while.

I had occasion to make some slighting remarks to the Dr. about the state of Col. Whaley's whiskers, comparing the Col. to Samson when he lost his hair. And indeed it is remarkable how much of the Col.'s valorous appearance resided in them mustachios. I said, it would not surprise me none if all his valor resided in them likewise.

To my surprise the Dr. gravely said, it would not surprise him either, but that I had not ought to condemn the Col. on that account. "As you are aware," he says, "the Col. took part in the charge upon the heighths of Bladensburgh in 1814, if charge it may be called. For you are probably not aware that it was said, that 'charge' was what our cavalry would not do; and in result the British took the Capitol. One of Col. Whaley's superior officers summed up the fiasco in the following words: 'Without all

doubt, the determining cause of our disasters is to be found in the love of life.' Now it can not be claimed," the Dr. says, "that the kind of fighting the Col. hopes to do in California will be of *heroic mold*. He is a-getting on. But a few excursions and alarms in which he shall feel he has honorably acquitted himself will exonerate him from the reproach of cowardice which I assure you has been a-hanging over him these thirty years or more. A man in civil life feels cowardice as a reproach," he says with a significant look at me, "but to a soldier there is no more egregious disgrace; and it's removal will crown the Col.'s life."

He also went on to say, that once the Col. felt himself to be a brave man inwardly, he would not have to hang out the sign of bravery, meaning them hirsute appendages. It would be a good sign if he got a clean shave afterwhile. "Everything about the military indicates to my mind that they are cowards trying to redeem themselves," he says, "and as such they deserve our utmost pity."

Well, I did not know if I could go as far as that, but I acknowledge, my heart did soften towards the Col. some because I knowed so well just what it is to labor under a reproach of that kind.

Jared did not come back till after dark. Unwilling to leave Maria, but longing for my little girl, I turned in early. I did not hold out my arms to Rosie across the night, but it seemed to me my very soul was doing so.

Distance: 18 mi.

July 17—Yesterday, with unbelievable toil and trouble, we ascended the narrow ravine on our right our scouts had found through the sand stone elevation. We then passed over a high plain so densely growed with wild sage we could not hardly force our way amongst it. We seen the skeletons of several buffalos. Sage hens was frequently flushed, and all along our train folks was taking shots at them. Filing down into a gloomy gorge, we followed it as far as Bear River, the current of which

foamed over a bed so rocky our stock and oxen was near breaking their legs. Several oxen indeed fell down. But swaying and tossing and almost over turning, though some of the men waded beside them to steady them, our wagons was at last got over; and having travelled down the western bank a little ways, we made our camp.

After supper Maria went down the line to set with Mrs. Fitzgerald and Mrs. Purvis a spell, taking Pudden with her. I accompanied her, but after passing the time of day, went on, thinking this was my chance. I had observed wild strawberry vines a-growing in the grass and had it in mind to ask Rosie to come strawberrying with me, although 'twas true I had not seen no berries.

As I approached, I seen Mr. Kane rolled up in a blanket and laid on the ground upon an India rubber sheet to take the air. He appeared to be in a serious condition, very unquiet, turning his head from side to side, and throwing his hands about. I went over and stood beside him, but he did not pay me no heed. As I stood there, his hand fell upon some object in the grass which I seen to be a pair of silver mounted spectacles and which I gently extricated from his fingers, fearing he would break them. What was my astonishment, upon inquiry, to learn that these was not the property of any of the Kanes! There was no sign of a previous encampment at that remote unfrequented place. Who could have left or lost them spectacles so singularly recovered? Nothing that had happened so far had give me such a jolt as this small incident. Some way it brought it home to me how far we was from civilization.

Rosie seemed stand-offish and I had some difficulty in persuading her to go strawberrying. When finally we started, with neither of us giving berries another thought, we met Basil returning to camp. "Walking out?" he says with a grin. But I soon forgot him and tried to take Rosie's hand. She pulled it away.

"What ails you?" I says; where upon she broke out crying.

"I thought you didn't like me any more!" she says. "You hain't been near me in so long!"

"Oh, is that all!" I says, and I commenced to laugh. I could not help it.

"I reckon, it don't matter to you!" says Rosie, turning back and taking out towards camp, still a-crying; and picking up her skirts, she run like a streak.

I run after her, but try as I would I could not catch her. She was passing a thicket which growed beside the river when out of the thicket a-rose a most blood curdling roar. She stopped in her tracks. The roar increased in volume, seeming to come out of the ground, and being intermixed with short sobbing coughs. What animal it was that made it, a mountain lion or a grisly bear, I did not know and did not want to know. I run up, snatched Rosie off her feet, throwed her over my shoulder, and lit out as hard as I could tear. I never knowed my strength before.

Soon, however, I begun to stagger and my wind begun to fail. As I made it around a bend and another clump of bushes, I seen Basil on ahead who looked behind him. He took in Rosie and my failing efforts to proceed. He give ear to the roaring which was fading in the distance. Then he throwed himself back and doubled himself foward and slapped his knee and laughed like he was crazy.

As nettled as I was by this performance, it somewhat reassured me, too. So I set Rosie on her feet. Still guffawing, Basil took me by the arm and pushed me in the direction we had come. Rosie tagged along, hanging on to my hand of her own accord this time. Nearing the thicket, we heared that coughing and then a long groan fetched out of the very bowels of the earth. Dusk was settling down. I wondered at Basil's temerity as he dragged us round the edge of the thicket, but then seen all too well the reason for his boldness. There laid an old wore out brindled ox, coughing and groaning out it's last, a pitiful creature, but I did not have no sympathy for it at the time.

Rosie and I walked back to camp in silence, hearing Basil, who trailed us all the way, still laughing behind us. I never was as mortified. And yet, at that, 'twas almost worth it. For on the edge

of camp Rosie lightly touched my arm. "Never mind," she says, "never you mind!" and slipped away between the wagons.

When I got back to our wagon I found in some dismay that Maria had returned and was setting by the fire with Jared. They did not look at me, but continued staring into the fire. So stubborn was their gaze that I felt sure that I had interrupted something better interrupted. So I set down on a kag and also stared into the fire till Jared gapped and stretched and said, "it was his bed time," and took himself off. I did not know what else to do. I do not know what to do about Maria and Jared noways. But sometimes I suspicion I would know, and do it, if they did not have my sympathy. I vow, when you try to puzzle out the rights and wrongs of a thing, you get lost in a wilderness of doubts.

Distance: 17 mi.

July 18—I rose shivering from my bivouac, and my trusty mules was likewise shaking with the cold. After leaving the river and following a small stream through a grassy valley to where the stream forked, we travelled along the right branch to a range of hills. These we clumb, and passed along the ridge. We then descended into a deep mountain gorge where we encamped.

Reluctant as I was to leave Maria, it seemed to me I had to see my darling girl. And so I says, "Maria, don't you think you had ought to go to bed?"

"Go to bed?" says she. "Why, it ain't dark good."

"Listen here," I says. "I have got to see Rosie Kane to-night. My future happiness may depend on it. I reckon I do not have to explain why. But I do not like to leave you here with Jared. I reckon I do not have to explain why, either."

"No," she says, a little tetchy. "I knowed full well what you was thinking last night. So did Jared."

"Well," I says, "I leave it to you. Was I thinking anything that wasn't so?" And as she did not answer, I then went on: "We have always stuck together, hain't we? And I do not have to tell you I

like Jared. Him and me is different as day and night, but day and night follows each other, don't they? One takes over where the other leaves off. Jared and me does not make a good team. We make a good tandem. But him and you, just the two of you, here by yourselves, it don't look right. You know what I am trying to say. And aside from how it looks, how it is is just as bad. There ain't no *future* for you and Jared."

"Do you think I don't know that?" Maria says.

"Then why don't you cut this thing off short before it gets the best of you?" I says.

"How can I?" says Maria.

And after my mind had circled around this question quite a while I had to admit, I did not know, short of shooting them both. Because of Rosie I understood several things I would never have dreamt of three months back. But the thought of shooting throwed another scare into me. "Well," I says, "I have just naturally got to see Rosie Kane to-night. It can't be helped. I have got to do it. But if Jared should happen along whilst I am gone, and if you won't go to bed before he gets here, at least have the gumption to set away from the fire. I am not speaking now of the fact that the whole camp can see you setting here. That might be all to the good. I am speaking of some body out yonder in the dark, some particular person, a crack shot, with a rifle in the crook of his arm and a Texas gun in his belt."

Maria looked at me. "You don't have to name no names," she says. "We'll keep out of sight. Don't you fret yourself on my account one way or the other. I am not no baby."

"No, but you are as willful and own-headed as they make them," I says.

"That may be," Maria says, "but whilst you are on the subject of my disposition I might have a word or two to say about yourn. It would do me good," she says, "to hear you come out clear and positive on any subject under the sun. If you want to scold me, go ahead and scold me. Don't give in so easy. Willful and own-headed I may be. But there is one good thing about a willful own-

headed person: They ain't the kind to carry water on two shoulders. I don't mean to say you are deceitful. That you never was. But you are shilly-shally, half a dozen of the one and half a dozen of the other, it's as long as it's broad, and neither one thing nor the other. That's the kind of a man you are. Can't you never make up your mind?"

"Now let me tell you this," I says. "If I was as willful and own-headed as you are, and as you say I had ought to be, I would have got shet of Jared long before now."

"How?" says Maria.

"Why," I says, "I could have swapped him off for Mr. Smead's bull whacker any day, or any body's bull whacker for that matter. I could right now. He is the best of the lot. It would be easy, and Basil would be sure to back me up."

Maria looked alarmed. "You never would," she says.

"No," I says, "and why not? Because I can't drive him off the earth. As long as both of you are still alive, where he is that's where you'll be, and where you are that's where he'll be."

"That is the living truth," Maria says.

"So just be glad I have the knack of seeing both sides to a question, or if not seeing them, at least presuming there may be another side. I am not a-going to take it on myself to hender you or Jared. Who knows?" I says. "Who can say? You and him may be a-doing right. I can't see but what you are a-doing wrong. But who knows?"

Maria laid her hand across her eyes. I could not make out what was going through her head. "This way of looking at things has been a-coming to me gradually," I says, as she embarrassed me a little, and the thought come over me, that I had sounded maybe a mite too pious. The English language has a way of misrepresenting your best intentions. It always seems more convincing when employed for evil sentiments. "All I am trying to say is that I am not no better than I should be. So who am I to tell you what to do? It is barely possible," I says, "though I would hate to think so, that you may be a little better than I am!"

I said this for a joke, but Maria just set there with her hand

across her eyes. "Oh, Winnie, Winnie," she says, "you aim to be a good brother. Go on and court your Rosie. Marry her if she will have you. Good luck to you! Better luck than I had! And don't you worry about me. I can take care of myself."

"Well, I do worry about you," I says, "not that worry never done no good. Well, this world and then the next!" and so betook myself in the direction where it seemed strong ropes was dragging me.

Just the same, pious or not, the more I think about it, the more I conclude, that there is only one thing in this world I am not of two minds about: There is very likely as many rights and wrongs as human beings. Because if God had made one great right and wrong for all of us, He would have made us all alike, but has not done so, just the opposite. So when we try to tell the truth we have to remember this. And when we read, "Love one another," we have to remember it, too. Otherwise Truth and Love would come as easy as falling off a log which they do not. And yet these Virtues, hard to come at as they are, is the great Objects of our Religion.

And I must say, it does me good to see Maria looking so handsome. Although her face is freckled as a turkey's egg, despite the dirt and raggedness of her appearance, she shines forth with a sort of regal splendor.

Distance: 20 mi.

July 19—When I got back my heart was too full and it was too late for me to do no writing in this journal. But I will now set down that it was cold and damp as a cellar down there in the bottom of the gorge that night, and dark as a black kitten in a nigger's pocket. But it was poetical, too, with the sound of water dropping and running over the stones. I and Rosie set on a boulder. I had on my blanket coat and she had a shawl hugged over her head and shoulders. I put my arms around her and we kept warm.

I told her how mortified I felt about thinking I was rescuing her

from a mountain lion or a grisly bear when all the time 'twas merely an old wore out ox, and how it seemed to be my fate to be either a coward or a figure of fun. Then I went on to tell her about Great-uncle Halford and the cat, and how I never could stand up for myself when I was little, and about my misadventures with my horse at the outset of this trip. And I said, that I had always been a gangle-shanks and far from handsome. I made a clean breast of it. As a matter of fact it has been mainly on account of Rosie that all my faults and failings has appeared to me so plain of late. I am a pretty poor excuse of a man to ask a little girl like her to have me.

But Rosie says, as long as I thought the ox was some wild animal, it was as brave of me to rescue her as if the ox had actually have been a lion or a bear. And she says, her father had admired my moral courage ever since I stuck up for the Dr. like I done that time when he was standing trial, and her father had told all the Kanes I had a sense of justice. And moral courage, Rosie says, was the kind that she respected. She did not think much of the strapping young clod hoppers with which she had been surrounded all her life and which would just as lief knock a man down as look at him. That was not the kind of man she would ever marry. A genteel brainy man was the kind that she preferred.

Such was my transports at them words that I—well, suffice it to say, Rosie has promised to be mine. And thanks also to them words of Heavenly kindness, I feel like she has healed me of a life long wound.

Next day the mountains on either side of the *canyada* or gorge through which we travelled towered straight up several *thousand* feet. The space between grew narrower and choked with brush, and finally was blocked by fallen trees and heaps of rock, thus compelling us to leave the bottom of the gorge and pick a path along the mountain side. This was so steep and narrow in many places that a little more and our wagons would have slid over the precipice. I noticed Maria on the seat with Pudden in her arms. Under her freckles her face was pale, but she kept her mouth shut.

We then passed through small hollows, their verdant carpets of grass bespangled with red and blue and purple flowers, though Jared said, that hereabouts the snow has only lately melted. The mountain walls was red and barren. The skeletons of buffalos was frequently seen. A red fox and an animal of brown color which even Jared did not know the name of come close to us. Just before sundown we reached a small gap in the mountain range, a beautiful spot thick with willows, wild currants, and wild rose bushes. Here we encamped.

To-night I have come to the end of the ledger in which I have been inditing our adventures, and have commenced on the second one I fetched along. Perilous in many respects as our situation is, I am glad these ledgers was not destined to be filled with prices and debits like they would have been if I had stayed in B——. Hope to goodness my ink tablets holds out.

To-day we made 14 mi. in our inch-worm progress.

July 20—That night I met my little girl on the edge of camp, and setting on a fallen tree, after our first tenderness was spent, we fell to talking about the homes which we had come from. I wanted to know every blessed thing about her from the day she was born, and she confessed as much in regard to me. She appeared to have a most exalted notion of Kentucky, and said, Boone County, Ia., was not half as nice, and she could recollect the Kane house when it was only two log cabins joined together, but that of recent years one cabin had had a second story of clapboards added to it, and a porch built across it, the whole being white washed. It stood in a good sized yard, with trees around the yard, and was real pretty, Rosie said, especially in summer when the trumpet vine which grew over the porch roof was in bloom. I gathered, that Mr. Kane had been the leading man in his community and that this house of theirs was something out of the common thereabouts. But what she had set her heart on, Rosie said, was a two story house *all* of clapboards and *painted* white, not white washed.

You may conjecture, dear reader, if you have ever been in love, how gladly I promised her that she should have just such a house in California. I then inquired, if her father was well enough to talk to me, as I wished to ask her hand in marriage; but she said, he was still bad, and I would have to wait.

It seems to me, that I have been acquainted with Rosie most of my life, though actually it is a short time only. And in this short time I can see that she has changed. A while back I was telling myself, that she would never change. But she wears her hair in a crown around her head all the time now, and she wears shoes all the time, and does not run around bare footed no longer, even when the weather is warm, and has in all put on the seemliness and composure of a grown up woman. I love her all the more the way she is, but it seems sad, too. My little wild bird has flown away.

Next morning ice was froze in our buckets and wash pans $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick. The small shallow branch was covered with it. We proceeded through a gorge of savage and gloomy aspect which was so deep and narrow the rays of the sun never penetrate to it's bottom. Mr. Duncan was not sure, but thought, this is what is called by hunters "Ogden's Hole" after a trapper by the name of Ogden which hid himself there from some Indians and perished of starvation.

From the gorge the mountains opened out, becoming higher and higher, though not so steep. A stream down which we was travelling presently run through a deep *canyon* amongst great boulders. Ascertaining that our wagons could not go no further in that direction, we turned north east over some low hills where we passed five or six Indians mounted on horses. We then entered a small grassy valley through which flowed the Weber River. But tracing the channel down to where it entered the mountains, we come to a canyon more choked with rocks than the one we had just left. As we observed a whole passel of Indians a-coming towards us, we determined by a vote of acclamation to halt and derive from them such information as we could in reference to the route to Salt Lake.

All the Indians which soon accumulated about our camp was Utahs, Jared said. They was wretchedly clothed, some wearing a

filthy ragged blanket, others a shirt and gaiters made of skin, and others merely a britch clout of skins, which last was bold as brass and did not scruple to present themselves amongst the ladies of our company. I seen one of them watching old Mrs. Purvis as she was preparing dinner. She says to him, "Ah, go on, you shameless heathen!" and flourished her skillet at him, but he never moved a muscle.

Whilst Maria was fixing our own hasty dinner she had an audience of four or five, two of which was armed with a rifle and a musket which they had evidently procured from Mexican traders as, when I inquired it's name from the owner of one of them, he pronounced the word, *carabina*. Basil also endeavored to drive them away, but Jared shook his head at him and advised Maria to distribute to them some of everything we had to eat, which she sparingly done, as our provisions is running low and none of us has had a square meal in several days. However, they appeared to be gratified by our scanty hospitality.

The results of our interrogation was the opposite of helpful. One Indian directed us by signs to go south west till we struck water, and then go north west; another to return to the small valley and thence to pass through the mountains parallel with the Weber River. We took the latter course as it seemed to be the shorter, but it brought us to a ravine so steep that Jared, who had been despatched to go ahead, come back and said our wagons could never make it. So we doubled on our tracks and encamped just as the sun was setting in the same small valley so often returned to.

There was two Indian lodges near by, of which the male inhabitants was anxious to trade skins and hides for powder and balls. One Indian approached me with a buffalo robe, but upon examining it I let it drop very sudden as it was crawling with vermin.

Whilst she was washing up the supper things Maria says to me, "Why don't you and Rosie get married?"

"Now?" I says.

"Yes, now," she says. "Why not? Here we have got a preacher just pining away for lack of use."

"When Rosie and I get married, we are going to get married right," I says. "The makeshifts of camp is not my idea of married life, nor are they hern."

"Makeshifts?" says Maria. "You're as much alive and as much in love as you will ever be."

Maria has no sense of dignity. Indeed, I am not sure that as she said them words she was thinking entirely of Rosie and me. It was more like she had said, "I am as much alive and as much in love as I shall ever be." What worries me is that Jared and her can *not* be married, here and now or ever; and I wish to my stars I thought this worried her as much.

I hear, the Throop children has revolted in a body since their mother passed away, refusing to get up a half hour early for morning prayers.

Distance uncertain, probably 7 mi.

July 21—I kept my tryst with Rosie that night, fagged out as I was, but soon forgot my weariness in her dear presence.

If that was an ill day, yesterday was a long sight worse. Crossing for the third time the corner of the small valley and then the river bottom, we forded the river and took a southward course along the bottom opposite. Thence we ascended to the summit of a ridge, and descending, struck another branch of the Weber River. Following the stream about a mile, we found another impassable canyon. It's entrance resembled a gate, the arch of which had fell in piles. The mountains on both sides reared their walls of red sand stone. So there, much discouraged, we encamped.

I have been a-doing my level best to write down everything in order, but feel to-night I can not do so despite the start fore going. A terrible event keeps turning off my mind. I will consequently merely state: Yesterday we made sixteen miles and that night Dr. Hopper was on guard duty. Some of our pickets captured two

Indians which was skulking near and which declared by signs, that they had come by appointment with the Dr. to trade some skins they had with them for whiskey, describing the Dr. by motions indicating his big stomach and shaggy brows. Since then the Dr. has took oath that it is true that he had made the appointment, but that he had not promised them no whiskey, having none. But as he had told the Indians to meet him at night, I for one am a little juberous. Be that as it may, the pickets did not believe the Indians and sent them about their business, especially as they was the two which had the rifle and the musket.

After an arduous day's marching and counter marching, during which we only made eight miles, the same two Indians entered our camp, bringing with them their skins and again looking for the Dr. Near our wagon they encountered Basil who peremptorily ordered them to leave, calling them "black rascals" and other opprobrious epithets like as if they had been negroes. I heard him, and coming around our wagon, seen that the Indians still persisted, holding out their skins and making signs; where upon Basil set his hand on the Walker Colt revolving pistol or "Texas gun" he always carries in his belt. Jared was close by, also taking in this scene.

At Basil's threatening gesture the Indians pretended to leave. But as soon as Basil turned his back, the Indians halted, faced about, and fired three balls into him. He sprung foward, drawing his gun, but was seized by one of the Indians whilst the other snatched up an axe which was laying by a picket stake and nearly severed his left leg. I did not have no gun upon me, as I rarely carry one, but I looked at Jared, thinking he would shoot and expecting that he would not miss, because he is far and away the best shot amongst us. What was my surprise when I seen him coolly watching, never lifting a finger! The Indians got clean away.

Hearing the shots, our whole company come crowding around, amongst which was the Dr. Seeing Basil prostrate, with his left leg spouting blood and the portion of it below the knee not hardly connected to the rest of it, and three bullet holes in the

back of his red flannel shirt, and his mouth seeping blood at one corner, the Dr. firmly advanced and pulled a blanket out of our wagon. Then motioning to me, he laid the blanket on the ground and between the two of us we got Basil on to it and carried him into the Dr.'s tent where the Dr. slashed up one end of the blanket for a tourniquet which he applied to the limb, and then commenced to probe for bullets.

I helped him as he give directions. One of the bullets had nearly come out at Basil's chest above the left lung, and we managed to extract it, but was unable to reach the other two. 'Twas a gruesome business, and I omit the harrowing details. But worse was yet to come when the Dr. amputated, using the same rude tools as he had used on that unfortunate little fellow. I seen Mr. Gann look into the tent in the midst of the bloody business, and reckoned I would be set down as an accomplice in the crime, but did not care, having other things to occupy my mind. Afterwards, the Dr. complimented me on my "coolness," but I do not know how I ever stuck it out, nor do I know where I ever got the strength to hold Basil down, as he is a powerful man. When he used to trounce me as a boy, I was not nearly as successful.

Some of our number insisted on forming a war party in reprisal. But as we knowed for a certainty there was thirty Indians in our immediate neighborhood, and as we considered the delay and probable loss of others of our able bodied men, the advice of wiser heads prevailed.

Not long after, the Dr. come up and thanked me for intervening on his behalf with Mr. Gann. It seems that Mr. Gann had been a-telling him, he would not have him up before the Committee for operating on Basil, nor me neither, as all the Committee members regarded it as an act of mercy, and was the further disposed in his favor owing to my representations. However, Mr. G. had warned him not to practice save in the case of such emergencies.

I received the Dr.'s gratitude with mixed emotions. He had the temerity to thank me, I reflected, right after having tried to barter

whiskey with them Indians, and it had no doubt been some of "Jim" Bridger's poison to boot, and I had recommended his reinstatement on the grounds that he was keeping sober! I could not prove all this. But knowing the Dr., I regarded it as all too likely. And now look what had happened in result.

July 22—Last night Basil was delirious and troubled in his breathing, whilst bubbles of blood formed on his lips. The Dr. set with him in the tent, and Maria and me set by the fire outside. Once in awhile Jared would stroll up, look us over, and stroll away again. Even I took some comfort in his actions, not pushing himself on us, yet not leaving us by ourselves neither, and knowed Maria must be taking more, though it was no time for thinking thoughts like that, and I could not but reflect, that Jared was full as guilty of the fix Basil was in as either of them Indians or Dr. Hopper. But then I was not wholly innocent myself, not having stirred a peg, and being certain that I would have sprung into the fray had Rosie, for example, been in danger. So who has laid Basil low is a question. But I am inclined to think, he mainly done it himself.

We could hear him groaning and screaming in a phlegmy voice, "Take it away!" and cursing some imaginary person after a fashion to make your blood run cold. I presumed, it was the pain he wanted took away. This went on the whole morning, too, and by that time Maria and me and the Dr. was not in much better shape to travel than Basil was. But we struck camp nonetheless this afternoon, room having been made for Basil in Mr. Smead's wagon of trading goods, and what people may think of him not being put in our wagon I do not know. I disremember whether I made mention that Mr. Smead has hung that death's head, "Roscoe," from the middle of the back bow of his wagon, but anyways it give me quite a turn to see Basil laying in there, flushed with fever, moaning and tossing, the stump of his leg in bloody bandages, with that mortal relic hanging over him. Owing to the motion of the

wagon, it turned and bobbed from side to side, seeming to grin delightedly.

Looking up at the mountain on our right, we discerned a small Indian trail a-winding under and over the projecting cliffs, too narrow for wagons, but wide enough for horses and mules. Some clamored to abandon wagons, possessions, and loose cattle, and to proceed with only our mounts and provisions. Luckily for Basil, this counsel was not adopted as just then Mr. Duncan come back from a scouting expedition and reported, that he had found a gap in the cliff up stream. So we travelled through that V-shaped defile, evidently the dry bed of a mountain torrent, which was so narrow in spots that the wheels of our wagons rested on the edges of the declivities to right and left. At last it broadened out, disclosing a spacious valley threaded by a stream. Here we have made our camp. Basil, the Dr. tells me, suffered a severe hemmeridge on the way.

I do not think Maria has uttered one sound since Basil met his come-uppance. May the Lord forgive me, I can not help but call it that.

Distance: 8 mi.

July 23—Basil died last night. As he sunk more and more into a torpor, the Dr. warned us that his end was near. None of us wanted Rev. Throop around, so just Maria set with him in Mr. Smead's wagon, holding his hand, and I did not envy her her thoughts. All of a sudden he started up very wild, looking about, yet not seeing nothing as you could tell, although there was a lantern on the front seat of the wagon. "Mother," he says, "where are you? Light the lamp!" He then fell back and after a short struggle departed this life.

Funeral services was held this A.M. So here in this wild and quiet valley he lays—"Basil Page Prettyman—1822-1846"; these words being burnt into the tail gate took off our wagon, like I had envisaged the marker to my own grave some time ago.

Maria had been a-moving about like her own body did not belong to her, and her eyes and features seemed paralyzed in one hard stare. Old Mrs. Purvis had been minding Pudden all day yesterday and the night before, and after the funeral I asked her if she would be so kind as to look after him again to-day. I then told Maria to go lay down in the wagon and stay there, which she done like a lamb. Jared fixed our dinner, with some help from me; and when we went to find out if Maria wanted anything to eat, we found her sleeping. I am plumb tuckered out myself. After seeing Rosie just long enough to kiss her "Good-night," I aim to retire to rest.

By vote it was decided not to travel on to-day noways, our oxen being tired. This valley is surrounded by snow ranges, it's luxuriant grass waving in the westering sun shine, the gentle streamlet edged with willows and the wild rose in bloom, the wild currant laden with ripe fruit, the aspen poplar with it's silvery trembling leaves, all presenting a picture of Heavenly repose. But it is a far piece from Old Kentucky.

Distance: none.

July 24—A fire in the mountains burned with great fury all last night. This A.M. burnt leaves and ashes whirled through the atmosphere and fell around us. Due to our camp fires or them of other emigrants? Indians never sets the woods on fire.

Proceeded down the valley, and after laborious exertions for several hours, passed without serious accident through a canyon. We lay encamped on bank of Weber River just below.

This P.M. ascended hills to the south and had my first view of the Great Salt Lake. It was about ten miles away, but such was the elevation of my position that it's whole surface was visible from north to south. The near shore was white as far as eye could see, and I could smell a strong offensive fetor wafted from it. As the sun sunk behind far distant hills this inland ocean for a few

minutes appeared like a sea of red fire. Mountainous islands, dark and barren, rose from it's molten expanse.

Distance: 11 mi.

July 25—By arrangement with Mr. Duncan, we have remained encamped to-day, a-waiting his and Jared's return from an exploring trip through the upper canyon of the Weber. Fishing apparatus was much in demand this A.M., and soon as breakfast was over, most of us was plying rod and line along the river bank. Our bait was the grasshopper, (or *cattywampus*, as some calls them), myriads of which was creeping and jumping amongst the grass and bushes. I myself did not have no luck, but at noon the Dr. come by to show us his catch which consisted of a dozen salmon-trout from eight in. to eighteen in. long, the largest weighing four or five lbs.

"I have always been a devoty of the Waltonian Sport," the Dr. says. "I consider this exhibit a piscatory spectacle worthy of the admiration of the most epicurean ichthyophagist. I shall feast this evening upon a viand Lucullus himself might envy."

Well, I have never looked upon myself as no mean hand at employing the elegancies and refinements of the English language, but I vow, the Dr. beats my time. I have not even been able to write down that speech of hisn without a-going to considerable trouble to look up some of them words in my Dr. Webster. The Dr. tells me, that he is a college man. I reckon, I never shall get over grieving at my lack of education.

Spent the greater part of the afternoon with my darling. We set on the river bank under a willow tree, pulling grass blades, placing them between our thumbs, and blowing on them to make them crow like a rooster. I declare, we behaved like a couple of three year olds.

I happened to ask her, how it come that her brother, "Brandy," had such a singular name? And she replied, that he was named after his grandfather Kane, his full name being Brandywine Lucre-

tius. This grandfather had resided in Pennsylvania and fought in the Battle of the Brandywine and his favorite reading matter had been Lucretius.

"In Latin," Rosie says.

I freely admit, that I had never heard of no book named Lucretius, but when she says, "In Latin," I pricked up my ears, as I have learnt myself a little of that noble tongue and have a Latin grammar and a Latin reader with me, like I said before.

"What was your grandpa back in Pennsylvania?" I says. "A school master?"

"No, he was just a farmer," Rosie says, "but he could read Latin and talk it, too, as good as you and I can English."

This P.M. the Dr. fetched us two of his largest fish all cleaned and dressed; and so I mentioned my astonishment at this uncommon talent of Rosie's grandfather; where upon he says, "Well, I am not surprised. Americans are a remarkable breed. By trusting human nature and putting folks on their own responsibility, we have released all kind of energies and curiosities and talents. I may even say, that you yourself are an outstanding example. Is it not true that you have been earning your own livelihood and your sister's by keeping a general store since you were fifteen years of age?"

I told him, "that was true."

"And simultaneously," he says, "you have educated yourself to the place where you are writing an account of this journey in full expectation of it's publication!"

I said, "I did indeed have hopes."

Then he said, he had not been guilty of prevarication when he had told me once he would be honored to peruse this journal. "I make no doubt," he says, "that sheer veracity will infuse it with something of the nature of the virtuous Anaeas on his divine mission to found the Eternal City, or of that great spiritual history, The Pilgrim's Progress. We are a nation of amateurs," says he, "but, G—d, what amateurs!"

I thanked the Dr. kindly, but did not deem it the part of wis-

dom to accept his offer, as to the best of my recollection he does not fare too well in these pages. However, I will write it down right now, I can not help myself: there is something likable about him. A body can not resist him. And I am not so sure I do not admire him, too, for going right on practicing his profession despite all efforts to stop him. True, I wondered how he could electioneer for Col. Whaley if he believed in putting folks on their own responsibility. There is no denying that he runs with the hare and hunts with the hounds. And yet I let it pass. His geniality towards me has markedly increased since he found out how I recommended him to Mr. Gann, and there is no mistaking it's warmth. It could thaw a veritable icicle.

At supper we had all we could eat for the first time in quite a spell, thanks to them two fish of the Dr.'s. Some of our company having went (gone?) into the hills to gether sarvice berries, we also had some sparingly sugared to top off with, these being a good deal like huckle-berries only a right smart larger. I confess, I was thankful Basil was not there to remark upon my appetite.

Spent the evening with Rosie, as well as the afternoon. The wind blowing a gale, clouds of smoke and ashes was drove down upon us from the mountain fires.

Distance: none.

July 26—Yesterday I mentioned Maria's quilt to the Dr., the one which has the money sewed up in it, as owing to my preoccupation with the tender passions lately it had slipped my mind. He seemed to be struck with the smallness of the sum and with my remark that it was all Maria had in the world from Basil till the end of seven years when \$3,500 more might be a-waiting her in Lexington, but then again might not be.

"I thought Mr. Prettyman was the son of a wealthy tobacco planter," he says.

So I explained about hard times and how the Prettyman place is worked by niggers, and you never can get a nigger to regard

land as nothing more than so much drudgery. The best land will soon peter out under a gang of niggers.

"He was very free with his money," the Dr. says. Something like an expression of regret passed over his face, and I almost had hopes that he would offer to make restitution of his ill-gotten gains. But, no, he merely said, as he turned to go, that he did not know nothing about that quilt, but would search amongst the bedding in his tent left there by Basil.

So first thing this A.M. he appeared with his arms full of bedding—a buffalo robe and three blankets, but no quilt.

"I seem to recall there was a quilt," he says, "but there is not the vestige nor the semblance of a quilt there now." And he held out the bedding for Maria to take.

But she shrunk back, looking at it with such strong aversion that nothing could not have made it plainer what her true feelings regarding Basil was. "Hadn't you better keep it?" she says. "Don't you think you may need it?"

"Why, truth to tell, ma'am, so I may," says the Dr. very courteously, and walked off with it in his arms. It was good clean bedding, too, as he had burnt the bloodied blanket the morning after Basil died.

About that time Mr. Duncan and Jared rode into camp with the tidings that the passage through the canyon might be practical if we made a road in the bed of the stream in some places and cut down the timber and brush in others. However, glad as I and the rest of us was to hear it, 'twas not this news that attracted our attention. It was a coal black dwarfish nigger boy which was setting behind Jared on his horse's rump. (I write, "his" horse, but I mean my gray—or Basil's—whichever you may call it).

Col. Whaley says, roaring with laughter, "Where did you get Jim Crow?" and this was what every body wanted to find out.

But Mr. Duncan only laughed and says, "Ask Jared," and Jared said never a word.

"Well, howdy-do, Jim Crow," says every body, crowding around when the little nigger slid down off the horse.

"His name ain't Jim Crow," Jared says very short. "It is Ananias."

"Ananias?" I says to the boy. "Is your name Ananias?"

"Yes, sir," he says.

"How did they come to call you that?" I says. "Because you tell so many lies, hey?"

He looked up at me wary like, but then turned on the most impudent grin. "Yes, sir," he says, "I tell 'em. I glories in 'em. It's my black heart and sinful nature."

"Why," I says, "didn't no body never learn you the Bible? Don't you know where the Bible says a liar goes?"

"Yes, sir, goes to Hell," he says.

"Well, surely, you don't want to go to Hell?" I says.

"I don't know," he says. "I'd just as lief, I reckon."

"Let the boy alone," says Jared, and he stared me in the face with them pale eyes of hisn. "I swear," he says, "the Rev. himself could not be no meaner. Come on, son. You come with me," he says to Ananias, and took him by the hand, and they walked off together. I never see the like.

Then we started, and our progress was slow. We had twenty men rolling boulders aside and chopping brush in two relays. I was one of the second squad, and riding in between times I trembled with fatigue. The sun become so hot it hurt my hands to hold my bridle reins; so it may be imagined what the heat was like when we was working in it.

This P.M. the sun set scene was splendid, though. Approaching the Lake, we looked out over it's expanse of fire which varied in tint from crimson to pale scarlet, it's border appearing to be a field of fresh fallen snow. It's fiery waters rolled with a sluggish motion, due to their weight, the Dr. said, as they are saturated with a saline matter. He stated, that no fish exists in the Lake.

When he took out his thermometer this evening he discovered that the bulb was broke, so hung it on a willow for the observation of the Indians. "It will be some time," he says, "before they venture to touch it. They stand in awe of the mysterious instru-

ments science has invented"; and he clasped his hands together and very placidly smiled.

At supper time, when Maria handed Jared his plate, he give it to Ananias. Maria stood there, looking vexed and helpless.

"What is the matter?" says Jared, acting innocent.

Maria glanced at me, then says, "He ain't a-going to eat with us?"

"Oh," says Jared, "don't you want him to? Well, then, son, you will have to set hungry and eat later, like a dog"; which was what the little nigger done, and would have felt like a fish out of water if he had done anything else of course.

This continuing peculiar behavior on Jared's part riled me considerable, but also got my curiosity up. So after our supper, as him and me was setting by the fire, I says to him, "Sure enough, where did you find that boy?"

"Why," says Jared, with a leery look at me, "you heard Capt. Walker when he told you I have been in these parts before. Ain't it shameful," he says, "what a young fellow will do when Satan gets a holt of him!" And he cast up his eyes so pious I almost had to laugh, though I was purely horrified a minute there. It come to my mind how Jared called the little nigger "son."

"What do you mean?" I says. "There ain't no nigger women hereabouts."

"No," says Jared, "but did you ever see a Digger Indian? That boy's mother was black as Cloey.

She wa'n't no nigger.

She was a Digger,"

he says like poetry. °

"Hum!" I says and held my peace.

But, just now, coming back from my "Good-night" to Rosie, I run across Mr. Duncan and learnt from him that Jared had bought Ananias from some Indians for all the powder and shot he had on him.

"That boy has quite a history," Mr. Duncan says. "He comes

from Jackson, Tenn., and run away from his master, a man by the name of Purdy who was going to Oregon, right after they crossed over the Platte. The little devil laid low in the day time and travelled at night, following the trail and stealing victuals from the camps—not victuals, rightly speaking, that is to say, but trash and offal. Why he was not shot by the guards, why he was not eat by wolves, I do not know unless it was the good Lord taken care of him.”

“On the wall of that cabin in Ash Hollow there was an advertisement for a likely nigger boy,” I says, “and now you mention it, I do believe that Purdy was the name, Joel Purdy.”

“It may have been,” says Mr. Duncan. “He seems to be a right bright little coon, and from what he told us has had it pretty rough. He turned up his shirt and showed us his back, and it is all scarred up. He seemed to think them Indians was the soul of kindness. He blubbered quite a spell when he had to leave them. What in Sam Hill Jared wanted of him is more than I can say.”

And more than I can say.

Distance: 15 mi.

July 27—At sun up, leaving the Dr.’s little joke on the Indians a-hanging in the willow, we moved along the Lake, it’s glassy waters reflecting the bright beams of the god of day with dazzling effulgence. Our route continued south near the base of the mountains, through deep gulches and around land slides, until we reached a bay. There a congregation of ducks was waddling and flying over the beach and playing in the water. Of these Jared shot several. He rode the gray horse all day, having relegated the position of bull whacker to Ananias, which indeed is not no difficult chore, our oxen being well trained by this time and like to fall in their tracks with weariness, and Jared having forbade the little nigger to touch them with the whip. But Ananias, carrying the whip and hollering, “Gee!” and “Haw!” and “Hoy!” looked fit to burst with pride. As for Jared, it give me food for thought

to see him riding the gray instead of Basil. In an easy natural way he has all of a sudden stepped forth as one of the leaders of our company, which Basil for a certainty never was. Turning a shoulder of the mountain, we come to seven warm springs. However, as their water had a bitter taste, we pushed on through the dusk across a level plain on which we have encamped beside a stream of pure water.

In what degree of danger we had been situated I did not fully comprehend till this P.M. when Jared says, "Well, to-night I can breathe easier. We have made it from Ft. Bridger here in fourteen days."

I says, "It strikes me, that is a long time to travel not much more than 160 miles in. That is only a little over eleven miles a day."

But Jared just looked at me coolly, and I perceived I had been talking like a fool. Then he continued, "But I will not breathe easy, not real easy, till we are on the other side of that dry drive. Thirty—forty miles!" he says. "It is nearer seventy-five."

The fires is raging in the mountains and spreading down into the vallies. This small stream is mingled with ashes. Rosie says, her father is a-feeling better and I can ask her hand in marriage any day. Duck stew for supper.

We have made pretty good time for a change, our distance being 17 mi.

July 28—Descending from the upland slope on which we was encamped, we crossed a marsh growed up in grass five to eight ft. high. A species of rush called *tule* also growed in the marsh to a heighth of eight or ten ft. The ground, soft and quivering, was covered for the most part with water, but we was prevented from sinking too much into it by the forest of herbage which the oxen and our other stock prostrated beneath their feet. We forded the "Utah Outlet" without much trouble, then, crossing a plain, we struck the shore of another bay of the Salt Lake, passed through

a break in the mountains, and entered another plain where we are camped. Several rocks rises near by in tower like formations. Our only water has been obtained from a small stream bitter as gall, causing me no little apprehension. This is not no time to give out.

We eat the last of our ducks to-night in stew again, in which we are more fortunate than most. Dr. Hopper was telling me just now, that Mr. Smead has sold some of his provisions, of which a large part remains, to folks who promises to pay on reaching California. Despite this growing scarcity, however, Jared told Maria to give some stew to three or four squaws which come up, offering parched ground sun flower seeds for trade. The stew being seasoned with pepper, and the squaws commencing to eat, they immediately made the most ludicrous faces, blowing out and sucking in their breath, and handed back their plates. Maria eat from the same plates to show them she had not tried to play a trick on them, but could not prevail on them to finish the contents. So then she give each one of them coffee, bread, and a small lump of sugar. The sugar delighted them beyond measure. They had evidently never tasted none before. They smacked their lips and laughed. Then they squatted down and hunted for vermin in one another's hair, finding which, they eat the animals with relish.

My "Good-night" to Rosie will be a hasty one, I fear, as I am tired as all get out.

Distance: 19 mi.

July 29—We crossed the plain, and late this afternoon we reached a spring-branch of fresh cool water. Sure enough my old complaint has plagued me all the day.

Soon after we made camp, some Indians rode up on lean sore-backed horses. We tried to bargain with them for meat, having finished the last of our salt pork for dinner, but they did not have no meat. One of the squaws proffered a basket containing a substance which, upon examination, we ascertained to be sarvice ber-

ries mashed to a jam and mixed with pulverized grasshoppers. This we purchased with darning needles and a red bandanna.

According to Jared, the Indians of this region captures these insects by digging a pit, making what hunters calls a *surround*, and driving the grasshoppers into the pit. They are then killed and baked before a fire or dried in the sun, crushed between smooth stones, and mixed with the sarvice berries. Laying prejudice aside, I have tasted worse concoctions. The flavor and consistency is a little like "fruit cake," but more like "minced meat." And yet all the time I was eating of it I heard a ghostly voice a-saying in my ear, that I would eat anything, however nausheating. I think, we all miss Basil, but how we miss him is another question. I take notice, not a soul in all our number has not called on Maria with condolences. Far as I know, no body has not mentioned his name, which forbearance strikes me as the only decent thing the truth allows. On the other hand, now that he is dead and gone forever, I can ask myself with some dispassion, to what extent the general dislike of him and my own dislike come from jealousy; and if we had been in his shoes, would we have been much different?

Maria went supperless to bed after a few attempts to taste of *sarvice-berry-grasshopper jam*. To-day is her twentieth birthday.

Distance very satisfactory: 21 mi.

July 30—I was sick all night and feeling weak when I got up, but the morning was clear with a soft breeze from the south. I sometimes meditate upon the beauties of Nature which forms the background for us poor suffering mortals. Yet, when it comes to that, this earth is all too poor and small to hold our human aspirations, and so we have to count on Heaven at last.

We followed a range of mountains and skirted another bay of the Lake. In the afternoon some Indians appeared on the mountain side, whooping far above us in a way to make a body's flesh crawl. Stark naked, they was the most emeshiated miserable looking objects I ever beheld. We have pitched our camp near a faint stream

which flows from the hills and sinks into the sand below us. Vegetation round about is brown and dead.

More Indians come flocking around our camp fires this P.M. like famished buzzards. But they was young and manifested much sprightliness and curiosity. Two of them concluded to camp with us for the night, and out of prudence we did not offer them no opposition. One of these, a young man about my own age, was so earnest and eager in his inquiries respecting us and our language that I set conversing with him till a late hour. Having been a guide to trappers, he knowed considerable English and asked, where we was going and for what purpose? As well as I was able, I related to him the wonders of California and pointed towards the West. I said, we was going there because we was not happy where we come from. If I understood him rightly, he replied, that his people, too, was always hungry and always fighting, that they had heared of such a country and meant to travel there, but that to their way of thinking 'twas necessary to die first.

Distance: 14 mi.

July 31—To-day early we was visited by some naked filthy Digger Indians, as Jared said they was, although they called themselves Soshones, being ashamed of their poverty and awnriness. Just as the Sioux is the gentry of these western tribes, so the Diggers is the trash. They fetched with them a mixture of parched sun flower seeds and grasshoppers, and we traded with them for all they had. Otherwise our breakfast would have been cold biscuits and sugarless coffee only, which indeed made up Maria's fare. She has been a-having stomach upsets lately. I also purchased of one of the Indians a dressed grisly bear skin of a size, I do believe, to cover a parlor floor. I give him twenty charges of powder and twenty bullets for it.

This P.M. I fully intended to tackle Mr. Kane on the subject nearest my heart, but felt too sick and miserable to go through with

the ordeal. I am feverish again. My sleep is broken. My days is passed in torture.

Told Rosie about my purchase of the grisly bear skin. But she says, she does not want no bear skin on the parlor floor. She wants a flowered carpet.

Our course continues much the same.

Distance: 18 mi.

August



August 1—Not a living thing, animal, reptile, or insect, was seen during our march to-day. We crossed a valley white as salt, then several deep ravines and chasms. We lay encamped beside a few dwarf cedars and scattered bunches of dead grass for our stock. In a hollow near us the sand is moist, and by digging a hole we have obtained a little water, but it is strong with salt and sulphur. A dense smokey vapor from the forest fires above us fills the valley and hides the distant mountains. We have commenced preparations for the "dry drive," our march over the Great Salt Desert, tomorrow, which employment will probably keep us busy until late to-night.

Distance: 18 mi.

Aug. 2—I rose from my bivouac this A.M. at half-past one o'clock, being in pain and unable to sleep. The moon, a ball of red fire shining with a dim and baleful light, seemed struggling downwards through a bank of smoke across the mountains to the west. The valley laid out at my feet was sufficiently illuminated to display its broken and frightful barrenness. All was silence and death. The air was frosty. The winds was stagnant. I contemplated this oppressive scene till the moon had sunk behind a mountain and object after object was shrouded in shadow.

Others of our company a-rousing themselves by this time, we re-commenced our preparations for our long and dreaded march, the men cutting the dead grass for our oxen and tying it in bundles, the ladies cooking such provisions as there is. There will be no fuel later on. After our breakfast of bread and coffee, we worked around our blazing fires till the first gray light appeared

when, the word to "catch up" being give, the women begun to pack the wagons "with care!"—as Mr. Kane admonished them, saying, that any stops to re-adjust the loads would result in dangerous consequences.

For the first time in many days he was able to be up and set his horse, riding amongst us. Several small powder kags, one holding three or four pts. of left over coffee, the rest containing as much water as we had collected over night from the brackish spring, held our entire supply of liquid refreshment. Mr. Kane put them in charge of Jared with instructions to dole out their contents a little at a time and equally to all. Mr. Kane's flesh has wasted from his bones, his skin is yellow as gold, and he looks to be a much older man. Still there is that about him which unfailingly commands affection and respect.

Mr. Duncan was to leave us at this point, returning alone by the way we had come and hoping to overtake Capt. Walker and his party by pushing foward with all speed, travelling at night through the savage-infested wilderness. He was of Scotch descent, a tall pursy man getting on towards middle life, sandy complected, and having a long sagacious upper lip. His bravery in going back alone was equalled only by his kindness in seeing us that far. Everything being ready, he accompanied us to the summit of the mountain and had not scarcely left us when, from where he set his horse on one of the peaks, he stretched out his long arm and hollered after us, "Now drive like h—l!" which was good advice, but unable to be heeded, so dilatory is the gait of an ox.

In the valley we found a blind trail which we presumed to have been made by Capt. Frémont last year, the first I knowed of his second expedition. We followed this as long as it lasted. Evening was falling fast, but whipping up our oxen and spurring on our mules and horses, we clumb a ridge of low hills—"volcanic," the Dr. said they was, and strewed with "vitreous" gravel in his words again, but it looked like brown junk bottle-glass to me. Passing through a narrow gap, we seen the vast desert-plain before us, snowy white as far as the eye could travel, resembling a dreary

winter's landscape. Not a bush, not an object of no kind, rose above it's surface. At the western end of the gap we have encamped.

Distance: 25 mi.

Aug. 3—This A.M., as I and others in advance of the rest paused on the brow of a cliff, we seen below us a narrow channel clean across the plain. It looked so much like wavey foaming water that I exclaimed, "We have missed our road! Yonder is another arm of the Great Salt Lake!" The others thought so, too, and we was discussing our plight when the rest of the company come up. Upon a calmer scrutiny they discovered that the "rushing waters" was motionless and did not made no sound. Descending the cliff, we entered on the plain which we had just been surveying with so much consternation, and found it to be composed of bluish clay crusted in scalloped lines with a white saline substance, the first imitating the body of the water and the second the crests and froth of the "waves" and "surges."

Beyond this we crossed the beds of several small lakes of which the water had evaporated, leaving thick crusts of salt, and which was separated from one another by mounds of white ashy earth. Our stock and oxen waded through these undulations, sometimes sinking to their knees, at others to their bellies, but getting through without much difficulty as this sand or ash was so fine and light. Indeed, stirred up by our progress and lifted on the wind, it hung all around us like a thick fog.

Halting a few minutes to rest our oxen and moisten our throats from the powder kags, we struck out again. Close to, the plain looked even vaster and whiter, and it's perfect flatness even more unnatural. So unearthly was the scene that my very mules moved foward unwillingly, several times stubbornly turning and lighting out in the opposite direction. For about fifteen miles the surface of the plain was so hard packed that the hooves of our animals did not leave no prints. Behind us, it was like we never had passed over it.

The mirage here displayed its cruel deceptions with a perfection and magnificence surpassing anything of the kind I ever seen. Lakes was studded with islets, their tranquil waters reflecting the sloping shady banks and shores, of which the green trees tossed gently in the wind. These fading away as we advanced, beautiful dwellings surrounded by gardens, avenues, and groves, seemed to blossom out before us; and these melting from our view, a great city with countless columned buildings of marble whiteness, clustered with domes and spires, rose up along the sky line, miraculous. All around, on every side, the distant view seemed like a gorgeous dream or the fabrications of enchantment; and yet seemed, too, so real that tears bedimmed my sight. It looked like Paradise.

"These visions," says the Dr., riding up beside me, "entices us with a more than Calipsan malice, as when we get to where they seem to be we find only the barren sands. At the same time," says he, "if it was not for the desert, these beautiful illusions would not be produced."

There was matter for reflection in what he said. But just then Maria says to me, "What is that?" And from the expression on her face I was not surprised at what I seen—a monstrous figure moving on our left at an apparent distance of six or eight miles, going right along beside us.

"It is Mr. Duncan who has concluded to come with us," I says, but did not believe it even as I spoke, it being much too big.

"'Tis some Syclopean nondescript beast lost upon the desert," the Dr. says.

"It is the D—I mounted on an ibis," says Jared, very solemn.

Hearing this, Ananias run and clung on to Jared's stirrup and pressed his face against it, blubbering. And a regular hubbub broke out all along the train as folks pointed and stared.

A pardner of equal size soon joined the mysterious monster, and for an hour or more they moved along beside us, then vanished below the horizon.

"By G—d," says Dr. Hopper, "by G—d!" staring at the distant

spot where they had been, and combed his beard with his fingers.

Jared glanced at Maria who appeared froze to the wagon seat. "There is something about the light out here," he says carelessly. "It can make a thing look ten times bigger than it is. I have seen a crow perched on a bush and taken it to be a man on horse back. Them things may have been a couple of jack—s rabbits."

"No doubt you are right, no doubt you are right," the Dr. says. "As a man of science, I can understand that what you say is altogether possible." And he was not the only one to heave a sigh of relief.

Gradually the plain become softer. Our oxen sunk to their knees in the stiff soil, and the wagons to the hub. Directly we was all bogged down. We hastily fetched anything of a flat solid nature from our carefully packed loads, and laid it before the wheels—bed slats, the head boards and foot boards of beds, tent poles, rolls of skins and canvas; and the oxen being whipped up and urged fowards with much hallooing, some succeeded, their eyes starting from their sockets, in pulling the wagons out, only to bog down again at the next few steps. In about an hour's time we thus progressed maybe twenty or thirty yds.

Every one then begun throwing out possessions, not saying nothing, but in silent agreement that nothing else was to be done. Family portraits, feather beds, washing tubs, chairs and sofas, trunks and boxes, was cast aside. And we was not no more sparing than the rest. But them desperate measures was without result. The oxen sleepily shut their eyes like nothing on earth could not force them to budge, and staid embedded in the clayey soil.

A meeting was called and 'twas determined after lengthy wrangling and better than another hour's delay to abandon the wagons, pack our provisions on some of the loose mules and horses, and driving the oxen and our other stock before us, to travel like our very lives depended on it, as indeed they did. I re-loaded my pack mule, flinging my dear books on the ground, and saving only my lantern and the tin box containing my ledgers and my pen and

ink. Then I anxiously made my way fowards till I seen Rosie mounted on a horse behind her brother Brandy.

"Are you all right?" I says.

"Oh, yes," she says; and her dear little face looked down at me from the depths of her blue check bonnet. "Are *you* all right?" she says, and I told her, that I was.

Returning to my immediate party, I noticed the Fitzgeralds packing up. As they have only one horse, old Mrs. Purvis was mounted on it, and the twins was accomodated in the saddle bags, presenting a very odd appearance. Beside their wagon Mrs. Purvis's three rocking chairs stood tilted back, gazing up astonished at the sky.

Up and down the line Mr. Kane was riding, repeating in a loud voice, "Them that has been riding, wearing moccasins, and now intends to walk, put on your boots!"

We begun to straggle on again, Maria and Pudden mounted on my riding mule which I led, driving my pack mule and having one of the kags strapped to my shoulders. The rest had made similar arrangements. Jared had strapped his tent cover and poles on to the back of the gray and had hung the other kags, three on a side, along the saddle. He walked along, leading the horse with one hand and Ananias with the other. I seen Maria look behind her at the carved pine apple posts of Mother's bedstead laying out there in the open. Passing Mr. Smead's wagon, I thought of all the tea, coffee, spices, hardware, tin ware, crockery, cart wheels, boots and shoes, calicos and cottons, crapes, silks, shawls, jewelry, combs, and other gewgaws and jimcracks it contained, and I had been a store keeper too long myself to leave them in a desert without a pang. But I was glad to see the last of "Roscoe," spinning in the wind and gleefully showing all his teeth. I also knowed, that in the Kanes' four wagons there was not only all their furniture and household goods and farming tools, but laces, velvets, and taffetys besides, which was to have been traded with the Spanish for California land. Nevertheless we had to leave them, and presently the backward glance descried

the white tops of our wagons sinking lower and lower towards the horizon, like "schooners going down with all sails set," as I heard Rev. Throop remark.

By that time 'twas nearly dark, but we pushed on. The stars come out and the wind grew cold. Still we did not stop till Mr. Kane sent back the word that we had accomplished the twenty-five miles allotted to each day's journey across this Great Salt Desert. Now, after rinsing out our mouths with our precious water, swallowing a little bread, and baiting our oxen, we have thrown ourselves down to sleep, rolled in our blankets under the sky—all but me, and I aim to do so shortly. Complete silence prevails save for the wailing of a child or two.

Distance: 25 mi.

Aug. 4—This A.M., re-commencing our march, we made out through the smokey haze the dim outlines of the mountains which was to terminate our last day in them fearful wastes. Soon a cloud loomed up in the south, accompanied by distant peals of thunder and a furious wind, rushing across the desert, filling the air with fine sharp particles of salt, and drifting it in heaps like snow. Our eyes was nearly put out, our throats was choked, and every breath we drew tasted of salt.

Our whole company gathered around the powder kags, we rinsed our mouths, and struggled on. This performance was repeated two or three times, and the last time Jared had to drive his thirsty customers away as only one full kag remained. Then, lo and behold, as we was once more beating our way fowards again the wind, Mr. Smead come up to him, bent under a pack made of a blanket which was as big and looked to be as heavy as a sack of potatoes. Mr. Smead reached into an inside pocket of his jacket and pulled out a long narrow shammy purse which, hefted in his palm, emitted the chink of coin.

"How much do you want," he says, "for that last kag?"

Jared merely looked at him.

"\$25?" says Mr. Smead. "\$50?" And he hefted the purse in the palm of his hand.

"Why," says Jared, "you yellow bellied toad! Get away from me before I kill you."

But Mr. Smead says, not at all abashed, "Think it over. \$50!" and walked on off.

The storm continued and our thirst raged unabated. My tongue was cleaving to my palate and I could not swallow because I did not have no spittle. So we stopped once more and the water Jared poured out then for each of us was barely enough to cover the bottom of our tin cups. Ananias was ahead of Mr. Smead, and as Jared was pouring out his share, Mr. Smead angrily pushed forward, knocking the little nigger's cup out of his hand and spilling his water in the sand. I seen Jared's muscles tighten and then I seen them relax as by a miraculous exertion of his will. He only says, "Now just for that, you don't get no water. Ananias gets your share." So saying, he very tranquilly poured more in Ananias's cup. This was an act of justice, I allow, but Ananias stared up very impudent, I thought, straight into Mr. Smead's face, as he slowly sipped his water. Jared has set out in the nearest way to spoil that boy beyond redemption.

Before we moved on, Rev. Throop collected us around him and prayed for rain, but nary a drop fell all day long.

As the storm died down there appeared diagonally in front of us a number of men and horses, fifteen or twenty. Some was riding and I seen others dismount and march towards us on foot. They come foward with such speed that they seemed to be rushing down upon us. They looked to be about four miles away, but their size was not in proportion, being nearly as large as we was, and consequently of gigantic stature—or I would have presumed so had I not recollected Jared's remarks about the effect of the light out here. Consequently I took them for a party of Indians, and yet this was not probable, as no hunting party would likely take this route.

Soon they was multiplied into 300 or 400, marching foward

with the greatest speed. I then conjectured, that they might be Capt. Frémont and his party returning with others from California to the States. Such was my condition by this time, though, I did not trust my senses, so says to Maria as I led her and Pudden on the mule, did she notice them men and horses in front of us? She answered, that she did, and she had seen the same thing previously, and did not believe that they was real.

I then closely observed a single figure in advance of the others and was struck by it's likeness to myself. It also appeared to be leading an animal of monstrous size. To test my hypothesis I suddenly wheeled around, at the same time stretching out my arm and turning my face sideways to watch the motions of this figure.

Jared says to me severely, "What are you a-doing?" and I do believe he thought, I had lost my mind.

I paid him no heed, but marched deliberately with long strides for several paces. The figure done the same. I repeated the experiment and with the same result. The fact was clear. They was our own reflections marching towards us. And whether me and Maria was alone in seeing that shadowy host or whether they was observed by all, I do not know. But it is certain that after about an hour they rose up, horses and all, like witches on their broomsticks, and swelling larger and more misty till they covered the sky, flew over our heads in the direction we had come. At the rate they was travelling they would soon be at Ft. Bridger, I thought, and would make St. Louis by night fall. I thought of what the Dr. had said about the more than Calipsan malice of them pleasure groves, placid lakes, stately dwellings, and marble cities which we had seen the day before. But them counterparts of ourselves, going back where we had come from, was a heap worse in my opinion, and I could not shake off the terror they had filled me with, as my thoughts too wistfully followed them.

"In all truth," thought I, "'tis better to follow phantoms than to wish we had not started."

Passing a small *byoot* standing solitary on the plain, we come to a short range of mountains, turning a spur of which we entered

on gradually rising ground. We commenced to cross another plain of salt, on the far side of which was the mountains where we hoped to find a spring of water. We fixed our eyes on these and plodded foward. I seen the eldest Throop girl sobbing and driving one of the younger children along by a strap. I myself frequently fell down for no reason except I was so weak. Pudden cried feebly all afternoon.

This plain was covered with a thicker layer of salt than the other one had been. It broke like crusted snow under our feet. The moon shone out about nine o'clock, illuminating the whiteness. The cold was intense. Our animals now refusing to go along, they had to be cruelly prodded and beat with the last of our energies. I had been a-letting "old Jinny" travel by herself, and 'twas all I could do to restrain my tears of rage and exhaustion when I seen her knowingly waiting for me, the pack swinging under her belly. But I summoned up what strength and patience I had left, and re-adjusted the pack, and luckily had finished when to my astonishment she took out at a gallop. She was followed by the riding mule which started up so sudden that Maria and Pudden fell off, but Pudden was not hurt as Maria was under him, and neither was she hurt, although she laid there quite a spell and I could not pull her up.

"It seems to me I can't go on," she says in a whisper so low I had to kneel beside her to catch it. But she did go on. So did we all.

By that time all our oxen, cattle, mules, and horses was far ahead of us in a wild stampede, having scented water on the other side of the plain. About ten o'clock P.M. we begun to climb a slope of a mountain overgrown with sage brush. Hollering as loud as we could for our dry throats and swollen lips, we heared a faint response from the mounted members of our company. And after pressing through the sage, high grass, and willows, we come to where they was halted around a small stream of water.

Here we learnt, that men and stock on their arrival had bolted madly foward. The oxen had gored horses, mules, and one another. One ox was drug from the stream dead of it's wounds. The water

was all churned up and muddied, and I was not near as thirsty as I had been some hours before. Now that I had reached this spot where I could gratify my agonized desires in this respect, they was greatly diminished. So first I unsaddled one of my mules and unpacked the other as they drank. I then dipped up a cup of the brown water and drank it off with merely tolerable relish.

We did not light no fires this night nor prepare no evening meal, partly because we was plugged out and partly because we was not anxious to give away our whereabouts to the Indians, not being in no condition to stave off an attack. Every body has rolled up in their blankets, sleeping soundly in the bright moon shine. As for me, though I was not thirsty when I come to water, I am tired now I can rest. I am in a stupor of fatigue, so that I would have a hard time writing my name, let alone this full account of the day's events, and I do not know as I shall be able to read it, once it is wrote, my hand jerks and trembles so. But such is the lot of the scribe. He not only has to live his life like everybody else; he has to write about it, too. So here I set, hard at it, by the light of my lantern which is suspended from a willow and over which I have hung my coat so as not to attract the notice of no Indians.

I hear, that old Mrs. Purvis did not lose her seat when her horse smelt water, but staunchly rode him all the way with Rupert and Hubert in the saddle bags. I also hear, that Mr. Kane fell from his saddle in a dead faint the minute his horse stopped at the stream.

As far as I know, the Great Salt Desert has never before been crossed but twice at this place by civilized men—and never before by women. It is amazing how the women has held up. But then as I recall my grandmother's tales about Kentucky in the early days, I have my doubts if women has ever been the "weaker sex."

Distance: 25 mi.

Aug. 5—This A.M., thrashing around in the reeds, willows, and high grass, looking for our loose stock, we come to the source of

the stream, a basin of cold pellucid water. Mr. Connor pulled up a remarkable blade of grass which, when measured, was found to be thirty-five ft. in length. With this prodigious vegetable product we tried to sound the spring, but could not hit bottom. We found some of our animals cropping the tall seeded grass on this small spot of fertility. Others, however, was lost beyond recall.

To rest both man and beast we have remained encamped to-day. All around us stretches the arid wastes. The fires in the *canyada* is smoking still. The absence of our usual employments added to the surrounding desolation and memories of our cherished possessions left behind has overcast with gloom the minds of many; and I hear, that Davey Fitzgerald is altogether give over to a mood of despair, having retreated into the underbrush and there laying down, refusing to come out. Mrs. F. is greatly troubled about him, and says, them phantoms of the desert made an impression on his mind which nothing will never efface. I myself all day have felt an uncontrollable melancholy, to which two pieces of intelligence has added much:

The Dr. tells me, that he is morally certain Maria's quilt is in that pack of Mr. Smead's. At least when Mr. S. was making his arrangements for the night, the Dr. seen something red and white and green amongst his gear, and these is the colors of that quilt. The Dr. thinks, that Mr. S. may possibly have stole it when Basil was removed from his (the Dr.'s) tent. He says, that he will keep a look out for it, but asked me not to mention our suspicions to Mr. Gann, a request which suited me in ways that I have stated, but to which I acceded with some rising uneasiness.

Disturbing as this news is, a conversation I just now had with Jared upsets me even more. I was telling him in confidence what the Dr. had been telling me, so that the talk veered around to Maria's widowhood and thus to Basil; and I took the opportunity to sound Jared out on a subject which had been bothering me: why he did not interfere between Basil and them Indians. As unfriendly as Jared was to Basil, I did not like to think he had intentionally contributed to his death.

Jared, who was laying back again a pack, with one knee cocked over the other, chewing on a spear of grass and gazing into the fire, just give me an enigmatic look.

"I didn't do a thing," he says at last,

"That is just it," I says. "Why didn't you?"

"Well," he says, "I'll tell you. First and foremost I would have fetched a whole pack of savages down on the rest of us if I had shot them Indians. But aside from that, there is no need of more fine gentlemen in California. There is too many of them now, with their land and their slaves and their horses and their gambling. That is why California is so backward."

"But how can you presume to judge," I says, "and take upon yourself the awful part of Providence?"

"Well, as for that," he says, "I guess whenever a man thinks one way or another, or acts one way or another, he takes upon himself the awful part of Providence."

This observation struck me as by no means lacking in acuteness. In fact, it immediately led my mind into labyrinthine speculations. But I did not want to get put off the track, and so I says, "Yes, but Basil paid you as much as I did. He had full as much right to expect you to get him through safe and sound"; though even at the time I thought to myself, "There I am, a-talking like Mr. Smead."

Then Jared says a thing I shall not soon forget. "You belong to the moving-on ones," he says. "Basil Prettyman did not have no business starting out for California." He added, "What do you think I get out of bull whacking anyway? Money? That is very likely!" he says. "Bull whackers is all as rich as Creases."

"What do you?" I says.

"Well," he says, "it stands to reason I didn't pick out this line of work in cold blood. I am a bull whacker, a kind of ferry man, a-ferrying emigrants from the settlements to California, because I get a certain satisfaction out of it and because I have the right experience. But how does it come I get a certain satisfaction out of

it and have the right experience? That is a long story." He turned and looked at me. "I am forty-six years old," he says.

I says, "If you are forty-six, then I am fifty."

"No, I am forty-six years old," he says. "Sometimes I feel older. I'll ask you a riddle. Why am I like a thousand cats?"

"I give up," I says.

"Because I have 9,000 lives," he says, and chewed his grass stem quite some time in silence.

Then he says, "I was born in Albemarle County, Va., in 1800. My mother's name was Molly Harris. Not far away from her folks', there lived a Capt. Charles Prettyman, the owner of a big plantation. In the June of 1799 he left for Kentucky in a hurry and never come back. Every body knowed he had one crime on his conscience, having shot down a stump speaker when he was liquored up, but they did not know that he had left my mother in the family way."

Again he set and chewed in silence whilst I set thunderstruck.

"My mother come of plain people," he then resumed, "but of good standing in the neighborhood. It was owing to me that no respectable man would have her. She was obliged to marry a man named Simon Patch who was the shiftless kind. She had six children by him, and I never had no place amongst them. Simon hated me like poison. He raised me on 'a hickory sprout. But when he took to a black snake whip, I run away. I was thirteen then. I have been a-running ever since."

Here I recollected the scars on Anania's back, and thought I might begin to comprehend why Basil had took him under his wing, and how it was the truth, in a manner of speaking, when Jared called the little nigger "son." But thinking, too, how Jared had turned up to guide our party, of all others, I exclaimed, "But what a happenstance!"

"No, no happenstance," he says, a-reading my mind. "In Independence, when Wilson told several of us bull whackers that a Kentuckian by the name of Prettyman was looking for a guide and driver, I says to the rest of them, 'Stand back. This here is

mine.' I come up there to see you folks with the full intention of getting you to hire me. I would have done without no wages if I had had to."

"Does Maria know that you and Basil was half brothers?" I inquired.

"No," he says, "and I'll thank you not to tell her."

"Does she know your right age?" I then inquired.

"No," he says.

"Just what is your intentions regarding my sister anyways?" I says.

"Nothing she herself ain't willing to abide by," he replied. "But now you understand why I didn't lift a finger to save Basil Prettyman and also why I am a bull whacker."

"Also your advances to Maria," I says bitterly. "You wanted to take her away from Basil."

"Maybe so," he says. "That may have had a little something to do with it at first. But she is a fine girl, whose ever wife she was."

Distance: none.

Aug. 6—Such of our animals as we could find was stiff and still exhausted, and some was suffering from their wounds received from the thirst crazed oxen. Nonetheless we started out again to-day, taking a south westerly course along the mountain slope. 'Twas a delightful morning, a breeze playing over the waving grass and sporting with the silvery leaves of the willows. The smoke had cleared away, and we could see for miles on every side.

We struck an old wagon trail. The ruts made by the wheels of five or six wagons, evidently several years ago, was still visible where the ground was soft.

Recollecting some scraps of talk which I had overheard betwixt Jared and Capt. Walker at Ft. Bidger, I says to Jared, pointing at the ruts, "Which one of them is yourn?"

He promptly says, "That is Col. Bartlettson's, that is Mr. Chiles's that is Capt. Walker's, but I did not have no wagon. I was walk-

ing that trip, just as usual. We had quite a time," he says. "We went clean around the southern end of the Sierra Nevada."

I can well believe, that Jared has 9,000 lives.

Leaving this old trail, we crossed some low hills of white ashes mixed with what appeared like cinders from a black smith's forge. Over the surface, glittering in the sun shine, vitreous gravel or glass was thickly strewn. Our stock and oxen floundered through, and those of us on foot was not in much better case. We looked like gray ghosts stumbling through a fog.

Reaching the foot of a steep dividing ridge about six o'clock P.M., we expected to find water, but searched for it in vain. Then, noticing high up on the ridge a few dwarf cedars with a patch of green beneath them, we clumb up and found a spring which us and our animals soon drank dry. But we scooped out it's basin to hold water enough to satisfy our wants in the morning when it should fill up again.

Some time ago Maria's milk dried up, and she is much distressed because Pudden refuses solid victuals, also because there is not much of them to offer him, bread, coffee, and dried fruit composing our diet. Pudden cried all day whilst I led him and Maria on the mule.

I have been a-feeling feverish and light headed, but told Rosie this P. M., that I would broach the subject of our marriage to her father tomorrow night.

We make better time without our wagons. Distance: 30 mi.

Aug. 7—Last night most of our remaining mules and horses was drove off by the Indians, including my riding mule. The guard was on watch, but did not see a thing nor hear a sound. 'Twas done with uncanny silence, and we could have had our throats cut and never knowed it. All day I have had a sensation of unseen eyes watching from every hollow. Cheerfully discarding his tent, Jared has took back the gray to ride on, it being too mettlesome for Maria and Pudden unless there was some body on foot to lead

it, and they have been supplied from the loose stock with a sober mule which Jared leads as he rides. Like most of us now, I also am mounted by the kindness of others, my horse being an old broad backed work horse which so far I have not had no trouble with. Lacking fresh mounts, fear our progress will be seriously set back.

Rising gradually to the summit of a ridge, we finally found a way to descend—through a rocky defile which would have been too narrow for our wagons. Then another salt plain stretched away before us, it's snowy whiteness reflecting back the sun with a heat and brilliance extremely painful to the eyes. Poor Davey Fitzgerald was blinded for a time, and Mrs. F. had to lead him by the hand.

$\frac{3}{4}$ of the way across, we struck an oasis of grass and reeds around some springs of fresh cool water, though others is warm and sulphurous. They sink away into the sand. Here we lay encamped.

Seen three rabbits and one antelope. Col. Whaley and Mr. Gann each killed a duck in one of the basins of the spring. Jared shot a hawk which we roasted and eat with a ravenous appetite, but we only had about one bite apiece.

Then I went as I had promised Rosie to talk with Mr. Kane. He was reclining on the ground, leaning back again a saddle, beside one of the springs and the remains of their supper fire. All the other Kanes made themselves scarce soon as they seen me, so I judged they knowed what I had come for. Even Rosie just give me a smile and, snatching up the daughter-in-law's infant, made off as fast as her feet could carry her.

"Set down," says Mr. Kane to me, speaking in a weak but cordial voice.

I set and finally says, "I reckon you may have noticed how it is with me and Rosie."

"I may have noticed a little something," says Mr. Kane.

The twinkle in his eye encouraged me, and so I says, "Would you have any objections if we was to get married?"

"None in the world," he says, and held out his hand which I fervently shook. "And that is no small thing for me to say," he then continued. "Rosie is my youngest and my little pet."

I says, that I appreciated the honor that he done me.

"I'll tell you why I like the notion of you and Rosie marrying," he says. "Back in the 'Hoop-pole' County we are kind of rough customers. When I went there, the only property I owned was a half section of timber, two rifles, powder and lead, a Bible, a barrel of salt, a camp kettle, and a couple of good dogs. The only money I made was deer skins, coon skins, mink skins, and wild honey. Soon after I moved there, they made me collector for the county seat; and I used to travel so covered with the skins of varmints you could not see my horse nor me. Them skins was the public funds, coon skins for the State, deer skins for the County, and mink for small change."

"I guess you have seen a heap in your time," I says politely as I could, for I was burning to be gone now my errand was accomplished, which I admit I had been dreading like the mischief. I wanted to hunt up Rosie.

But Mr. Kane kept on a-talking. "Then," he says, "the farmers commenced to move in. I married the daughter of a neighboring farmer and settled down to clear my land. A back woodsman and a farmer is what I am and what I'll die. But I always aim to look ahead. And looking ahead, railways is what I see, and after railways, cities—not just in the eastern parts of this country, but all over. And I would not like for Rosie to marry a farmer. I would like her to marry a man in the fore front of our progress. And it strikes me, that you are a born city fellow. You would make a good Congress-man or Judge or maybe Editor of a paper. You are a comer," says he. "You have all the ear marks of a leading citizen."

Again I thanked him for his high opinion of me, adding, that all my folks had been back woodsmen or farmers, too, up to my father's time.

"What was your father?" says Mr. Kane.

"A store keeper," I replied.

"I understand, that you kept store yourself," he says, and asked, was that the line of business I intended to take up in California?

Now my heart had give a jump, a sort of jump of recognition, soon as I heard them words of his: "Editor of a paper!" They seemed to be the very ones I had been waiting for my whole life long. So to that question, was keeping store the business I intended to take up in California, I coolly answered, looking him in the eye, "No, sir."

"What then?" he says.

"I aim to be the Editor of a paper," I says.

And so I told Rosie, soon as I could make my get away. We set till late on the edge of camp, planning our future life in California.

Off in the mountains a row of fires is burning, regular like camp fires, which may be signal fires of Indians. Guards doubled to-night.

Distance: 18 mi.

Aug. 8—At breakfast time an altercation sprung up between Mr. Smead and his bull whacker; Mr. Smead claiming this time, that the bull whacker is not entitled to no provisions, seeing how his job was to drive the wagon, and the wagon has been left behind; whereas the bull whacker maintained, that this was not his fault and declared himself as being most unwilling to starve. Pistols was drawn; and rushing to the scene, I heard the click of the locks preparatory to discharging the death dealing contents of the barrels. In truth it was a startling thing to see two men in this wild place, where safety is our first and mutual care, bent on each other's destruction. But in the nick of time Mr. Kane strode up, shoving them apart and telling them to be ashamed and go about their business. After doing so, and vigorously enough, he looked to be so weak he could not hardly stand; and it is my guess that if Mr. Duncan had not left us when he did, Mr. Kane would never have regarded himself as well enough to resume the leadership of our company.

Pursued our wearisome way over the next *sierra*, on the far side

of which we found a bold spring gushing forth. Here we encamped at six o'clock P. M. after a march of eleven hours without no rest.

Passed the evening with my darling girl.

Distance: 35 mi.

Aug. 9—Our course to-day laid over elevated peaks, down which our animals and ourselves, dismounting, slid and jumped. The women was much hendered by the small children. "Old Jinny" seems about give out, and I had to stop repeatedly to let her breathe. A good thing our wagons left behind. We then emerged into the spacious valley of Mary's River, the sight of which gladdened our eyes about three o'clock P.M. However, the lines of willows, indicating other streams, was so numerous that we argued and wandered quite a spell before we struck what is undoubtedly *the* river. We lay encamped in the bottom which is thickly growed with grass. Our tired stock fares sumptuously, but the same can not be said as to us humans. Unsweetened coffee, moldy dried apples, and bread made from weevily meal for supper.

After supper, I was talking with the Dr. who had been teasing me about my "romance," as he called it. But I said, in all seriousness, I thought that every body had ought to fall in love. "For the first time in my life," I says, "some body else seems just as much alive as I am and equally important. And this is a wonderful thing. What is more, every body else seems more alive and more important, too. It is like the Lord Himself had been a-breathing the breath of life into them all. But before I become acquainted with my Rosie, they was just dead clay to me."

Dr. Hopper said, he knowed full well what I was talking about. "No doubt you like us better, too," he says.

"Well, all but the Col. and Mr. Smead," I says. "And of the cwo, I don't know but what Mr. Smead is the worst. Look how he has been abusing that poor bull whacker of hisn the whole trip,

then fighting him when he makes any objections. Look how he behaved that day we was crossing the desert. And now what? Why, he steals what little money my sister has."

But the Dr. said, "In his opinion, I should not be too hard on Smead"; and this is twice that he has chided me for condemning villains. He said, that Mr. S. had his troubles like the rest of us, like that was any excuse.

"Through constant association with him on this journey of ours," he says, "I have come to know his history. He was originally a country boy from up state New York. He went to New York City to seek his fortune when he was only in his teens, and found employment in a large and thriving dry goods emporium, where he so far succeeded by his industry in creating a favorable impression as to rise to be it's manager and at last to marry the daughter of it's owner. When he was taken into pardnership upon the retirement of his father-in-law he could with reason regard himself as a success in life. He had become the father of three lovely daughters, he owned a handsome house, and kept a carriage. But the financial difficulties of our times gradually eat away at the triumphant edifice which he had built with so much hope and toil till he was forced into bankruptcy.

"Picture to yourself," he says, "what it must have meant to him when all his strivings came to naught—a bankrupt, forced to dismantle both his commercial and domestic establishments, to see them knocked down under the hammer, and his wife and daughters compelled to take refuge under the roof of his father-in-law. He carries with him the portraits of that wife and those three daughters, Mr. Shaw. I have seen him set aside, take out the cases in which they are enclosed, one by one, and gaze in silence at the similitudes of those loved features, still looking to him to regain what he has lost, though through no fault of his own, and to restore to them the felicities of former days. For he is not a broken man. When the axe descended, with enterprise and energy he applied to business acquaintances, who knowed him and respected him, for credit. They trusted him so far as to

supply him with sufficient funds to purchase that stock of goods which now, alas, is left behind him on the desolate sands of the Great Salt Desert. Try to imagine his emotions under this second crushing blow of Fate! And yet he is not crushed. He hopes. He plans. He casts about him and lays holt upon such selvage as he can."

"Yes, sir," I says, "Maria's \$800."

Fires lighted by the Indians is visible on the mountains through which we have passed. My watch to-night, so will not see my little girl.

Distance: 23 mi.

Aug. 10—My watch passed without no incident worth mentioning. But early this A.M. the Indian signal fires was re-lighted, and up and down the valley columns of smoke ascended from the mountain sides.

May be compelled to slaughter an ox or a horse unless we meet with a greater plentitude of game. We present the most jaded, ragged, filthy appearance. None within the settlements, nay, not our nearest kin, would recognize us as civilized Christians. Our journey seems to lengthen as we travel—our destination receding from us like the mirage or the blue wall of Heaven.

A few naked Diggers come into camp, fetching with them some dried meat and roots. The meat, Jared said, was ground-hog meat, and not of appetizing aspect, whilst the roots, if roots they was, looked even more repulsive. We traded for these, giving as high as one blanket for a dozen or so of the "roots" and about one lb. of the withered flesh. As these Diggers was doubtless spying out their chances for theft and plunder, Mr. Kane requested us men to display all the guns, knives, and pistols we have whilst they was there.

This evening, Rosie says to me, that she would like to have a little boy like me, and I rejoined, that I would like to have a little girl like her; where at we compromised: the boy to have

brown hair like mine and blue eyes like hern, the girl to have fair hair like hern and dark eyes like mine.

Guards re-doubled to-night.

Most of us being weak and well nigh exhausted, we pitched our camp shortly before noon to-day. So our distance was only 10 mi.

Aug. 11—To-day our progress was a good deal easier, the ground being generally hard and level. Lupin only flower hereabouts. Coarse seeded grass prevails along the river which is now not hardly more than a series of ponds. Camped at three o'clock P.M. near one of these ponds. A "painter" come within 300 yds. of camp, a slinking brute. Col. Whaley fired at it, but missed. Even a cat would taste good to me.

When Mr. Smead still had the cart in which to haul his abundant provisions, the Dr. and the Col. "messed" with him, taking the opportunity of purchasing from him delicacies with which to piece out their dwindling supplies, though paying very dear for them. But now that Mr. Smead does not have no more than the rest of us, and the Committee has ruled that he must share even what he has with his bull whacker, him and the bull whacker and the Dr. and the Col. frequently "messes" with us, fetching the raw materials for their meals which Maria cooks. I can not hardly set still and see Maria cooking for Mr. Smead when it is all but certain that he has stole every cent she has in the world except that \$350 I am keeping for her; and I have said as much to Dr. Hopper. But he merely makes patting motions in the air with his hand, and tells me to be patient. It does not set well with me neither to observe the Col., with his eyes boldly fixed on Maria, a-stroking his mustachios at her—which by the way he has trimmed up since he near frizzled them off, and his whiskers, too, so that in an elderly way he looks right dandified compared with us others.

This evening as we set around the fire, swallowing twice on every bite of our ill smelling stew, the Col. talked of nothing but

the effete dainties of the East, expatiating on the canvas back ducks and soft shell crabs at Barnum's Hotel in Baltimore; and even Mr. Smead allowed, that he would pay out a good round sum for all he could hold of the patties and pickled oysters at Delmonico's, a famous eating house in New York City. Maria eat little and said less. She has been having spells of nausea. I am feeling weak and sick. Fever comes up every afternoon. Pudden cries and cries. Rosie, thank God, continues well. And Jared is eternally the same.

Distance: 21 mi.

Aug. 12—Last night the Indians made an attempt to drive off the balance of our stock. They was prevented by Mr. Gann who was on guard duty. However, in his excitement, trying to cock his gun to fire the alarm, it accidentally went off and the bullet lodged in his knee. This A.M. Dr. Hopper tried to extract the ball, but was unsuccessful, it being embedded in the joint.

Our march proceeded between rough mountain walls. Emerging from the canyon, passed over another wide and fertile bottom, then up and over low gravelly hills. Found a spring and a sufficiency of grass where we made camp. Seen some wild geese and sage hens, but at too great a distance to waste our powder and shot on. Mr. Gann set his horse all day in great pain.

I and Rosie had a brief "Good-night" as there is no denying, I feel worse and worse. Took an Anti-bilious pill.

Distance: 23 mi.

Aug. 13—Again we come in sight of the river. Left it through a gap and entered a second valley where we halted about three P.M. Though sage and grease wood covers the hills and mountain slopes, the soil is light, resembling ashes. All day we was enveloped in a cloud of dust. Our hair and beards looked white and frosty and our complexions corpse like till we performed our evening ablutions. The whole sky this afternoon was copper color

from the thick smoke with which this valley is filled. Forest fires still burning. All day it has been as hot as Hades.

Maria give Ananias one of Basil's flannel shirts in which he cuts a most comical figure, it being long as a night shirt on him, hitting his heels, and red as scarlet. But it is better than his old calico shirt which was hanging in tatters, exposing his meat. He is Jared's shadow sure enough, and a blacker shadow could not be.

Mr. Gann is feverish and delirious. Upon examining the knee, Dr. Hopper give it as his opinion, that gangrene has set in and amputation would not do no good. Mr. Gann's whole leg from thigh to ankle is discolored and all swole up. He can not bear no clothing on it. When I looked in on him just now, his wandering speech was pitiful to hear. He says, "The work is too hard, and the pay is too little. It can't go on like this for ever"; and I presumed, that in his fancy he was back in Terry Hut.

To-day two of our spare mounts had to be left along the road to be devoured by wolves.

Distance: 21 mi.

Aug. 14—Last night, towards morning, much disturbed by laughter and loud singing from the direction of the sick man. Voted this A.M. to stay encamped until he passes on, which will be soon. Smoke fills the valley. Several went into the hills to hunt, but come back empty handed. I rigged a rod and line to try my luck at angling, but was equally unsuccessful. Lassitude and gloom in camp.

Jared says, some devilment is a-foot amongst the rougher element of young bull whackers, them that sides again Mr. Kane, but says, that he will keep his ear to the ground. I told him what I had heard the Col. saying at Ft. Bridger, how there is more ways of choking a dog than bread and meat.

Distance: none.

Aug. 15—Soon after sun up, Mr. Gann left this world. We buried him beside a hill slope, and covered the grave with stones to prevent detection by the Indians. Rev. Throop pronounced a brief prayer, after which we all sung "Jerusalem My Happy Home." I am sure my readers, if such there shall ever be, has often sung these old hymns and knows them all by heart; so that it may seem superfluous to write them down as I have been a-doing. But I am also sure, that they have sung them under circumstances of pain and trouble when the words seemed new and wrote for the occasion, and the music poured forth like sorrow itself and like comfort, too, for sorrow. So that is the way the hymns in these pages should be read:

Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbor of the saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green;
There grows such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowheres else are seen;
Quite through the streets with silver sound
The flood of life doth flow,
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of life doth grow, &c.

The few words said by Rev. Throop seemed heart felt; and as I wrote before, he has the gift of speaking for all, what ever kind of person he may be. He said, that if there is a merciful God, and there surely is, the only satisfying explanation for suffering is that we undergo it for some good purpose. And for some

measure of good in this life we hope and toil and can not count on it for certain. But that Heaven a-waits all who deserve it is certain as tomorrow morning; and there our endeavors shall be rewarded according to justice instead of according to the haphazard accidents of this world below.

Mr. Gann was a little ferret faced man, a bachelor, and a hat maker from Terry Hut, Ia., as I made mention, not by no means prepossessing in appearance, yet having such an all-fired earnest way about him as to have made him one of the most important members of our company. I shall never forget him when he pounded on the table and yelled out, "I am here to see fair play, and by the great Almighty, that is what I am a-going to do!" and laid his pistol on the table. He was not no hero. No marble monument will be raised above his grave. He has not even a head stone. But he died just as any of us might be called on any day to do, protecting the rest of us, and that is the great thing.

We was on the march soon after nine o'clock A.M. The temperature become intensely hot, the wind blowing across the desert from the south. Travelled along the river. Having scorched beneath the sun all day, I am now on fire with fever.

Distance: 22 mi.

Aug. 16—Turned right this A.M. over low hills, crossed a valley, and again struck the river where Jared expected to pick up Capt. Walker's old wagon trail. We did not find it immediately, and when we stopped for a short parley Ananias says to Jared, "what was we a-doing?"

"Why," says Jared, "we are waiting for the wagon trail. When it comes up to us we will go on"; to the little nigger's bewilderment.

Smoke in the mountains continues, and the coppery hue of the heavens increases, the atmosphere being heated well nigh to blistering. Another horse give out to-day.

Rosie come to see *me* to-night, and set holding my hand as I told her about the wonders of California.

Distance: 18 mi.

Aug. 17—Had a blustery storm last night. A few drops of rain fell, but all dried up this A.M. Passed along the river through a narrow crack in the mountains. River here and there bone dry. Crossed several vallies, portions of which was crusted with salt.

Having occasion to step aside from the trail, I found to my surprise and chagrin that quilt of Maria's rolled up very neat behind a patch of sage brush. I shook it out and seeing it was ripped to ribbons on it's whole upper surface, knowed very well it was the one which had had her money in it. She said so, too, when I showed it to her. I blame myself very bitterly for not keeping after the Dr. to try and steal it back from Mr. Smead or else reporting the whole matter to the Judiciary Committee; as now it can not be proved that Mr. Smead is the one which took it. I promised Maria, that I would see she gets her share of the balance of Basil's inheritance if I have to go all the way back to Kentucky myself to get it for her—not a prospect I would welcome right now, however. And I think I must be a sick man because Maria give me such a look, and told me not to worry about it, when naturally it would be enough to worry any body.

Mr. Connor shot a sand hill crane to-day, which him and his family roasted and eat.

Made good progress. Camped on river bank about four o'clock P.M.

Distance: 36 mi.

Aug. 18—It appears no rain to speak of has fell in these parts for a long time as in the bare spots the marks of wagon tires and the hoof prints of oxen and horses in the old trail is still as plain as if they had been made no more than a month ago.

They look like if a thousand years should pass, they would still be fresh and new; the same way you can not imagine, that men like Capt. Walker and Capt. Frémont and Jared is elderly men or ever will be, but I and my kind will settle down and age, and what we do will be old fashioned by and by. Though I was light headed, I did not take these thoughts for true, but only for fancies even at the time. Yet there is some truth in them.

About twelve o'clock M. seen on a bluff some 200 Indians. Four left the main body and, running across the bottom with incredible speed, soon overtook us. They would not leave, but begged for something to eat, holding out their hands and pointing to their mouths, evidently being not much better fed than us. We was much alarmed at the size of the party they left, but could not give them nothing, so after some miles they give up.

Mountains dark and bare along our route.

To-night at a brief meeting 'twas voted to divide the remains of Mr. Gann's provisions amongst the neediest of our number; and as our immediate party was one of these, we fell heirs to about one lb. of sugar and three lbs. of bacon, the latter being rancid and coated with dust. The heat had melted near all it's fatty substance, leaving little else than rind and strings, and these in bad condition. Still, late as it was, we returned and feasted sparingly upon it. Maria tried to give Pudden some, but he turned away his head. So then she dissolved some of the sugar in water, and dipped a corner of a clean rag in it, and he sucked on this contentedly. Poor Pudden, he is pale and wasted and troubled with a rash.

Thus I did not attend the last of the meeting, but the Dr. come along and told us, a new Chairman of the Judiciary Committee had been elected to replace Mr. Gann, and guess who it was. None other than your humble servant. *Your humble servant* could not hardly believe it!

Then Col. Whaley said, my name had been proposed by Mr. Kane. "This is a family matter!" says the Col., smiling at me not in a wholly friendly fashion. And it seemed to me, there was a

hollowness in the joviality of the Dr.'s congratulations.

But, however my election come about, I hope to deserve Mr. Kane's good opinion and the good opinion of them that voted for me. The only thing that surprises me is that this good opinion exists amongst the majority, and can not see why it does, and feel a little like a vile imposter. But when I said as much to Rosie she flew into a temper and said, I was always belittling myself.

Distance: 30 mi.

Aug. 19—Cloudy this A.M. when I woke up, and soon a small shower fell. For a short distance at least, the dust was laid and the atmosphere was cooled and moistened.

The water of the river has become strong with alkali, and is nearly at blood heat when took from the pools. Bad as it is, however, our thirst renders it drinkable.

As we was making camp this P.M. Col. Whaley appeared, striding along and dragging Ananias by one ear. He also held a bacon rind which looked like it had been gnawed by rats. It seemed, that this was all that remained of our bacon from Mr. Gann's provisions, of which we had eat perhaps a lb., and the Col. had caught Ananias beginning on even the rind behind some willows by the river.

"I come upon him in the act," the Col. says, "and then he had the impudence to deny that he had stolen it. He said, that you had given it to him."

Jared, Maria, and me all stood regarding Ananias in silence.

"Is that so?" Jared asked at last.

Ananias made no reply, only rolling his eyes towards Jared as he hung his head.

"Well, what are you a-going to do about it?" roars the Col. "If you won't give this little imp a hiding, I will do it myself. I would regard it as a pleasure."

"I'll attend to him," says Jared.

But all during our unexpectedly meager supper nothing more

was said. Ananias set near us in his scarlet shirt, slowly drooping, or so it looked, under a mountain of sorrow. Nothing more was said about the bacon at all until Maria, with every evidence of indignation, begun to gether up some scraps for the little nigger, when Jared shook his head at her.

"Ananias had his supper," he says, "a better supper than none of us has had in quite some time."

And here again I had to admit the justice of this treatment, the same Jared had meted out to Mr. Smead that time he spilt Ananias's water. But here again also, it seemed to me that more severity was called for; and the crime seemed all the worse because Ananias had devoured that bacon raw, just like a member of the brute creation.

"I agree with the Col. for once," I says to Jared later. "A good licking is what that little limb of Satan needs."

"That boy has had enough lickings to last him the rest of his life," says Jared. "And you see all the good they done him."

So then I recalled why Jared run away from home, and shut my mouth. And come to think of it, still a-worrying as I was about the theft of Maria's money, it did not seem right for Ananias to get a licking for stealing a piece of bacon while Mr. Smead for reasons I do not understand is apparently to get off Scot free for robbing the widow and orphan of all they possess.

This P.M. a general inspection was made of our supplies. We estimate, that we will arrive at the settlements of California in another fourteen days. This is good news. But our provisions, pieced out to the uttermost, will not last no longer than five or six. And this is not so good. Also only six or seven spare horses fit to ride is left.

Distance: 30 mi.

Aug. 20—This A.M., as we was preparing to be on our way, Jared went up to Mr. Kane and asked his leave to examine his saddle. Sure enough, nailed to it's under side, he found a cactus

leaf, one of them thick fleshy lobes set with needle like thorns, which he showed to me and the other members of the Judiciary Committee. Evidently it had been put there in the hopes that Mr. Kane's horse would throw him when he tried to mount, and in his weakened condition and at his age a hard fall might well have proved fatal.

I says, "Why should any one try such a trick now we are so near our destination?"

But Jared said, there was some scheme in the wind where by the Col., the Dr., Mr. Smead, and some of the bull whackers planned to seize what provisions remained and light out faster than the bulk of us can go, leaving us behind. And as Mr. Kane is very particular to keep every body up to the mark in all details of organization, this scheme would be more likely to succeed with him out of the way. Jared said, he would not swear that this was what was going on, but judging from hints with which he had been approached, as guardeen of supplies, this would be his guess.

"What?" I says. "Leave us with nothing to eat? Why, we would starve!"

"Your mind is working fast this morning," Jared says to me, shaking his head at me in an admiring way.

And I allow, for all my suspicions of that crew, I could not hardly believe at first they was that bad.

Jared would not say who had approached him with them hints, but advised me to tell Mr. Kane's three sons to keep a watch over their father night and day, which I have done. Except for these precautions, however, 'twas decided to let the matter drop, thus avoiding ructions and delays. I even promised to let the Dr., the Col., and Mr. Smead go on "messaging" with us, a course which Mr. Kane himself urged on me. Well, as our Savior says, God maketh His sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust. But I wish I knowed why this is so.

Old Jinny give out entirely to-day, falling to her knees and rolling over, and had to be left behind. Jared done up our party's little provisions in a blanket, and tied them on behind the saddle

of the gray. I hung our camp kettle and skillets on either side of my saddle, though the former put me to great discomfort.

'Twas a miserable day's journey, the sun so hot that the sweat rolled down our faces and soaked our clothes. Pudden wailed feebly and incessantly.

In the bed of the river near our camp, this evening, Jared found some mussels. He fetched in the kettle full of them, and made a soup which tasted pretty good. But soon after drinking my share I was taken with the gripes.

Distance: 24 mi.

Aug. 21—Last night my pains was so intense I thought I surely would die. All day I managed to set my horse only by leaning on the pommel of my saddle, holding the reins, but leaving them slack, and it is a mercy my old horse is steady going.

As all of us was nearing the end of our endurance, conjecture my delight when, travelling in front of our company, I discerned upon the plain before me the fresh trail of two wagons which could not be no more than a day's march ahead of us! I turned in my saddle and joyfully motioned to the others who, seeing the fresh tracks for themselves, spurred on their weary animals in hopes of catching up with the wagons. All day we strained our eyes for a glimpse of their white covers, but in vain; and our disappointment was increased upon reaching our camp site to find the relics of two camp fires and also the surrounding grass cropped down to the roots, so not a blade was left for our stock.

Having the only fresh cow remaining and hearing that Pudden refuses solid nourishment, Mrs. Fitzgerald fetched Maria about a pt. of milk this P.M. I asked Mrs. F. how Davey was, and she says, "no better," and he will not talk to no one. Pudden readily drank the milk, but it soured on his stomach.

Distance: 22 mi.

Aug. 22—At crack of dawn we started out with all possible speed, still having them two wagons in our minds' eye. We turned a point of the mountain and took a south westerly course. At the edge of the plain we come to some pools of stagnant water coated with yellowish slime and emitting a sickening stench. Our animals rushed foward, but tasting the water, even they turned from it in disgust. As a ridge of low sand hills run across the plain at this place, and as all of it's distinguishing features matched up with the description he had received from Mr. Duncan, Mr. Kane give it out as his opinion, that these pools was the "Sink of Mary's River."

The wagon trail continued fresh until we come to the sand hills through which we waded, leading our mounts, and all our animals sinking to their bellies. The trail was lost there, owing no doubt to the wind having drove the sand across it. We clumb the ridge of the mountains by an easy grade, expecting to pick up the trail once more, but did not see no signs of it. From the summit of the ridge we had a view of the whole country before us, and no white wagon covers was visible. Some wept. Into what gap of the hills could them wagons have disappeared? I half believed, that the tracks was hallucinations of our intellects unseated by hunger, thirst, hardships, and worry; and heard others say so, too. This is a fear like no other I have knowed before, the fear we may not be able to trust our senses no longer; and I can recognize it's growth in me ever since I seen my first mirage.

We give up hope of reaching water that day, though keeping a sharp look out on either side. Then Dr. Hopper called my attention to a small patch of yellowish vegetation amidst the brown sterility, and riding towards it, was soon afterwards seen to pull off his hat and swing it around and around. We all rode up the slope in his direction, but before we reached him I seen a moderation take place in his joyful behavior; and as it turned out, his horse, in trying to drink out of a hole, had near scalded it's tongue off. I could see the beast was suffering considerable pain.

A little further on we found ourselves amongst more than one

hundred holes of boiling water, varying from two to ten ft. in width. We all drank copiously from one small basin of which the water was warm and yet not burning. So did our stock. But the supply becoming exhausted, the new water which flowed in was scalding hot. Here we have encamped, tying our horses and mules and as many cattle as we could to the sage brush to keep them from falling into the boiling holes. The ground under my blanket is right warm from the heated substance rolling, bubbling, and puffing in the bowels of the earth, it being easy to hear and even feel through the ground. 'Tis like my old familiar ailment on a grand scale.

Many cattle fell behind to-day. Our mounts is well nigh dead on foot. But we made the best progress so far.

Distance: 45 mi.

Aug. 23—The pain of my condition and the uneasiness of our stock, thirsting for water and famishing for food, kept me awake almost all night. Soon as the stars showed morning was coming, I waked my fellow travellers and we made some coffee from the boiling water of the springs. We was ready to start soon after day light. At first there was no sound of agitation in any of the basins, but just as we was leaving, the rumbling and rolling and loud puffs accompanied by volumes of steam from the liquid matter beneath us was resumed with fearful energy.

"Let's be going," Jared says. "H—I is firing up."

"It does indeed seem," Dr. Hopper agreed, "as if the machinery of the vast work shops in the subterranean recesses of Nature have just been put in operation for the day by the spirits and powers of the middle earth."

As we pushed on across the dry and silent plain we seen a wide cascade or cataract of glittering foaming tumbling water perfectly represented on the slope of the mountain to our left. Below this was the semblance of a lake so calm and mirror like that it reflected the mountain sides and all the actual scenery. Presently

we was forced to dismount in order to urge our mules and horses through the deep sand. But then I noticed the foot prints of rabbits, wolves, and a variety of wild animals all pointing in the same direction we was headed in, a certain sign that we was on the way to water. At half past twelve o'clock P.M. we descried at a distance of about two miles the course of the Truckee River, indicated by a line of willows, grass, bushes, and a number of *tall* trees. My horse perked up, then galloped fowards, and all of us was soon in the middle of the stream, and all drank copious draughts from it's clear current, jumping from our saddles regardless of how we soaked ourselves to the skin.

We then crossed to the opposite side and made our camp, bone weary as may well be imagined. But the pleasantness of the shade trees can not be imagined by no body which has not had the experience of a whole summer's travelling without seeing one. We angled in the river, and though we did not catch no fish, some shot a duck or two.

Distance: 20 mi.

Aug. 24—I was awakened from a deep sleep this A.M. by wailing and piercing shrieks which latter I can only liken to them of a pig stuck under a gate. Satisfying myself that I was indeed awake, I listened for a repetition of the startling sounds, and they was soon renewed: long wails followed by them high shrieks one right after another. Soon, however, they ceased altogether and, exhausted as I was and it being still dark, I concluded to lay down again and resume my slumbers.

Right after breakfast, if you could call it breakfast, Dr. Hopper come up and lowered himself very wearily to the ground where he set with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands. "I am a medical man," he says. "I can not minister to a mind diseased, erase the written troubles of the brain, nor with some sweet oblivious anecdote cleanse the stuffed bosom of that poisonous

pus which weighs upon the heart"; or words to that effect. "That cousin of yourn is raving crazy."

"Who? Davey Fitzgerald?" I says.

"The very same," he says. "Early this morning he was seized with a paroxysm of insanity, and they called me in. It was still dark, but I could make out that he was running around in a circle as much by the noises he was making as anything else. He was screeching fit to wake the dead."

"I heard him," I says. "It sounded like some animal in mortal agony."

"Never in all my experience have I seen a similar case!" the Dr. says. "After running in a circle, during which circumambulations I tried in vain to catch him coming past, he suddenly stood stock still and declared, that God was satisfied, that nothing more could be expected of him nor demanded from him, and all he wanted was to die on the spot and be buried within that circle. 'I have done my share,' he says, 'and God is satisfied.' I spoke soothingly to him, and persuaded him to lay down again; and when I left, his wife was setting beside him, stroking his hand, and he seemed to be a little quieter."

"Poor fellow," I says, not liking the Dr.'s tone over much. But then I have noticed, that most doctors seems to feel that sickness was invented just to plague them. "How is he now?" I says.

"I have looked in on him," he says, and squeezed his head and groaned. "Such fools!" he says. "'Tis past belief. I found him endeavoring to vomit; and he told me, that soon after leaving those boiling springs, strange sensations of pain and apprehension coming over him, his wife suggested he had better 'take' something; and as the only medicine they possessed was some camphor partially dissolved in alcohol, he first drank the solution, then swallowed the undissolved gum.

"I told him it was camphor gum which ailed him, and there was nothing else the matter with him but over excitement. But he said, he was not given to freaks and notions. He was a cool calm calculating man, and his appointed time had come, and he

must die and be buried near this place. I said to him, that no man as healthy as him could die even if he wanted to, unless he took his own life. But his response was always the same: God was satisfied, and here he must die and be buried. So I procured a quantity of ipecacuanka from some I have with me, rather a large amount, and induced him to swallow it, and he threw up near two oz. of the concrete gum of camphor. I could not wonder that he thought his destiny was fulfilled! I hope it will be a lesson to him and all you folks with your cohosh and pocoon and Bread of Heaven. Just the same," he says, "he is crazier than most of you. I doubt if he will ever regain complete possession of his wits."

For a day of rest and recruitment, this one has altogether had it's fill of excitement. No sooner had I heard the Dr.'s melancholy news concerning Davey Fitzgerald than to my exceeding delight I beheld two strange men a-riding towards our camp. These gentlemen, Messrs. Bragg and Williams, informed us, that their wagons had reached the opposite bank of the river just before sun up, having travelled all night, and they was now about to cross the stream for the purpose of encamping for the day. They, too, had had their troubles on the "dry drive," and had been compelled to leave their wagons on the desert, but next day, having rested at the spring, had went (gone?) back and hauled them out. They said, they was not the last of the emigrant trains this year, as they knowed for a certainty that a large company bound for California, under the leadership of Messrs. Reed and Donner, was not far behind them when they left the Little Muddy. The Bragg and Williams outfit consists of eleven wagons, forty-three men, women, and children, and large numbers of stock, all seemingly in good condition, a long sight better than ourn.

Hearing of our need, they took up a collection of eatables which they presented to us, and would not hear of no pay. Though they could but ill afford to spare it, this amount is only about enough, if equally divided amongst us all, for two days' rations. Jared has been appointed *commissary general*, with strict orders from Mr. Kane to be fair in his apportionments and to give out

just enough at any one time to keep body and soul together. All depends now on utmost haste.

In conversation with my darling this P.M., I was a-telling her about my worriment over the loss of Maria's money and about my suspicions of Mr. Smead and my fears that Dr. Hopper is shielding him someway. I says, "We hope that California is only nine days off, and something had ought to be done before we get there. But what, I can not cipher out."

"Why not?" says Rosie. "Ain't you the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee?"

That little girl of mine takes me a-back every once in awhile. She does not lack for ideas of her own nor spunk to utter them. Just let her speak, and all seems possible to me. I am indeed the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, now she has mentioned it.

Distance: none.

Aug. 25—Last night I awoke to the sight of lanterns passing to and fro. The whole camp was a-murmur like a bee hive. Rousing up, I seen a crowd of lanterns over under some trees, and pushing my way through the people gethered there, beheld a human form stretched out upon the ground beneath a blanket, the face as well as the body covered. I did not need the sight of Mrs. Fitzgerald sobbing again her mother's shoulder to tell me who was underneath that blanket—or rather who had been and was now no more. I had felt a chill and certain prophecy when Dr. Hopper said, that no man as healthy as Davey Fitzgerald could die unless he took his own life. It had been like Fate had laid a warning finger on me. Because I had a pretty good idea what was the matter with Davey—better than the Dr.'s, I believed.

The early settlers of this country, spreading westwards, has always been men like Davey Fitzgerald, men like old man Purvis, men like the Unwins and the Kendrickses. Their wild surroundings made them what they was; and soon as their surroundings got tamed down they moved on to wilder parts. But Missouri is

as far as they could go. Set a back woodsman down anywheres in the kind of country we have travelled over since we left Independence, and where is the woods? Looking around him, he sees the scenery does not have no use for him. And I think, that many a little like Davey in our company comprehends this fact, and wonders, what they are a-doing here and what they will do when they get to California. For, from what I hear, they will not be back woodsmen no longer if they make a go of it in California, no more than poor Davey Fitzgerald is Davey Fitzgerald as he now lays in his grave beside the Truckee River. Maybe I have made too much of this. But I do not think I have. And at Davey's funeral this A.M. my heart was full, and I kept thinking, "Ring the knell for them old leather necks, of which I am in part the blood and bone. Them and their times is dear to me, and them and it is gone."

When I got up last night and seen Davey's corpse there on the ground, and Mrs. Fitzgerald sobbing on old Mrs. Purvis's shoulder, the twins, rolled up in a blanket on the ground, saddle bags and all, begun to cry. And as old Mrs. Purvis patted Mrs. Fitzgerald on the back she turned around towards Rupert and Hubert, and says, "Hush up! If you knowed what has happened, you would have something to cry *about*." And I thought to myself, that they never could know what had happened. But I am old enough to know. Well, as the Scriptures says, let the dead bury their dead. For it was a part of me that is dead which buried Davey Fitzgerald. But thank the Lord, the biggest part of me is on it's way to California, right up amongst the foremost, too, according to Mr. Kane.

The trail was easy going to-day. We have made our camp beside the river again where there is fine grass and wood. Jared caught a mess of fish for supper to-night. But owing to poor Davey's funeral, we only made 20 mi. For the information, probably I had ought to add, he shot himself in the head. And I have to give the Reverent credit: After Mr. Kane had give him a little talking-to, he preached the funeral just the same. And I am glad,

as it is true that Davey has done his share, and it looks like God is satisfied.

Aug. 26—This A.M. my buffalo robe was white with frost, a reminder in these parts that autumn is on the way. We continued up the river until, about noon, we emerged between high mountain walls into an extensive fertile valley. Small willows fringed the stream and the margin of a slew which run across it. On the surrounding mountains pine timber of a stately height thrust upwards here and there. At one side of the valley we passed with great difficulty through several miles of *tule* or rushes which grewed eight ft. high in the swampy soil. Our animals bogged down at every step, and we, having dismounted, done the same, floundering around without being able to see where we was going for the height of the tule. The children rode on their parents' back for the most part, but sometimes I and sometimes Jared carried Pudden in our arms. Mrs. Fitzgerald carried the twins in the saddle bags slung over each shoulder. Old Mrs. Purvis, falling and occasionally appearing to *swim* through the mud, struck me as one of the most dreadful and pitiful sights ever I seen.

Over a high undulating plain we gradually approached the river again, walled in by mountains. Though we was wearied out, we did not pitch our camp till almost sun down, being determined to make up the time we had lost in the swamp.

This evening we invited Mrs. Fitzgerald and old Mrs. Purvis to consider themselves members of our immediate party as now they do not have no man to help them. Maria is thankful for the milk they have gone on giving Pudden—went or gone, I declare, I do not know—but anyways Maria is thankful for the milk, and it agrees with Pudden better now. Besides, as I made mention, the Dr., the Col., Mr. Smead and his bull whacker goes on "messing" with us, which makes more work for Maria, and now Mrs. F. and Mrs. P. can help her with the cooking and the dish wash-

ing. Maria has been trying to get Ananias to help, but he takes care to be somewhere else when ever any work is going on. Maria continues ailing, though it is not her way to complain. I am some better.

Distance: 17 mi.

Aug. 27—Most of our oxen, two mules, and a horse, the last however a sorry beast, was missing this A.M. Their picket ropes was cut, so they must have been drove off by Indians; and once again how this was accomplished no one could say. The guard did not see nor hear a thing. Of all our cattle, eight oxen, Mrs. Fitzgerald's milch cow, and one dry cow is all that remains.

Ascended the mountain range on our right through a gorge so steep that we congratulated ourselves that our wagons was behind us in the desert, even if it does begin to look like we shall arrive in California as naked of possessions as when we come into this world. I presume, most of us has their money secreted on their persons, but of the few boxes and bundles we fetched with us when the wagons was abandoned, all has been cast aside except for that immense pack of Mr. Smead's with which he continues to burden his mount, and what he has in it I do not know.

The mountains was thick with firs and cedars easily 200 ft. in heighth and symmetrically tapering to a point; and I seen many of our number look up gratefully at them stately giants of the forest piercing the sky with their arrow straight forms. Reaching the summit of the gap, we descended a very steep and long declivity into a small grassy valley through which a faint spring-branch of pure cold water flows. Here we encamped.

After supper, to my surprise, Maria says to me in a low tone, with a meaningful sweep of her eyes around the large group gathered at our fire, "We never get a chance to talk no more. Why don't we go for a walk?" Then, seeing my reluctance, she added, "No, I forgot. You have to see your Rosie."

It was a beautiful evening in this sequestered spot, and I admit,

that walking out with Rosie and not Maria had been in my mind. But I replied, that I did not have to be with Rosie *every* evening. So Maria and me walked up the branch a little ways. We set down on a fallen tree, and I wondered when the "talk" was a-going to begin. But presently Maria says with an effort, looking at the ground, "There was something I wanted to tell you. I am pretty sure that I am going to have another child."

I set in silence for some time, and then I says, "To have one fatherless child is hard on you, but two is worse. Let me see," I says. "Basil and Jared had that fight on the Fourth of July. I recollect because I took you to the celebration afterwards. And that was the last we seen of Basil except at meal times, you or any of us."

I had some thoughts which was not the most delicate in the world perhaps. I was counting back, and could not believe that Maria and Basil had been on what you might call cordial terms for long before the 4th of July. A suspicion lurked at the bottom of my mind which I felt could not be true. And yet Maria's next words told me I had recognized it's truth all the time I had been speaking, yes, and this was not my first suspicion.

"You don't have to worm it out of me," Maria says. "I am not ashamed of it. I am enough better pleased to have a child by Jared than I would have been by Basil. And when it is born I will love it more than I love Pudden. I did not think, that I could love a living creature no more than I love him. But now I understand the difference. You don't know," she says, looking me in the face, "what it is to be a woman, and have a child, and watch it every day for fear it may turn out to be like it's father. But if I should have a little boy or a little girl like Jared, why, that would be the nicest thing in the world!"

As I sort over several words with which to describe my sensations upon hearing this, I can not find the right one. "Shocked" I was, "deeply shocked," and it was only natural that I should have been, possessing a sense of decency which Maria all too plainly did not. But here again my doubts a-rose. In this par-

ticular situation, what was right and what was wrong? Was it not "right" in every way which counted for Maria to have a child by Jared? And would it not have been "wrong" in similar ways if she had been a-going to have this second child by her lawful husband? And was it not somewhat "wrong" for her to have had any child by him at all? At the same time, as my mind went back to my advice to her not to set by the fire where Basil could see her and Jared, and as I heard her say again that they would keep out of sight, and as I thought about the one place where they could have kept out of sight, namely in the wagon, and all them evenings I had spent with Rosie after she promised to be mine, leaving Maria and Jared together—. Well, "shocked" or even "deeply shocked" was much too mild to express my repugnance, and I blamed myself, but could not see how I could have acted otherwise. In short, my emotions become such a painful tangle that I was speechless.

Finally I says, "Well, this is what comes of setting your heart on a man like Jared. He will never settle down and raise a family. He will never have no home of his own. He is here to-day and gone tomorrow. I warned you, and you would not pay me no attention. You can't tell me. He is not the kind of man to take this news of yourn the way a father should. He will leave you in the lurch. What did he say when you told him?"

"I hain't told him," says Maria. "I ain't a-going to."

"What?" I says. "Then I will tell him."

"Don't you dast!" Maria says.

"Why not?" I says.

"Well," she says, "he thinks the world and all of me. He might take it like a father should. He might settle down, and wouldn't that be terrible! As a settled family man, Jared would not be of no account. He would be a ne'er-do-well. I would always feel that I had drug him down to ruination. I didn't fall in love with no settled family man. I am willing to abide by my bargain. I am willing a thousand times over. It was worth it."

No readers, even if I have some, will never read these words

of Maria's as they are not fit to print, but I almost wish that I could leave them in. I do not understand that sister of mine. I do not approve of her. And I think, most men would regard her as too much of a hand full. Nevertheless I will here declare, that I admire her. Also there is nothing she could do or say which would make me one whit less the fonder of her. But I pitied her, too. I was not by no means certain that she had give the right reason why she had not told Jared she was going to have a child by him, and would never tell him. I suspicioned, that she did not want to put him to the test. For he is a kind hearted fellow, like I have said, but also mean and merciless. And Maria does not want to run the risk of proving him to be the kind of man she fears he is. To fall in love with, she wanted a rover. But to have a child by, she wants the kind of man that she can marry, because you have to plan for the future when you have a child. And she can not have both. And she is uncommonly brave and sensible not to try. How many young women could do as much? But I do not think, I have ever felt sorrier for no body in my life.

On our way back she says, and I could see she was ashamed, "The worst thing about this is, that I will have to depend on you, Winnie, for a while at least. That money of mine is gone. And I know you are aiming to be married."

My emotions, when I thought how ashamed she looked now, and how she had not been ashamed at all when any decent person would have expected her to be, was such that I did not know whether to laugh or cry, but "cry" seemed likely to come out on top, so that I could not hardly bring the words out when I says, "oh, not to think of that."

And so we come back to camp, and I set glumly down to write.

Distance: 16 mi.

Aug. 28—As we was starting out, six or eight Indians made their appearance beside our line of march. Their leader was an old man with a wrinkled ravaged face. We held out our hands in

token of friendship, but he motioned us not to come no closer. Mr. Kane in the friendliest fashion paused to parley with him, trying to assure him that we wished him no harm. But he responded, if I understood him rightly, that we, meaning whites in general, I reckon, had slaughtered his men and taken his women and children captive, and had drove him from his own country to the West. Then with energetic gestures and the strongest signs of dread and aversion, he again motioned us not to come near him, but to pass on. The other Indians did not take part in this dialogue, but stood with bows and arrows in their hands. So, finding it would be useless and maybe dangerous to press our reassurances no further, we resumed our march.

We travelled in a southerly course over rolling timbered country, descended a steep declivity, and struck a stream which, we conjectured, might be one of the tributaries of the Sacramento, but upon examining it's current, discovered that it run the wrong way.

I took the opportunity this P.M. to tackle the Dr. on the subject of Maria's money, saying, that not only was she a widow and I her brother, so that I took a family interest in her wellfare, but that as I was now the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, I took an interest in it from the standpoint of law and justice; and I was glad to hear myself speaking with some firmness.

The Dr. hemmed and hawed and invited me for a stroll, laying his hand on my back; and it begins to look like the environs of our camp sites is invariably the resorts of private colloquy for every purpose from that of courtship to confession to diplomacy.

The Dr. warmly placed his hand once more on my back. "You yourself have been a store keeper," he says. "And I make reference to some highly admirable qualities in you when I say, that there is something of the store keeper in your make up yet. Surely you can sympathize with Smead's position. I told you, I am morally certain he appropriated that quilt, to put it delicately as possible. But in the first place, we do not have the proof."

"As Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, I can have his person and possessions searched," I says.

"Yes, certainly you could," the Dr. says. "But in the second place, do you want to?"

"I don't know why not," I replied.

He glanced at me and says, "Sometimes I think, you are an entirely different man from the young hobbledehoy I first encountered on the steam boat; and let me add, the change is all for the better. Live and learn, live and learn, and you are still of an age when you have a large amount of living and learning before you. But you are an apt scholar."

"I thank you for all the compliments, Dr.," I responded, getting a little aggravated, I admit. "But fine words butters no parsnips. I would thank you more heartily if you would tell me why I would not want to have this shadey customer and his belongings searched."

"And I should do so with the best will in the world," he says, "except that it does not lay with me alone. But I can tell you this: there are excellent reasons. Besides, in appropriating that money of your sister's, supposing for the moment that he done so, Smead not only was subject to great temptation, he also may have had good cause to consider it more or less hisn to begin with. So I at least believe. And in the third place, you could not identify that money if you found it."

This last remark did stump me. I had not thought of that. And seeing he had me there, the Dr. asks, "What do you say? Shall you and Smead and the Col. and I have a little talk about this time tomorrow evening?"

Well, he is a slick one, and I agreed.

Distance: 20 mi.

Aug. 29—This A.M. we suddenly come in sight of a small lake which we approached through a flat bottom along a stream. On every side, excepting this outlet, the lake is surrounded by lofty mountains heavily and darkly timbered. Jared said, this sheet of

water is the head of Truckee River, and was called Truckee Lake by the emigrants which first discovered it.

According to Jared, a small company of emigrants, late in the fall of 1844, was trying to get through these mountains to California. They was lost and discouraged. Snow fell before they reached the Pass, and death by starvation and cold stared them in the face. At the height of their distresses an Indian put in an appearance and volunteered to guide them through. This Indian's peculiarities of manner so resembled a man by the name of *Truckee* which was an acquaintance of one of the emigrants that they give him this name, and called the river and the lake, along which he conducted them, Truckee also. Listening to this tale, I wondered once again, was Jared a bull whacker in that company? For I knowed, he made a trip to California two years back, but did not ask him.

A little this side of the lower or eastern end of the lake we found a log house which was tolerably well constructed. It's one room had evidently been occupied by civilized people as the trash which littered it's floor consisted of rags, torn newspapers, and manuscript letters, the writing on most of which last was near obliterated. The title of one of the newspapers was that of a religious publication in Philadelphia, and one of the letters bore the frank of some member of Congress. Jared said, that this cabin had been erected by the emigrant company he had told us of.

Our mounts being foot sore and weary, we decided to camp at this dismal place, the history of which is rendered more portentous by the fact that this evening we have consumed the last of our provisions. A meeting was called, and Mr. Kane made us a short but cheering speech in which he said, that we are now not far from the object of our desires and all our hardships, and this is not no time to falter. He further said, that by staying at this place for several days we shall doubtless be able to shoot enough game to supply our needs until we reach the Sacramento Valley. As he addressed these words to us, I could not but compare our number to the Children of Israel, and our situation to

their wanderings in the wilderness, and Mr. Kane to Moses when God made his face to shine, so benignant was his countenance. And I tremble to think of the state of affairs if Col. Whaley was cracking the whip over us now.

After the meeting Dr. Hopper approached me, saying, that the Col. and Mr. Smead had a little conferring to do before they talked with me, but that they was most anxious to do so, and would like to set the time for the evening following. Mean while, the Dr. says, he would be much obliged to me if I would let him glance through this journal for reasons he had give before, but for other reasons also, which would be divulged when we had our talk with the Col. and Mr. Smead.

I could not say him "nay," so genial was his manner. So, after swearing him to secrecy upon all points of purely private concern, I promised to give him the ledgers in which I have done my writing as soon as I have finished describing to-day's events.

I and Rosie aim to take a little walk along the lake this evening.
Distance: 16 mi.

Aug. 30—We sent out a hunting expedition, headed by Jared, early this A.M. Pudden was nourished as usual from the Fitzgerald cow, and this noon the supply which was milked this morning was also shared amongst some of the other children. *Nature's founts* is still ample for Rupert and Hubert. But the rest of us did not have no breakfast and did not have no dinner. We chewed coffee and drank water from the lake. There is not even no berries hereabouts.

Thus we was in very sad case this afternoon when we espied ten or fifteen men mounted on mules and horses coming towards us around the end of the lake. They saluted us like brothers, informing us that under the leadership of Messrs. Corrigan and Hughes they was leaving California for the Missouri settlements, there to sell their property and return next year with their families. They give most glowing accounts of California, as indeed every body

who has ever been there does. Mr. Corrigan then presented us with the first number of the first newspaper published in California which I in particular, you may well believe, was curious and eager to examine. It is a small sheet entitled *The Californian*, published and edited at Monterey (as I see correct orthography has it) by a Dr. Robert Semple, and dated about two weeks back.

The leading paragraph, under the editorial head, called upon the people of California to set about the organization of a territorial government with a view to immediate annexation to the U. S. As may be supposed, this seemed and sounded very odd; and Mr. Corrigan, after enjoying our surprise for some time, then imparted to us the astounding news that the whole of upper California is already in the possession of the U. S.! He interrupted our ensuing jubilation to further state, that Col. Kearney of Ft. Leavenworth is on his way, making a forced march across country along the southern route; and that Gen. Taylor, after defeating the Mexicans in four pitched battles, killing some forty or fifty thousand, has marched in triumph into the City of Mexico. Well, we are a sober sided lot in general. But on hearing this, we fell into one another's arms and hit one another on the back. Here we was—California within our personal and national grasp. For a few minutes we even forgot we was so hungry.

Presently, however, Mr. Kane informed Mr. Corrigan that "the cupboard was bare," hearing which the latter appeared much horrified, and so did the others of his party when they learnt that we had had nothing whatever to eat all day. But they likewise seemed much put out and at a loss for what to do or say. And it was evidently true, as Mr. C. explained, that they was travelling light, with few supplies theirselves, having to push on rapidly so as to cross the Rockies before cold weather comes. So saying, they re-mounted and took their leave; and we stood gazing after them, not hardly able to believe our eyes and ears.

Some of us angled in the lake, but without no success. Towards dark, our hunters come back empty handed.

The Dr. returned my ledgers with a few compliments and many

suggestions which I will endeavor to recount tomorrow. He added, that the Col. and Mr. Smead begged to postpone our talk a little further, as "circumstances alters cases," and the news which Mr. Corrigan had brought might set some plans of theirs in a different light.

Hope I may never spend a more disheartening day.

Distance: none.

Aug. 31—Hunting party again despatched. Caught some fish to-day and made a delicious supper. But our hunters again unsuccessful. Returned with one of their number missing—Brandy, Rosie's brother.

Now, after my first real meal in some time, I feel strengthened enough to set down my yesterday's conversation with Dr. Hopper. He characterized my literary style as elegant, yet a-bounding in natural touches, and every where displaying the coruscant beauties of an intelligent mind. In fact, he says, some portions of this journal is touched with *divine fire*. He did not see no reason why I should not become the Editor of a great metropolitan daily as soon as what ever California town I may choose for my residence shall become a great metropolis. That is, he says, he did not see no reason except for a few trifling bad habits I have where grammar is concerned.

Then he says, "And even your most serious disqualification for the journalistic profession may easily be remedied. However much the flights of fancy and a lofty moral tone may grace it's practice, however much these things may be, nay, *are*, it's very soul, it's body, you might say, depends on sterner stuff. In Boston and New York the freedom of the Press may be defended on the rostrum and the bench. But west of the Alleghanies a quick motion to the hip is an indispensable adjunct to the calling you propose to adopt. No western Editor," he says, "which hopes to live to be an influence on his times should neglect his regular pistol practice; whereas you, if I am not mistaken, do not know your trigger

finger from your thumb. At the same time, you already have one outstanding qualification. You are not a drinking man. Though I would never be one to begrudge a poor hack his dram, there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the hip."

I hope, it goes without saying that in the main Dr. Hopper's ideas of the qualifications and disqualifications for editing a newspaper is far from being my own, of which the chief one is a high regard for the Truth. However, I did not let on, but merely thanked him for his trouble and advice. And I do intend to study up on grammar as soon as I can. I hope I am not too proud to pick up an education where ever I can find it. Look up "has went, has gone!"

September and October





September 1—Brandy still has not come in. Fear for his fate. A few fish to-day. Wish for the miracle of fishes. As for loaves, none at all as basis of *that* miracle. Coffee gone. Still have not talked with the Col. and Mr. Smead. No body in the mood for talk.

Sept. 2—Meeting called. Voted to penetrate into mountains behind us in the hope of game. This is the day when we had counted on reaching Johnson's ranch in the Sacramento Valley.

Sept. 3—Dissensions and wrangling in camp. In spite of vote, some declares themselves too weak to make the move. No fish. Only water.

Sept. 4—Morning clear and cold. Ice on our buckets and wash pans, grass white and stiff with frost. Ends of my long hair had the hoary hue of old age when I woke up. Frost-whitened beards of fellow travellers transformed them into patriarchs. Plan to go hunting in the mountains changed for the time being anyway by the circumstance of Jared having killed a female grisly bear with cubs. Joy and feasting in camp. Succulent smoking steaks for dinner. Women not as quarrelsome as men, but all better natured this P.M. A good meal is a good peace maker. No sign of Brandy. We have give him up. Met his death by accident or Indians no doubt. Poor Rosie. She tells me, they was always together, being almost like twins. He always struck me as rough, but kindly.

Sept. 5—Bears lasted out to-day. Also I caught some fish. Mr. Smead, Dr. Hopper, the Col., and myself had our talk at last, but I do not know if I can render as good an account of it as I had ought. Chief effect of recent hardships seems to be a great and ever present reluctance to make an effort, especially mental effort. However, will do my best:

The reason the intelligence of Gen. Taylor's victories in Mexico and the U. S. victories in upper California influences Mr. Smead's and the Col.'s plans is that the Col. aims to attach himself to Frémont, Stockton, Kearny, or some other American military figure and partake in his campaigns, and he is afeared that now, by the time we get to California, the warring will be over. But in case this is not so, he aims in this way to get a general idea of the conquered territory, some of which may be confiscated from the Spanish or even presented outright to U. S. Army officers. At any rate it seems likely that the Spanish will be leaving California now, and good land will be a-going cheap, and the Col. will be one of the first to have a finger in the pie.

But as valor is his stock in trade and he does not have much money, that is where Mr. Smead comes in. Mr. Smead intends to open up a general store in El Ciudad Los Angeles and dabble in barter of all sorts; and though it was not stated how much money he has with him, he has considerable from the way the Col. spoke, his father-in-law having loaned him a sizable sum to put him on his feet again, and he counts on making more. Thus he will invest in the land the Col. nabs or locates.

As for Dr. Hopper, when I asked him where he come in, he says, oh, he was a-going to open up a land office in El Ciudad Los Angeles, and sell what the Col. finds and Mr. Smead buys. The emigrants will all be looking for land, and they will have to buy from them that has it at what ever price the owners asks. And the Dr., too, it seems, has a thousand or so of ready money to invest.

"So what about me?" I then inquired. "I count my money in hundreds, and precious few of them at that."

"Why," says Dr. Hopper, "you will be Editor of the local sheet,"

the mouth piece of our venture, so to say. You will shield it from the storms of calumny, promote it's political advantages, and extol it's virtues to the sky. And in exchange we have a most generous proposal. Mr. Smead has good reason to believe that Mr. Prettyman intended to invest \$800 in this company which we expect to form; and if you will contribute your editorial abilities as your share, we will consider the \$800 already invested in Mrs. Prettyman's name—a most attractive offer. No questions asked. Let bygones be bygones. That is my advice."

They all three was setting on some rocks along the lake shore, a-looking at me, and I did not know what to say, so finally says, that I would think it over. Right now it seems brash to me to be planning on any such a scheme when we do not know if we shall ever leave this wilderness. You would think, that we have worries enough.

Not the least of my worries is something Col. Whaley said to me as we was returning to camp. Though the other two staid behind, he accompanied me and said, that he had long been an admirer of my sister, Mrs. Prettyman, and as he had been a widower for five years and she was now a widow, he would do himself the honor of asking her hand in marriage; to which I replied, that I would take the matter up with her at the first favorable opportunity.

Sept. 6.—Last of bears in stew or soup.

Sept. 7.—To-day, being some recruited by the recent increase in our diet, we all made our way back into the mountains. Camped near spring. Glad to see the last of that mournful cabin. Jared killed a fine fat deer just before sun down. Hope for more. Rev. Throop held a prayer meeting this P.M.—or as Jared said it should be called, a prayer *meating*.

"Dear Lord," the Reverent says, "Thou hast made us but little

higher than the dust, but Thou hast also made us but little lower than the angels. In Thy great mercy, therefore, suffer us not to perish in the wilderness according to our sins, but help us to press forward to the Promised Land according to our virtues. As Peter tells us, human beings are the building stones of God. So use us, Heavenly Father, accept our better parts, in the building of Thy new Jerusalem." And we earnestly echoed his Amen.

Once more the Reverent seemed to speak right out of my own heart. I commence to think, that his intentions to convert the Spanish to Congregationalism may not be so bad at that, though Methodism would be my personal choice. From what I hear, Popery leads it's followers around by the nose in spiritual matters as much as any mundane tyranny has ever done in other ways. Maybe the Spanish would not be so backward, gentlemen or slaves, if you was to return to them their own minds and their own consciences. Independence is, to my mind, the greatest spur to progress, it being necessary to the development of our *better parts* of which the Reverent spoke.

Sept. 8—Another hunting expedition set out, to be gone over night. Those of us men which staid behind to guard the women and children discovered some raspberry bushes, the fruit ripe and full. Large quantities of these berries, with water, has been to-day our only food.

Sept. 9—Hunting party still gone. To-day raspberries and water.

Sept. 10—On guard last night. If Indians should find us, few in number, without no food, fear for consequences. Hunting party returned with four deer which, however, must be eat right away, and will not suffice for our trip over the Pass. Rejoiced over our good suppers notwithstanding.

Sept. 11—Another hunting party set out. Before leaving, Jared showed me how to set snares for rabbits with buck skin thongs, in the manufacturing of which I have busied myself all day. Water our portion. Raspberries exhausted. Will soon have to kill a horse or mule.

Sept. 12—Hunting party still gone. No luck with my snares which I set last night. Water again and some roots which tastes sweet and good, a little like the sweet potato. Grows from wide leafed pale green plant. Thought they might be poison, but tried them in desperation. No deleterious consequences yet.

Sept. 13—Hunting party not back yet. On their arrival will consult with them as to desirability of slaughtering one of our animals. Five oxen left, as three has strayed, but in my opinion a mule would be more tender, so great is the emeshiation of the former. Water to-day and more of the sweet roots which proves wholesome and sustaining.

Sept. 14—Towards noon to-day our hunting expedition showed up, but without no game—to our uncontrollable disappointment. Has been decided to slaughter Maria's mule, it being the fattest, and then to go still further into the mountains where Jared thinks game may be more plenty. This P.M., the business of slaughtering the poor mule being finished, we enjoyed it's roasted flesh with good appetite.

Sept. 15—Broke camp to-day. Maria and Pudden mounted on one of the three spare horses which remains. Married Kane son shot a buck. Tough, but enjoyed by all. Have encamped on other side of mountain near a rushing torrent. Crossed Indian trail.

Approached by Dr. Hopper who inquired, if I had thought the proposition over? I replied, I had, but had not come to no decision. He said, that in this journal he had noticed epithets such as "scoundrel" and "Know It All" applied to Col. Whaley, but that I had not ought to begrudge the Col. the chance to redeem himself. He even made out, that it would be an act of charity to help the Col. along in this land grabbing scheme.

"As for any pecuniary gains he may pick up by the way," he says, "well, soldiers are ill paid, and he is not a young man any more. He has to plan ahead for his declining years. It is my belief, that he is inspired in his plans by reports of Capt. Sutter who they call 'the American Alcaldy' of northern California. Sutter lives in his fort by the river in princely state, surrounded by his herdsmen, *vaqueros*, and retainers. His orchards of peaches and apples, his vineyards of white grapes, are famous; and on his farms 500 men are employed at the harvest, and 2,000 bu. of wheat are thrashed in a single hour."

I said, this picture might well arouse any man to exert his best endeavors. But on the whole my feelings still hung back. So then the Dr. said, he still felt sure that in the end I would throw in my lot with them. In this he is not right, though I can see the advantages of their proposition.

Sept. 16—October approaches. Mountains cold and gloomy. As we toiled along, Mrs. Purvis commenced to sing "Nearer My God To Thee" in her high quavering old voice, and we all joined in:

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

And so we sung and plodded fowards, and as we sung the tears run down.

Pudden ailing, cried all night. Still another hunting party has set forth. To-day will slaughter an ox.

Sept. 17—Ox very tough. Pudden still cross and ailing.

Sept. 18—No sign of hunting expedition. To-day an Indian come into camp to beg. Disgruntled when nothing to give him. My watch to-night.

Sept. 19—Hunting party returned, half of it. Other half left to guard game brought down and cut it up. A grisly bear and nine deer. At last some hopes of leaving these mountains. Decided to join rest of hunting party so that such animals as remain can pack the meat. Pudden not so peevish, but quiet. Plainly a sick child.

Sept. 20—Broke camp. After travelling through awful solitude of mountains and ravines all day, come to other hunters which had neatly butchered a fine supply of meat. Good supper to-night.

Sept. 21—Some delay for packing animals of which we now have four oxen, five spare mules, three spare horses, one milch cow, and one dry cow. Set out in a westerly direction about nine o'clock A.M. Pudden very still and pale. Not sufficient milk. Cow is going dry. We march with anxious care wore faces, Mr. Kane keeping the lead and setting the pace evidently with great effort. Camped to-night near spring.

Distance: 18 mi.

Sept. 22—Last night very cold. Thick ice on our buckets. To-day not much progress made. One impassable boulder choked gulley after another. We are not lost only because we follow the westerling sun. Distance uncertain, but calculated at 9 or 10 mi.

Sept. 23—Early start this cold morning. Maria dismounted and carried Pudden so that he might be more comfortable. As she walked along she said, very calmly, "I think he is dying." And so it proved. He expired in her arms a short time afterwards. Pushed on a short distance to a rushing mountain stream where we encamped. She wrapped him in his little jacket, but turned away as the grave was filled. All much depressed to-night.

Distance: about 10 mi.

Sept. 24—To-day we calculated to have come in sight of lake again. But nothing has appeared but mountain after mountain. Our way has been through a steep gulch along a boulder strewn stream. Hard going. In view of our parlous situation, I was much disgusted to catch sight of the Dr. behind some rocks a-giving a quick look around, pulling a bottle from the top of his boot, wiping off it's neck with the palm of his hand, then throwing back his head and taking a hearty swig. Three of our deer consumed in spite of utmost parsimony.

Distance: 12 mi.

Sept. 25—Last night all five of our mules drove off by Indians which escaped, though the alarm was give and many shots fired into the darkness. Men now have to pack a portion of the meat on their shoulders. All must pack baggage of one kind or another on their mounts, a necessity allowing me to get shet of that unwieldy camp kettle which, hanging from the back of my saddle, has caused me much inconvenience. Jared give it to Ananias to

carry which he willingly done at first, wearing it on his head and shoulders, and looking a comical sight. But then he tired of it and drug it behind him, bumping along. Some time later I noticed him marching fowards without no kettle, and called Jared's attention to the fact. In reply to Jared's question he declared, that he had stepped aside to answer a call of Nature, had set the kettle behind a bush, and a big Indian had come up and run off with it. So then Jared give him the skillets to carry, and says, "The next thing around here a big Indian runs off with is a-going to be you."

"What do you aim to do with that rapscallion, anyways?" I asked him.

"Why," says Jared, "I aim to make a human being of him."

"I hope you may succeed," I says, "but I have my doubts."

Crossed a high mountain and scanned the valley in vain. No lake yet. God grant we may not be lost in these endless mountains.

Maria says to me upon retiring, "Oh, if I only had not said that about loving this second baby better!" and then broke down. I tried to comfort her, but do not think she heared a word I said.

Sept. 26—Milch cow lost, but it was almost dry. I am far from well, though I have tried to say nothing about it nor think nothing of it. No cramps this time, only weak and shakey and burning up with fever. I have been this way for some days now.

Sept. 27—To-day come in sight of cabin and the lake. Praise God from Whom all blessings flow. Spent the evening with my little girl. Told her about land company scheme and my uncertainties. To my surprise she was all again it, and fear that the more she argued *con*, the more I argued *pro*. And for a fact, it offers an assured future, not only for us, but for Maria, too. I do not know how tight the Col.'s offer of marriage is tied to the proposition about her \$800, but have to admit, that though the Col. is getting on in years as the Dr. said, he is still active and well preserved.

And it is true, that even if I had Mr. Smead and his belongings searched, I could not identify them shin plasters. Most of all, I reckon, I want to be the Editor of a paper, and if I joined forces with the Col., the Dr., and Mr. S., I almost certainly would realize this ambition. As soon as Maria is a little less grieved over her loss, will take the Col.'s offer up with her.

Sept. 28—Camped beside cabin. Evidence that company of Bragg and Williams has passed a week ago. After our peregrinations in the mountains we now must be the last of the emigrant trains sure enough.* This P.M. Dr. Hopper says to me, "Well, what about it?" I replied, "There is plenty of time. We ain't in California yet." He says, rather testy, "My dear boy, it is plain to me you do not know which side your bread is buttered on." Feel very excited each day as my fever rises, very dull as it wears on, and plumb exhausted after it breaks, at which time I am wringing wet with sweat.

Sept. 29—With three deer and a portion of another to last us, we set out this A.M. to climb the crest of the Sierra Nevada, all walking, and with our gear packed on our own shoulders and our animals. Mr. Connor carried little "California" squaw like, slung in a blanket on his back with the ends over his shoulders. The eldest Throop girl done the same with their infant. I presume, it would have been beneath the Reverent's dignity.

We had some trouble making our way around the north east side of the lake, the slopes being often so boggy that we sunk to our knees. Reached the upper end of the lake at four o'clock P.M., and have encamped at the left of the trail in a small grassy clearing encircled by tall thick timber. Bright green moss coats the tree limbs. Just beyond, overlooking the gap through which we shall pass tomorrow, is a mountain topped by a natural fortifica-

* Donner's was the last.

tion which, save for its magnitude, would seem to be the work of human hands, so regular and perfect is the construction of its walls, towers, and bastions. The profound solitude is awe inspiring.

Once more approached by the Dr., I says in a joking manner, that I felt like the D—I had took me up on a high mountain and showed me all the kingdoms of the world, but that I could not accept his kind offer.

"Mine or the D—I's?" says the Dr.

"They are one and the same," I says, still joking.

But he seemed out of humor. "Evidently you do not realize," he says, "that your invitation to share in this advantageous plan was due to me alone. I had no little difficulty in persuading Smead and the Col. that you could be of use to us. I was thinking of Mrs. Prettyman. I was thinking of you. I have a high regard for you both. I had your good at heart. If you spurn the extended hand of friendship, that is your affair," he says, "but I can not agree that you have the right to speak for Mrs. Prettyman. Have you told her that it lays in her power to say whether her money is to be safely invested or totally lost?"

"No," I says. "She has had other things to think about."

"Then tell her by all means," the Dr. says. "I can not conceive of nothing which would supercede this matter in importance."

"Tell her yourself," I says, "if that is your opinion."

"I shall indeed," the Dr. says indignantly.

He made off with such an air of looking after Maria's neglected interests that the notion occurred to me, that the Col. has a rival there, and that I might have Maria to thank for this whole business, pondering which I have been almost tore in two; and marvelled at the influence of my sister's yellow eyes.

Soon afterwards Maria come to me, a-looking anxious and distracted. "Winnie," she says, "tell me just one thing. Dr. Hopper has been talking to me, and he tells me you have turned this proposition down. All I want to know is, why?"

"Why," I says, "no body is a-going to lead me around by the

nose. When I am Editor of a paper I am a-going to print the truth as I see it and publish the facts as they happen to come up with neither fear nor favor. I am not a-going to white wash the shadey schemes of no body."

"That is all I wanted to know," Maria says. "I will tell the Dr. I am again it, too, \$800 or no \$800. I reckon you can look after me and mine as long as need be."

So we agreed on that; and I do not know when I made up my mind to refuse the Dr.'s "hand of friendship," but there it was, made up, and I am glad.

I have felt light headed yet clear headed all day. My body is a raging flue of fever, but my spirit seems at one with the cold and tranquil atmosphere. I am not tired as I retire to rest to-night.

Distance: 24 mi.

Sept. 30—My fever broke last night, and I a-rose this morning wet with sweat. Am catching a bad cold.

The trail left the shore of the lake, ascending over some rocky hills. We crossed ravines and densely timbered swampy ground, then reached the base of the crest of the Sierra Nevada, to mount which was our next labor. Standing at the bottom and looking up at the impending granite cliffs, the observer would doubt if man or beast had ever went over them. But we knowed, that men, women, and children, horses, and oxen had already crossed this formidable barrier to the happy districts on the coasts of the Pacific, and we would follow them.

In good heart, therefore, we commenced the steep ascent, jumping and stumbling, in some places worming our way around all but perpendicular walls of granite. Our four oxen displayed an agility near as great as our own, although at different times three refused a jump and we had to leave them behind. One, however, with it's pack intact, kept right along with us; and the higher we went, the harder the going got. By ones and twos we was fre-

quently compelled to stop and rest, but then toiled on again; and so into camp here at the summit of the Pass.

This P.M. old Mrs. Purvis was a-setting on a pack beside our fire, with a bottle of flax seed water in one hand and a comb in the other, combing this sticky fluid through her hair, and very odd she looked—like a wet gray rat.

"What comes after California?" she says to me.

"After California?" I says.

"Yes," she says, "what is the next country on the map?"

"West of California?" I inquired.

"Yes, addle pate," she tartly says. "West of California."

"Why, the Sandwich Islands, as I recollect," I says.

"Well," she says, "I reckon we will *all* go crazy and blow our brains out amongst the tattooed cannibals."

"How?" I says, astonished.

"Why, I reckon the Sandwich Islands will be next," she says.

"We will be a-going there next trip."

"What for?" I says.

She regarded me with wrath imprinted on her countenance, holding the comb aloft. "I was drug from Virginia to Tennessee," she says, "and from Tennessee to Missouri. Now I am being drug to California, and I am almost there. *What for?*" she says, and energetically commenced to ruck up her dampened hair with the comb.

I stood and looked at her, being much struck with this question; and in the little time I stood there she had rucked up her whole head into neat crimped rows. "Well," I says, "we all have our different answers to that question. But there must be rocking chairs in California. And as long as you have your rocking chairs, you will make out all right."

But for the matter of that, I do believe she may be correct, and there is no end to human discontent this side of Kingdom Come.

Distance: 16 mi.

October 1—Morning gray, cloudy and warmer, despite our extreme elevation. View to the east was inexpressibly comprehensive and grand, and would have been even wider if not enclosed by gray vapor and obscured by small gray clouds a-rising past the summits. My cold was worse, my chest oppressed, my fever like a furnace blast consuming me, but knowed, if I could but keep up a short while longer, I would be able to lay down and rest as long as I liked.

Little more than a mile of travelling fetched us to a sort of dimple in the mountain top, this dimple containing a miniature lake surrounded by green grass. Here we found many traces of encampments, but beyond in no direction could we discover signs no man had ever passed. Mr. Kane and I struck out along a ravine, through rocks and over fallen timber, but still discovering no sign of any trail, returned to the lake and found our company all had left us. We heard, however, an occasional far off whoop which echoed from the mountain sides; and judging these whoops was meant to guide us, headed in their direction. We soon picked up the fresh trail and walked with all our might, but I noticed I did not seem to be a-making much progress and that even so Mr. Kane was having trouble keeping up with me.

Looking at my watch, I seen that it was after two o'clock P.M. We trudged onward without a word. I was wondering how long I could go on when Mr. Kane says suddenly, "I can't go no further"; and indeed he looked to be upon the verge of complete exhaustion, breathing heavily and staggering beneath his pack from side to side. We therefore determined to camp where we was for the night. We huddled again a ledge of rock, close together for warmth, and I said I would go and look for wood as soon as I was rested, but wondered, if I could ever move again. My whole internal being seemed like a raging fury of vague yet overmastering sensations. My heart beat like a trip hammer. My limbs was all a-tremble.

We was still setting there when we heard faint whoops to which I feebly made reply. These becoming louder, we heard

rapid steps approaching, and then seen Jared coming up. He said, that him and Maria had made it up for him to come back for me. Indeed, Maria, he said, declared she would not go another step unless he done so. And about that time, the whole company beginning to be uneasy regarding Mr. Kane, he had returned to get us.

He built up a good fire, broiled a little deer meat for us on some sticks, fetched us water, and then undone our packs and rolled us up in our covers like we had been a couple of infants. He told us that the others was encamped, being near as wore out as us, and we would easy catch up with them next day. I vow, I never was as glad to see no body as I was him.

Mr. Kane was soon asleep, but as I was wakeful and my fever high, Jared set beside me, talking to me. He said, the only kind of fever they have in California is the "California fever" by which they mean laziness, and a little touch of that would do me good. He said, there is something about it there which makes you feel that there is time enough for everything. "And what you need," he says, "is time for your heels to catch up with your head. You look to me like a man which has always had too much to do. But there is not too much to do in California. You keep busy, but in an easy going way. I think it is the sun shine which calms you down," he says, "but also tones you up. You may think you have sun shine in Kentucky. But you have never seen the sun shine till you get to California.

"Why," he says, and I instinctively got set for what was coming next, "I knowed a fellow in Sonoma—Springer, his name was, Milton Springer—and he was driving a wagon and a team of horses up a hill one day, and it was near the end of the rains, and the harness was all wet. It was whang leather harness, and the more the horses pulled the more the whang leather stretched, and Milt could not get his wagon up the hill no way. Pretty soon the horses was at the top of the hill and the wagon was still at the bottom. But right about then the sun come out, that California sun, a-beaming and a-streaming so warm and bright. Oh, you

never seen sun shine unless you've been to California. So Milt just unhitched the horses, and pegged the traces down at the top of the hill, and set down beside the road a spell. And the sun commenced to dry the whang leather, and shrunk it up and shrunk it up, and the first thing you know, there was the wagon on top of the hill."

Jared told me this to make me laugh, and I did laugh. He beats all. But he then fell asleep, and I could not sleep. So I unrolled myself sufficiently to get out this journal and indite these lines beside our sinking fire. Hope my fever continues and does not break, as it seems to give me strength. But if it breaks to-night, I do not see how I shall have the strength to drag myself along tomorrow.

Distance: ?

Oct. 2—Morning clear and cold, and Jared said, that he was glad as yesterday it looked like snow. I was so stiff and numb I could not hardly stand erect. We shook Mr. Kane and helped him to his feet. He was seemingly in a daze, not fully comprehending where he was, but presently was once again his normal self as far as I could tell. I do not think my fever broke. I was not soaked with sweat, and soon as I commenced to move around I felt it stoking up.

We set our faces westward, guided by the pallor of the unrisen sun behind us, and making our way down a broken gradual slope. I was much inconvenienced by a knife like pain beneath my right shoulder blade, which was at times so sharp I could not scarce refrain from crying out. After several miles Jared begun to holler as a signal for our company to holler back. We then took turns, still without no response. Afterwhile, however, we heared a faint answer in the distance, then come in sight of the others where they was camped, and they did not give no signs of packing up.

We learnt, that they had not been able to find the downward trail, and was a-setting there uncertain what to do. They all chirked

up when they seen Mr. Kane, asking his advice. He answered, waving his arm in the direction of our destination, "I say, go on, go on!" So saying, his chin sunk on his breast and his knees give way. Jared hauled him to one side where the daughter-in-law soon had him rolled in his covers and as comfortable as she could make him. All day he has laid in a torpor.

Rosie at once come up to me, and took my hand, and did not hardly let go of it till bed time, as we are still encamped. Maria, as is her way, did not let on that she was glad to see me, but I remembered what she had said to Jared and how she had made him turn around. For a little while 'twas almost like *coming home* to see that array of familiar faces after a night away from them. But then it begun to dawn on me that we was in a fearful plight, our own fatigue and apathy being the worst of it. Jared alone seems just about the same, and one man can not do everything. Part of one deer left. Dr. Hopper says, he does not look for Mr. Kane to live the night. So here, I reckon, we will bury him, like Moses on Mt. Nebo.

Pain in my back no better.

Oct. 3—Started bright and early this A.M. After ascending a hill more elevated than the rest, the spacious Valley of the Sacramento burst upon our view at an apparent distance of about fifteen miles. We contemplated this most welcome scene, after so many hardships, with emotions which sent the tears coursing down our cheeks. We then pulled off our hats and give three cheers, our loud huzzas a-ringing and re-echoing through out the hills and vallies; and the exuberance of joy depicted on our countenances was well worth coming all that way to see. 'Twas a moment of heart felt congratulation to ourselves and thanks to God. We all knelt down and rendered up our thanks to Him, our Maker and Preserver. Hosannah.

The downward trail was easy going, so light was our hearts, so buoyant our spirits. Towards sun down we encamped on a pleasant

slope, made a good supper, and prepared to lay our weary bodies down. Just I and Rosie set for quite a while, holding hands, and gazing over the beautiful prospect. The glowing sun was sinking behind the broad Pacific of which the mighty waters was all one burnished glassy sheet, it's great surges breaking on the distant shore with a sound as of mild thunder. Between that shore and where we set 'twas evening in the valley. Far away to the left, mountains of quicksilver and copper and gold flashed back the radiance of the West. I seen the harbor of Yerba Buena dotted with ships a-flying flags of all nations. I heard the Mission bells, and seen the white towers and red roofs amongst the olives and the palms. Over the natural pasture the cattle grazed, a thousand in one herd, and you would not believe how fat and slick they was.

To our right a-rose the white houses and clustered spires of a pretty town. People was coming out of it to take the evening air, some walking, some rolling in their carriages, and some on handsome horses. The road skirting the shining shore, it's pedestrians and equestrians was silhouetted shadow like, so that I could not see their faces. But I had a feeling I was well acquainted with every soul in that leisurely procession, and they was all my friends, and I was part and parcel of them all. Only, I could make out it was Maria leaning back in one of the carriages, elegantly dressed. I seen her fold up a small white parasol she had been holding betwixt her and the sun, and it was then I seen her face. On the seat beside her set the finest gentleman of them all; and behind her carriage, on a plump and prancing pony, rode her little boy. He was the spit and image of Jared. The gentleman beside her was not Jared, but neither was he Col. Whaley nor Dr. Hopper, I was glad to see.

Then, strolling out of the town, there come a lady and a gentleman, the lady on the gentleman's arm, and these was the ones I had been looking for. They walked along the foot path beside the road, and all around them was their children like a rosey living wreath, gambolling and laughing, stooping to pluck the flowers.

I pressed my darling's hand whilst tears begemmed my sight and made of all that happy scene the misty colors of the rainbow.

Oct. 13—It seems that I have had the inflammation of the lungs. Maria tells me, that after funeral services for Mr. Kane, her and Jared slung a blanket between two of the mules, and on this litter I was fetched safely down to Johnson's ranch where I am now. But where and how I wrote the lines fore going, I can not say because I do not know.

Hearing her mention Jared, I says, "Where is he?"

"Oh, he has been gone almost a week," Maria says. "Early one morning, him and Ananias started out."

"Walking?" I says.

"Yes, walking," says Maria.

"He could have had the gray," I says.

"I offered him the gray," she says, "but he would not take it. He is a-going to join up with Col. Kearny and be a guide. It seems a war is going on. He left you his best regards."

I seen that she looked haggard and bad; and I was glad I had not been on hand to witness that parting.

"How do you feel?" she says to change the subject.

"Oh, I feel like I have been there and back again," I says.

But I was able to set up and take a little nourishment which Maria fed me from a spoon.

This P.M. Rosie come tip-toeing in and acted like a stranger. She did not kiss me till I asked her to, and then Maria shooed her out.

Oct. 14—I hear, that all our company, excepting Jared and Ananias, is still camped hereabouts, recruiting their energies before taking off for various parts of California. I hear, that they have just about eat the Johnsons out of house and home. I myself am accomodated in a room of the ranch house. It is more like a prison cell, being small, a mere closet, and having white washed

adoby walls and one small barred window high up near the ceiling. The bed is a rude bunk built out from the wall, and the mattress is shuck, but feels like flowery beds of ease to me.

Though I have a hearty appetite, Maria has not give me nothing but milk and one soft egg and a little broth to-day. She says, the Dr. is coming to see me tomorrow.

Rosie was here a little while this afternoon. She set on the edge of the bed, and as Maria had stepped out, I took her in my arms and we just laid here a spell. I do not think she will act like such a stranger hence fowards.

Oct. 15—This A.M. when the Dr. showed up he had a case of razors with him, and Maria followed after with the shears and a bowl of suds. "This will pull a little," says he, "but will be worth it. I hear your appetite is picking up. But once I am finished with you, you will feel healthy enough to swallow a nigger whole, if you butter his head and pin his ears back."

Well, he was right, and it did make a difference. I feel clean for the first time in five months. I feel like a new born baby. The Dr. himself is once more smooth shaven. Once more he has that preacher look about him, a preacher you would not trust around the corner. His manner towards Maria got my dander up. He is sweet on her. I could no longer entertain no doubts on that score.

He told Maria to give me bread and milk to-night, but said to me, I would soon be eating beef steaks, and California beef steaks was reputedly the best in the world; and so set chatting with me, and one thing leading to another, says, that by the way he had a story to relate to me, and stories was good for convalescence.

He then pulled up his chair and crossed his legs and started out to tell about a young man which, he said, was a good deal like myself—poor, ambitious, bookish, and bashful. It give me the squirms, I do admit, to hear myself thus characterized, though also had to admit, it was no more than the truth. But this young man, he says, was more fortunate than me in being able to obtain

a college education. His father owned a small farm near an Ohio town in which there was a college, and his mother seen to it that he went, and many was the time that he drove back to college with a shoat or a calf or a gallon jar of apple butter in the wagon to help pay his tuition. The college itself, he said, was long on enthusiasm and short on funds, teaching natural philosophy, moral philosophy, mathematics, geography, English grammar, bell letters, logic, history (ancient and modern), languages, medicine, and law; and most of the faculty as well as the scholars having patches on the seat of their pantaloons.

Well, as the story proceeded, I caught on that this young man was none other than Dr. Hopper; although he never said so; and afterwhile I could see why, this mode of narration being less embarrassing. So *this young man* was a medical student in this Ohio college, and before taking the medical examination it was the custom to serve a year's apprenticeship with some established physician; and the best medical student every year was choosed to serve under an old Dr. Bly who lived there in the little town.

Now this doctor was the inventor of a medicine called Old Dr. Bly's Elixir And General Nerve Tonic, and it was made in a room behind his office; and when this young man, the hero of our tale, was choosed from out his graduating class to be Dr. Bly's assistant, one of his duties was to manufacture the Elixir; and this being so, and he being hard worked and commonly in need of sleep, he found that the Elixir did indeed have a wonderful re-invigorating effect upon him, and in result become accustomed to take a frequent dose as he concocted it. It even come to the point where he carried a bottle of it around in his tail pocket to strengthen him when he was out riding the country roads at night.

He did not have no suspicion of this medicine, but on the contrary thought very highly of it, till one day he was called in to attend a Mrs. Means who lived there in the town and was one of Dr. Bly's best customers where the Elixir was concerned, sometimes purchasing as high as a dozen bottles a month. He found her barricaded in her chamber, and was forced to enter it by climbing

up a ladder and breaking in a window pane, as neither her daughter nor her husband, a deacon in the local Baptist church, had been able to persuade her to open the door. What he found in that room was a caution, and a pig pen would have been more inviting, and in the midst of the filth was bottles and bottles, empty bottles, which had once contained Old Dr. Bly's Elixir. She had been in there almost a week, and had been living on Elixir, and he could see that it had had a terrible effect upon her, she being in a state of coma. At first he could not understand why this was so, the Elixir being compounded, as he well knowed, of nothing but harmless roots and herbs preserved in a cheap grade of whiskey. But then he got to thinking, "Whiskey!" and concluded, that Mrs. Means was nothing more nor less than dead drunk.

So he put as good a face upon the situation as he could, and told the daughter and the Deacon to let her sleep and she would be all right, but not to let her have no more medicine, however hard she begged for it. But Mrs. Means was bound to have more medicine, and kept sending her daughter over to get it, and the young man could not refuse her in front of Dr. Bly. Neither could he explain to her that her mother was a drunkard. He tried to plead with Mrs. Means herself, but she told him that she could not bear her life with Deacon Means no other way, he was so stingy. And for a fact, the young man could see for himself that they did not have no curtains at the windows nor rugs on the floors nor enough to eat on the table; and when he got to know them better, he learnt that Mrs. Means and her daughter did not even have decent underclothes; although the Deacon owned the feed and harness store and several farms outside the town. And Old Dr. Bly's Elixir And General Nerve Tonic was to this poor woman as curtains at the windows and rugs on the floors and victuals on the table and clothes on her back. So then he let her have it, and said no more.

With this grim example before him, you might have thought he would have begun to worry some about himself; and so he did a little, but not enough; as the same medicine was getting him in it's clutches. To him it had come to mean regular meals and time

to read for pleasure and enough sleep in a warm bed at night and patients which could command his sympathy. This last was the most important item as he was a bashful creature and consequently a feeling of kinship with his fellow man was what he wanted most in the world. But this was what he did not hardly ever have, being inclined to stand aside and criticize them and despise them, especially as he seldom seen them except when they was cantankerous and sick; so that he come more and more to have a low opinion of the human race. They was to him the objects of contempt and even loathing, except when he had recently had a pull at that bottle in his pocket. But then, ah, then it was a different matter. He felt at once the glow of love. His patients was transformed, and neither dirt, disease, nor natural cussedness could keep him from experiencing the warmest affection for them. He was not bashful then no longer. His inner friendliness come out. He was a better doctor, too, giving orders with authority and effecting improvements in his patients, if not actual cures, just because it cheered them up to have him come and see them.

Worse and more of it, Old Dr. Bly's was a wonderful help in encouraging tender sentiments of a more romantic kind. The Deacon's daughter, Minnie, it seemed to our hero, had a beautiful nature. Also her father had a plenty of this world's goods and was a pillar of the Baptist church. And our hero was not averse to staying on with old Dr. Bly and taking over his practice in good time, as the old doctor had half way asked him to do, and marrying Minnie Means who, however, with all her many attractions, was plain of face and figure. 'Twas only with the help of that medicine, which was all things to all people, that he could work up more than a mild fondness for her. But after he had had a swig or two of it, he loved her to distraction.

Oct. 16 (The Dr.'s Story continued)—This was how matters stood when the end of the year come around and Dr. Bly was to sign the necessary paper certifying that our hero had satisfactorily

served his apprenticeship and was qualified to take his examination. During that time, of course, he had been fortifying himself with the Elixir oftener and oftener and in increasing doses, but avoided all detection by the following method: The old doctor procured his supply of whiskey from a Louisville firm, which sent in a bill every month, and soon the young man was surprised to see how high these bills was running. He did not think it possible that he had drank that much, and yet he had, as there was the amounts in figures. He could not pay the excess himself because he was working for experience, and his only material recompense was his board and room and a little pocket money which Dr. Bly would give him now and then when some patient paid in cash. Moreover he himself made up the accounts which had to do with the Elixir, and merely give Dr. Bly a monthly statement as to what was paid out and what was paid in and what was owing. So he fell into the way of making out the statements for the usual amounts, letting the excess go on account, and thought that maybe he could make it up before Dr. Bly found out what was a-going on, as the latter was an old and steady customer of the whiskey firm. But, alas, his hopes miscarried, and towards the end of the year the whiskey firm wrote Dr. Bly, inquiring how it happened that he was letting such a large account run on?

So then our hero's goose was cooked. Old Dr. Bly was highly incensed at his misconduct, and told him that a drinking man was not fit for the medical profession, and refused to sign the paper which would enable him to take his examination. Unluckily our hero pointed out that he had not drank a thing but the Elixir And General Nerve Tonic which Dr. Bly had invented himself and manufactured on the premises, an observation which but added fuel to the flame. On top of these misfortunes, the Deacon was not half as pleased with a prospective son-in-law which would have to look around, he knowed not where, to serve another apprenticeship with another physician, as he had been with one whose future was assured, and thus forbade our hero's marriage to the amiable Minnie. The poor young man was in such desperate straits that he

considered eloping with his intended, which he might have done, and her father might have been won over, and thus this young man might have ended his days as the respectable proprietor of a feed and harness store in a small Ohio town; and this in all likelihood would have been his destiny if his Minnie had been as beautiful in other respects as she was in character. But he did not know of no precedent where by a swain had ever eloped with a homely sweetheart.

In result he packed himself up and took himself off, not hardly knowing where he was a-going nor caring neither, and paid out the most of what money he possessed for passage on a steam boat, and presently found himself in St. Louis. There he had every intention of looking up another physician which was in need of an assistant, working for another year's experience, and taking his medical examination. But his great need of strengthening and fortification sent him to the drinking dens along the river front, and there by chance he met a fellow which was suffering from a bad contusion on the head which our hero treated for him. This patient was deeply grateful, and paid him well, because he had received the wound pursuant to a disagreement during which he had had the ill luck to stab a man, and he did not want to go to no regular doctor as he might hang for it. Then, before that money was all gone, this patient sent our hero a friend which was in a similar predicament, and thus his practice grewed by leaps and bounds. Such was his reputation amongst the deckaneers, stevedores, gamblers, pimps, bawds, and all such gentry along the St. Louis water front that he never give another thought to taking his examination and getting his medical license.

So all went well for many years, so many years in fact you could not call this young man a young man no longer. He become rather corpulent of body, but more comfortable of soul, and was far from regretting the flight of Time. Not only did he enjoy a high professional reputation amongst his clientel, he also was their friend and boon companion. Thanks to frequent applications to *the creetur*, his life was passed in one long outpouring of affection

which was returned with good measure, heaped up and running over. And to this day he will maintain, that the population of the St. Louis river front is vastly to be preferred, whether for good company or good conduct, to the inhabitants of a small Ohio town and its outlying districts.

One of his St. Louis acquaintances was a lady of a certain profession, a particular friend of hisn, which looked to him to supply her with a kind of pills of which he will not name the main ingredient, but merely states it was a well known poison which, however, took in small quantities, produces a most becoming pallor. At any rate this lady thought it did, and was addicted to it because she had black hair and eyes to which the induced whiteness of her skin formed a most ravishing contrast. Also he could not see that it produced in her no ill effects.

So one day, on his road to this lady's place of business, with a box of them pills in his satchel, he stopped in at a rooming house which went by the name of Mother Carney's. This Mother Carney, it's proprietress, was a middle aged lady who let out her rooms to a kind of syndicate of gamblers. Her house was their head quarters, and they done business on certain fine steam boats plying betwixt St. Louis and New Orleans. No other gamblers, in St. Louis at least, was allowed to infringe on their territory, or if they did, was soon found up a dark alley with a knife in their back. Now one of the members of this syndicate was a Mr. Harry Layrue which kept a room at Mother Carney's free of charge, and it was even said, that he was Mother Carney's husband, or should have been, though he was a good deal younger than she was and a very handsome fellow.

"Try to imagine," says our hero, "the Old Serpent upright on his tail, with a white beaver hat set a-slant at one end of his anatomy, and a pair of varnished boots at the other end, and you will have before you a pretty good picture of Harry Layrue. Handsome as the D——l, the best of company, and slick as an eel, that was Harry, and it was him I stopped to see that day, as he was suffering from a belly ache."

Well, our hero admits that he had "had a few" before he went there; and having occasion to prescribe some calomel for the sufferer, he gave him a box of pills and went on his way to visit his lady friend. Some time later, Harry Layrue, not feeling no better from having took a dose as instructed, repeated it in double quantity, and kept on taking pills, in fact, till he had swallowed the whole box full, and did not feel no better still, but worse and worse, according to Mother Carney who attended him. She sent a boy after our hero to the lady's place of business, but the boy come back and said, he was not there. However that may be, she could not get in touch with him all night, and mean while Harry Layrue laid doubled up in agonies of a very alarming character. Next afternoon Mother Carney's messenger finally found our hero in a dram shop. But by the time the latter arrived at the bed side of Mr. Harry Layrue, that gentleman was a-breathing his last, and died that evening.

Our hero states, that even yet he is not sure that Harry Layrue did not expire of inflammation of the bowels, and would not entertain no opinion contrariwise if it was not that the next day his lady friend was smitten with a slight complaint which might have been due to taking calomel; so that it is just possible that he got the pills mixed up. At any rate Mother Carney was overwhelmed with grief at the death of Harry Layrue, and blamed our hero all around. She did not suspect him of poisoning her consort, but was convinced, that he had left the wrong medicine, being in a fuddled condition, and also accused him of neglect of duty, as she had not been able to find him for twenty-four hours.

A friend of hisn tipped him off to her state of mind, advising him to lay low for quite a spell, the which he done, and spent a month in the country with the parents of his lady friend in a house full of children and dogs. Then, thinking it safe, he returned to the city where he passed the evening treating an old friend in a favorite resort, celebrating his restoration to his familiar haunts. He left that place with this old friend, and the last he recollects of the celebration is a crashing blow on the skull and the fleeting thought

that he was dying. He come to in a lonely street, setting propped again a blank wall, with a note pinned to his vest which said, that if he knowed what was good for him, he would leave St. Louis before the night fall of the day it was by then, and not come back.

Oct. 17—"So here he sets," the Dr. says, "convicted by his own words of swindling, drunkenness, fornication, and possible man slaughter"; at which I blushed a little as almost them identical words was running through my mind. "At the same time," says the Dr., "he is a rather likable fellow, as I observed that you remarked of a similar character in your journal, and he generally means well—that I will say for him. Also his inner friendliness, having been under such a long course of medicine, and falling into the habit of emerging from it's hiding place, has actually come to prefer the open, and will not hardly go back in no more, even when subjected to harsh treatment and severe rebuffs. It can very near be said to bear all things, believe all things, hope all things, and endure all things.

"And so you see," he then resumed, "to make a change of pronouns, it was more or less by accident that I set forth for California. I gave it out that I was catching a steam boat for Vicksburg and then, lest any of Mother Carney's boys might be at the landing waiting for me, I went by horse back to St. Charles and took the *Star of the West* in the opposite direction. I do not wonder you assumed that I was recovering from a farewell debauch. 'Twas my intention that you should when I kept to my cabin for forty-eight hours. But in reality I was recovering from a slight concussion of the brain. And I can not honestly say, now I am in California, that I am glad to be here. I am not sorry to be here. One place is as good as another as far as I am concerned. I find that I have friends where ever I go. The imbibing of alcoholic beverages is ubiquitous, I hear. My California lays at the bottom of a whiskey glass."

This last remark reminded me of old Mrs. Purvis; and so I told

him of our conversation about the Sandwich Islands and how I had replied to her question, "*What for?*" by saying, that where ever there was rocking chairs, she would make out all right.

"Exactly so," the Dr. says, "and I would take my oath, that there is a woman with a heart of gold. Nevertheless I did have some thoughts of changing my line of business when I should arrive in California, geographically speaking. Such was my horror upon reflecting that perhaps conviviality had been the cause of poor Harry Layrue's demise that I left my instruments behind a-purpose. And when this little scheme of Smead's and the Col.'s begun to take shape, and they invited me to be their man to 'take the stranger in,' my gift of gab and my invincible affection for humanity equipping me for the position, I readily accepted their invitation. Since then, however, I have done a little cogitating on the subject. And your reply to Mrs. Prettyman, which she quoted to me, that when you edited a paper you would print the truth and publish the facts without fear nor favor, in particular set my mind in motion. If I am a charitable fellow," he says, "you are an honest one. And there is hopes of both of us adopting each other's specialty. So I have about decided to buy myself another case of instruments, even if I have to send around Cape Horn to get it. There must be a water front in El Ciudad Los Angeles as it is on the coast and is the largest town in California. And there, in all probability, I will take up my old profession. Even under the influence," he says, "I figure, I will do less harm that way."

As he was leaving, he laid a heavy sack beside me, and pressed my hand down on it. "That is not a present," he says. "It is a debt I owe to Mrs. Prettyman."

And when I opened it I found that it contained \$200.

Oct. 18—Well, there is not much more to relate, though maybe I had ought to include one incident: Yesterday, hearing a babble of voices outside my window, I stood up on my bed and looked out through the bars. Beyond what appeared to be an empty horse

corral our whole company was gethered, shaking hands and laughing, and the men patting one another on the shoulder and the women kissing. Evidently the bulk of them was starting out on their separate roads; and I did not want to see them go without I got in my farewells. So I pulled on my trowsers and threwed my blanket around me, and was legging it around the horse corral before I realized from the laughter greeting my approach how ridiculous I must look in that attire. Their salutations was most cordial, however.

The Reverent then mounted a lower bar of the corral fence and held out his arms for silence, the which being obtained, he recited the Lord's Prayer: "*Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowèd be Thy name*"; and we all repeated it with him. "*Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For Thine is the kingdom and the glory, for ever. Amen.*" And he stood there for quite some time, holding his arms out over us in silence.

Then I seen the two remaining Kane sons a-carrying out a kag from the ranch house, and tin cups was soon produced. I could not help reflecting, "And this right after prayer." But they all had to have their "stirrup cup"; and I do not know how it was, but I found a tin cup in my hand, and we all drank "Happy Days!" Then I found myself a-standing on the fence, and says, "Dear friends! Dear friends," I says, and my emotions overcoming me, could not go on, and was relieved to have my speechlessness covered up with the rousing cheet they give me. And so I lifted high my cup, and dreened it to the bottom. But it was an experiment I do not think I will repeat, as it has put me back in bed another twenty-four hours.

After these ceremonies was concluded the few of us which was left stood looking after the others a-filing down a gradual declivity, and so around a hill and out of sight. The surrounding vegetation was brown and dead. Only two narrow strips of grass along

Bear River and some evergreens on the hill sides give promise that the rains would ever fall. This was not how I had expected California to be. Neither was my departing fellow travellers the kind of population I had expected it to have. I had all too often seen this kind of landscape, and was all too well acquainted with them disappearing companions. And yet I did not have no fault to find. I would not have had it no other way. I did not flatter myself no longer that I would fit in with a "land of pure delight where saints immortal reign." Also, as I wrote in my delerium, I was part and parcel of all them folks, as I could not have been if they had been the acme of perfection; and this feeling did not rise from no delerium. I can see that even Rosie is maybe a little too much of a *back woods princess* to be entirely perfect, yet she is dear to me as my very self.

Oct. 19—To-day we have arrived at Sutter's Fort on the American River. I feel weak and exhausted, but in good spirits. When I say, "we," I mean, Mrs. Fitzgerald and twins, old Mrs. Purvis, the married Kane son and his wife and infant, the elder Mrs. Kane, the second Kane son, Rosie, Col. Whaley, Mr. Smead, Dr. Hopper, Maria, and myself, as we are all a-going to El Ciudad Los Angeles. They waited for me to recover from my "spree," as they are pleased to call it.

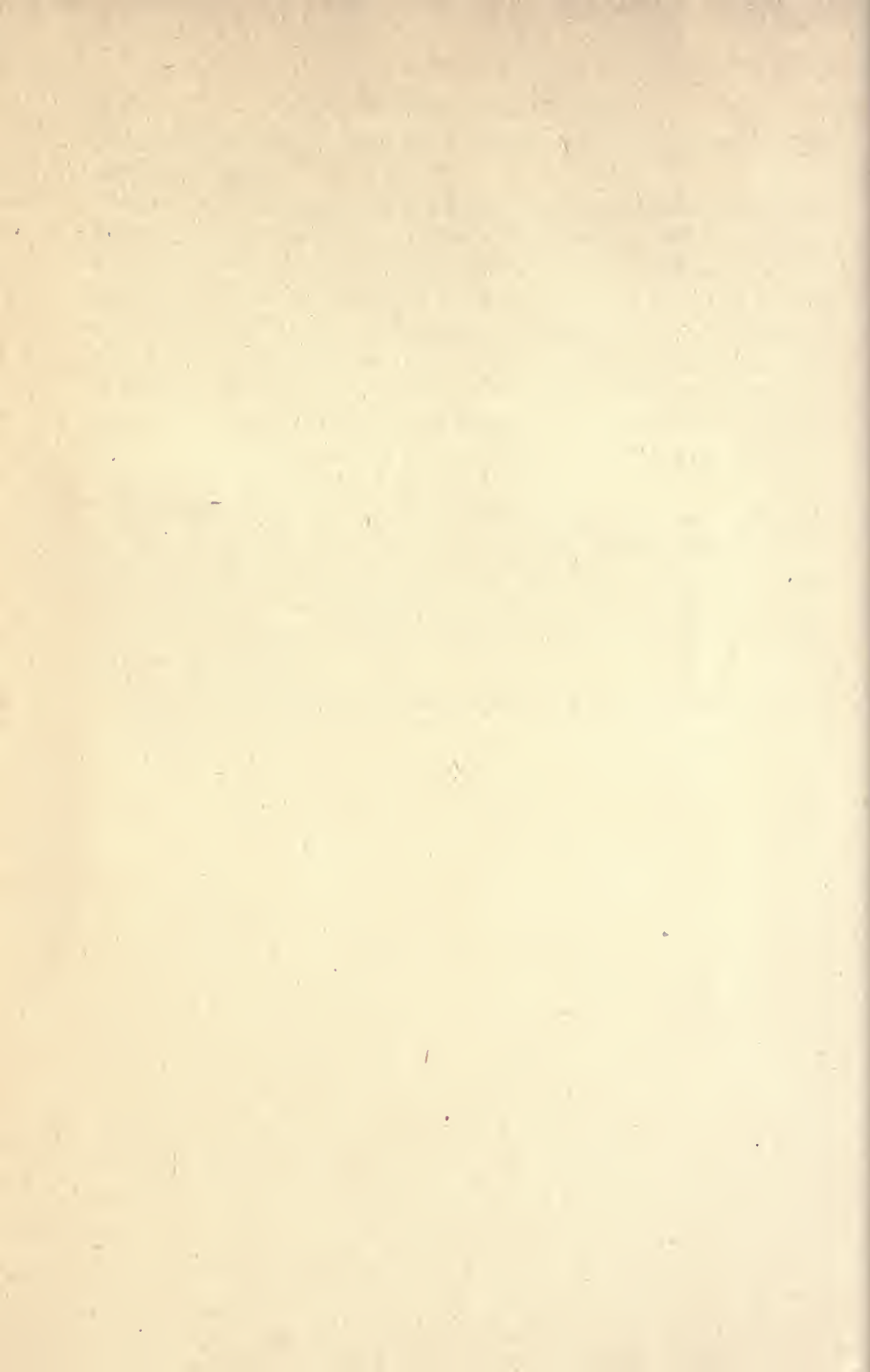
Mrs. Fitzgerald and the second Kane son, Little Joe, is much together, although he is not little, but a strapping fellow, being named after his father and so called "little." We expect a wedding in them quarters after a decent interval of time. So Mrs. Fitzgerald and her mother is going to look for a small farm along the Rio St. Gabriel outside the town, and it is hoped, that they will soon have a man to help them with it. Both of the Kanes intends to engage in the hide and tallow business. The elder Mrs. Kane is also going to take up a small farm near by, or *ranch* as they call it hereabouts, and live with her married son and his wife

and child and Rosie—with Rosie, that is, till I have made a start with my paper.

Mean while Maria and me will find a modest domicile in town. For some time to come, I reckon, a third person will be with us there, in spirit if not in body. But I look for Maria to cheer up after her child is born; and I am thankful she is having it this soon after Basil's taking-off as it will look to be posthumous. I do not worry about Maria in the long run. She will have her pick of suitors. Right now, the way the Col. and the Dr. behaves in her presence is enough to make a cat laugh, and the reason they waited over was to be with her, I am convinced. But she does not give them no encouragement, I am glad to say.

Mr. Smead is going to open up his store in town, and him and the Col. constantly has their heads together, making plans. There is two individuals I do not cotton to. Yet it may be that they are not without their uses. Anyways we all of us aim to be up bright and early tomorrow morning, and so pursue our journey to the City Of The Angels.

But I do not reckon our journey will ever end till Gabriel blows.
Distance: ?





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